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DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY
REMINISCENCES OF A VARIED LIFE



Gessford Studios

MAITLAND ARMSTRONG

[BORN 1836—DIED 1918]

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DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

REMINISCENCES OF A VARIED LIFE

BY

MAITLAND ARMSTRONG

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1836-1918

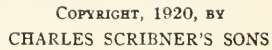
EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

MARGARET ARMSTRONG

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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CHAPTER I

DANSKAMMER

“To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.

Passing forever he fares; and on either hand,

Deep in the gardens the golden pavilions hide,

Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land

Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.”

—STEVENSON.

I was born on the 15th of April, 1836, at Danskammer on the Hudson, near Newburgh. The date on the house at Danskammer is 1834, so I have always assumed that I was born in that house, although at the time my father, Edward Armstrong, bought the place, about 1822, there was an old house near the edge of the bank sloping down to the river, a rather fine colonial building with two wings. When this house was torn down to make way for our new one, one of the wings was moved back of the Danskammer stable and used for many years as a carpenter-shop; the walls were hard-finished and the ornamental ceiling and woodwork bore evidence of its having been a part of a handsome house, probably the dining-room. On the place at that time was a carpenter named Edgar Bloomer, whom my mother hired by the year and who did his work in this room. He was a nice man, and as a child I liked to be out there with him, watching the long shavings curl into ringlets before his plane and building houses with the blocks that he sawed off. I had four brothers—Henry, Gouverneur, Charles, and Jack—and this room was our lounging-place; especially on rainy days,

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we had lots of fun there. Harry was an ingenious fellow and by working there with Edgar Bloomer he became an excellent carpenter and could build almost anything.

After my father bought Danskammer he added to it various farms until he had a river-front of about two miles, from Mudhole nearly to Hampton—both these little places have changed their names and are now known as Roseton and Cedar Cliff. Danskammer is one of the few names that appear on the very oldest maps, and it was Henry Hudson, according to tradition, who christened the pretty wooded point that curves out into the river near our house, and called it Duyvil's Danskammer—Devil's Dancechamber—when he sailed up the river in the *Half Moon* and saw a group of Indians dancing in the firelight on the flat rock that crowned the point in those days. This Indian rock was broken off some years ago when the steamer *Cornell* was wrecked there on a foggy night, and the little lighthouse that stands there now was built after the accident.

My father had a substantial taste in houses; he built his new house of granite, in the classic style which was the fashion of the day, and finished it throughout in black walnut. The dark-colored granite came from Breakneck, near Cornwall, and the light granite of which the columns and trimmings are made was from Quincy, Massachusetts. I have heard that when the columns were landed at our dock there was a great question as to how to get them up the hill, as they were enormous. They finally drilled holes in the ends and made rollers of the columns themselves, and by attaching a tongue were able to roll them up to the house.

At that time, before the brick-yards came, scarring the landscape and even gnawing away our lawns and gardens, the situation was beautiful, crowning a wooded

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plateau, with a sweeping view across Newburgh bay to the Highlands. We had a delightful bathing-beach of firm white sand, now of course swallowed up by the West Shore Railroad, and a dock where large vessels could land. The river was very gay in those pre-railway days, dotted with hundreds of sails, sloops, and schooners plying between New York and Albany. In very old times my people came from New York in sailboats—"safe, fast and commodious river sloops"—but when I was a boy they used the big steamers. When I was young there was a horse-boat ferry from Hampton to New Hamburg, a curious affair with a huge wheel flat on the deck, operated by two horses, one on each side on treadmills that turned the two paddle-wheels. When that was given up we had to use sailboats or row across, and we made it a point of honor always to cross the river day or night, no matter what the weather was like.

My father settled in this part of the country because my grandfather, Colonel William Armstrong, of the British army, had been greatly struck by the beauty of the neighborhood when he visited Newburgh during the Revolution. Colonel Armstrong was a Scotchman; he got his commission as lieutenant in the 17th Foot when he was nineteen, and soon after came to this country with Sir Henry Clinton, and served all through the Revolution, being wounded in the battle of Princeton, and losing an eye in the battle of Stony Point. He surrendered with Cornwallis at Yorktown. It is amusing to remember that my wife's grandfather, Colonel Nicholas Fish, was also present at Yorktown, on the winning side; I wonder if the two grandfathers ever met.

My grandfather was sent to Newburgh under a flag of truce to see Washington at his headquarters. He said after the interview that he had never been so much im-

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pressed by any man as by Washington, though he had met many of the distinguished men of his time, among them Napoleon and Wellington; and he gave it as his opinion that a country fighting under such a leader could not fail of victory. The late Doctor Forsyth, of Newburgh, who knew my grandfather well, told me this anecdote at the Century Club in New York some years ago.

In the War of 1812 my grandfather became colonel of the Nova Scotia Fencibles, but late in life was naturalized as an American citizen. His army chest in my studio is a huge and ponderous affair of solid English walnut and brass. Histories mention that the British in the battle of Princeton were "much encumbered with baggage."

Firearms were a hobby of my grandfather's. We used to have the model of a gun that he had invented for the British army. I don't know that it was ever used. Stupidly enough, it was given away to a farmer, a neighbor at Danskammer, by one of my brothers when I was a boy. Colonel Armstrong left a fine collection of guns and pistols, among them the pair of pistols, made by Twigg, which were used in the Burr-Hamilton duel in 1804. The seconds came to him to borrow pistols, as he was known to have the best in New York. The one that shot Hamilton is marked with a cross. My grandfather was much annoyed at having one of his handsomest pistols marred by this cross cut on the butt, which he considered a liberty, and some rather acrimonious correspondence ensued on the subject. Later he gave them to his eldest son, Henry, who was in the British army and used them in India, but when Henry was killed there the pistols were returned to my grandfather, who left them to my uncle, Commodore Salter. The commodore intended to bequeath them in his turn to the Navy Lyceum at the Brooklyn Navy Yard

—in fact, he had promised them to the curator—but my brother Harry persuaded him to give them to him instead. Harry at his death left them to my son Noel, and he has them now.

It brings that bygone tragedy near to me when I recall that Harry, when he was about fourteen, had the privilege of listening to the story of the famous duel as related by Major William Popham, Burr's most intimate friend, at that time the only survivor of General Washington's aides. You may imagine with what keen interest the boy listened to the old soldier, who had known all the parties concerned in the duel, and my grandfather as well. I wish I had heard him tell about it myself.

Colonel Armstrong had three children by his first wife, Christian Amiel, a French lady; the two sons were named Henry Bruen and David Affleck, after English generals who were his friends. By his second wife, Margaret Marshall, my grandmother, he had four—Edward, Margaret, Charles Marshall, and Rose. (Aunt Rose was named Rosetta, after the place in Egypt where the "Rosetta stone" was found, because, for some now forgotten reason, my grandfather was interested in a battle that was fought there.) It is strange that of all my grandfather's children and grandchildren I am the only one who has left any descendants.

Margaret Marshall and her sister Janet lived with their stepfather, John Ramsay, sometimes in New York or Philadelphia, and sometimes in Elizabeth Town, as Elizabeth was called in the days when it "contained an unusual number of polite families." And wherever the Ramsays and Marshalls happened to be living they had a remarkably good time, judging from their lively letters and all the pretty little visiting-cards and invitations they left behind them.

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My great-aunt Janet married first John Rucker (her granddaughter married General Phil Sheridan), and second Alexander Macomb, the "speculator," father of General Macomb of the War of 1812. He deserved his nickname, for the enterprises he embarked on with Robert Morris and William Duer—such as buying four million acres in western New York at eighteen cents an acre—were on a grand scale; too grand, indeed, for Duer, who landed in jail. Macomb's Dam Bridge, part of his farm, perpetuates the name of this old gentleman in New York.

Margaret Marshall was a belle, so it is not surprising that she had a romance before meeting my grandfather. As a young girl she became engaged to a Spanish gentleman, Señor Rendon, secretary of the Spanish Legation. They never married. I gather from his letters—both voluminous and passionate—that the King would not allow him to form an alliance with an American. Don Gardoqui, the first Spanish minister to this country, gave Miss Marshall two little marble busts of Cæsar and Scantilla, which now stand on my parlor mantelpiece in New York, and I also have an interesting pastel of Madame Van Berckel, wife of the first Dutch minister, given to my grandmother by Van Berckel's daughter. (She went to the West Indies and never returned. I believe the ship was lost.)

My old friend Judge Kent knew Colonel Armstrong when his daughters were young and much admired. My grandfather was a peppery old gentleman, and when young Judge Kent—though I suppose he was not a judge then—went to the Armstrongs' house one night with some other young men to serenade the young ladies, the colonel appeared at an upper window with a gun and threatened to shoot if they did not desist.

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My grandfather died before I was born, but my brother Harry remembered his taking a walk with him wearing a black patch over one eye and his hair in a pigtail. The old gentleman bought a card of peppermints for the little boy; in those days peppermints came stuck in rows on bits of pasteboard.

A family sorrow, bitter in its day, but carrying only a flavor of romance by the time I arrived upon the scene, was the death of my uncle Henry, my grandfather's eldest son by his first marriage. He was also in the British army, fought in Spain and was at the battle of Corunna and in the famous retreat; perhaps he was at the burial of Sir John Moore, when "not a drum was heard, not a funeral note." Henry was killed at the siege of Bhurtpoor in India—"leading a forlorn hope, blown up by a mine," I was told as a child. Bhurtpoor, the capital of the Jats, was a formidable fortress, and it took the British two months to reduce it, but finally, on the 18th of January, 1826, they exploded ten thousand pounds of powder in the chief mine and entered the city through a breach in the wall, incidentally losing six hundred men, among them my uncle Henry—but "the moral effect was deep and lasting," the histories tell us. The news was a terrible blow to his family. My aunt Rose told my brother Harry that they were all sitting at the breakfast-table when the *Albion*, a British newspaper, was brought in and my grandfather found his son's name among the list of the slain.

My father, Edward Armstrong, also followed my grandfather into the British army. I have his commission signed by George IV, in which he is styled "Edward Armstrong, Gentleman," and made an ensign in the 104th Regiment of Foot. He was then ten years old—they

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caught them young in those days. I don't know whether or not he resigned from the army immediately after he married, but in old letters he is addressed as captain.

It was at "Morrissania," the old Morris place in Westchester, that my father met my mother for the first time. She was Sarah Hartley Ward, the daughter of Colonel John Ward, of Carolina, and was making the Morrises a visit with her sister Mary, who also met her future husband, Gouverneur Morris Wilkins, on this occasion. I have heard that the coming of the Misses Ward from Charleston to New York was something of an event in the restricted society of that time, and doubtless many young men were interested in the advent of these heiresses. My father and mother were married in 1822 at the house of Doctor Wilkes, St. John's Park, in Trinity parish. They had seven children, only four of whom lived to grow up. I was the youngest.

My father was one of the handsomest men of his time. When Lord Stanley, later Earl of Derby, visited America he went to Charleston with my father and attended church there with him. All the girls were on the lookout to see the nobleman. But they mistook my father for Lord Stanley and said it was easy to see that a British nobleman was much more distinguished-looking than any American. I have a miniature of him by Rogers; it was then the custom for a man to present his miniature to his fiancée, and this was his gift to my mother at the time of their marriage. He was an accomplished man; he drew, and wrote poetry, played the violin, and had some knowledge of medicine. He was a great favorite; my Aunt Margaret Salter told me that when he was at a ball, if he saw a plain girl having no attention, he would make a point of dancing with her and trying to give her a good time, and old Mrs.

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Chrystie said he could cut the most beautiful *double* pigeon-wing she ever saw. He was loved by all his neighbors, high and low.

My father was athletic, a splendid shot and rider, an adept in all manly arts, and up to all the sports of the time. He raised many fine race-horses, chiefly sired by "Sir Henry," famous for his race with "Eclipse"; but my mother objected to racing, so only once did he enter a horse for a race and that was not for money, but for a "pipe of wine." Whether he won or not I don't know. Many of the famous trotting-horses of Orange County are descended from thoroughbred mares that my father owned. Old people have told me how well my father looked on his favorite horse, a mahogany bay named Frank, which I remember perfectly. He also had a particularly favorite gun, a muzzle-loader made by Westley Richards, which he always used.

My family were all exceedingly fond of shooting and fishing; their old letters almost always mention the size of the trout that had been caught or the number of birds that had been shot lately. When I was a boy the shooting was still good in our neighborhood, even wild pigeons were still plentiful—my father writes to Uncle Charles of killing sixty-two in one day—but they are now entirely extinct. In an old book of travels in the State of New York in 1783 the author speaks of the pigeons breeding in infinite numbers: "In a valley where they nested, for six or eight miles nearly every tree had a number of nests, and some trees not less than fifteen or twenty." My father used to go off on long hunting expeditions with an intimate friend of his, the Honorable Charles Augustus Murray, grandson of Lord Dunmore, the last English governor of Virginia, notorious for having burned Norfolk.

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Partly because of the fine shooting, but also as a speculation, my father and Mr. Murray bought several farms together in Pennsylvania in the centre of the coal region. Unfortunately the resources remained undeveloped while in their hands, and in the end the land was sold to the Scrantons.

Mr. Murray was a great traveller. He stayed some years over here, much of the time being spent among the savage tribes of American Indians in the Far West, making what he called a "summer residence" with the Pawnees, and recounted his adventures in a most interesting book of "Travels." In a letter to my father Mr. Murray gives an account of a ride he took from Danskammer to Albany in 1834, stopping on the way to see the Hosack place at Hyde Park, where he was shown around the grounds by young Mrs. Hosack. Alas, where is "young Mrs. Hosack" now! The Hosack place, which Doctor Hosack bought from Doctor Bard in 1830, has always been celebrated for its beauty—great trees crowning a broad plateau in full view of the Catskills. The old colonial house was torn down about twenty years ago and replaced by one built by McKim, Mead and White for Frederick Vanderbilt. Doctor Hosack must have been a nice old fellow as well as a great scientist; he gave a strawberry festival every year in his garden in New York for the students in his classes at Columbia.

From Albany Mr. Murray went to Geneseo, where he stayed with the Wadsworths, and wrote: "The extensive farms formed a scene to delight the eye of a Poussin or a Sir J. Sinclair, but possessed less interest to a contemplative mind than the venerable and excellent gentleman who had almost created it. For it is now forty-four years since Mr. W. came as the first settler to this spot, with his axe

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on his shoulder and slept the first night under a tree. He is now the universally esteemed possessor of a demesne which many of the proudest nobility of Europe might look upon with envy." This enthusiastic guest must have made an equally pleasant impression on his hosts, for later he married Elizabeth Wadsworth. Mr. Murray was ambassador to Persia and several other courts, and was at one time Master of the Household to Queen Victoria. One of his letters, speaking of the Queen's marriage and describing Prince Albert, has an engraving at the top of the page of Buckingham Palace, the window of his room marked with a cross, "for the children." Of course he often came to stay with us at Danskammer. My brother Gouverneur remembered that on one occasion Harry and he ran races together and Mr. Murray offered them shillings as prizes or tips; as independent Americans the boys refused them, and Gouv remembered that my father was not pleased, because *English* boys were always ready to take tips.

My father died in 1840. Though I was about four years old I do not remember him. All I remember is going to the door of the large "north room" at Danskammer, and looking in and seeing something covered by a sheet; I knew it was he and that he was lying there dead. He died of scarlet fever just a few days after the death from the same disease of my only sister, little Mary.

We all had scarlet fever at the same time. I got off very lightly and was out and around while the others were still in their rooms. Old Doctor Van Cleek allowed no refreshing drinks, not even water, or fruit; so Harry, who was imprisoned in Aunt Rose's room on the second floor, used to let down a doubled-up jack-knife on a string, to which I would fasten pears, peaches, and plums, and he

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would hoist them up. One day he managed to crawl out of bed and drank the whole contents of the water-pitcher on the wash-stand, after which he went to sleep and woke up cured. At the time my father died my mother was so ill that she could not be told of his death or of that of her little girl until much later.

My earliest recollection is an adventure I had with my little sister Mary when she was six and I was four. I have only this one memory of her. Mary and I were out in the "sugar-loaf" field alone, standing on the bank of the brook near the bridge, when suddenly a little "skilly-pot" turtle scuttled across the brook, which excited us so much that we both fell off into the water. It was shallow and there was no danger, but we both got a good wetting and were afraid to go home in that condition, so we went to the top of the hill at the end of the avenue and tried to dry ourselves in the sun. Not being very successful in this, we finally went home, where we found my mother in the large storeroom closet. She was getting out rock-candy from a tin box that always stood on the top shelf, and was giving it to the other children. All these details are impressed so clearly on my memory—they say the first thing a child remembers is invariably connected with something to eat—because my mother did not give Mary and me any of the rock-candy. I remember well the delightful box from which the candy came, the rich dark plum-cake that lived in it, and all the other delicacies. This is, as I say, the only thing I am sure I remember about my little sister, but I have also a very distinct impression—whether real or fancied, I do not know—of a fair little face and long, curling light hair. If I ever reach heaven and see her, as I often pray that I may, shall I know her when we meet?

I remember other things about that summer of 1840.

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I remember Commodore Salter, Aunt Margaret's husband, being there at Danskammer, and also Mr. David Maitland, my godfather. Of course Commodore Salter stands out so plainly because he gave me my first ride on horse-back. He had a bay horse that was kept in our stable, and one day he put me on the back of this bay and led him out among the apple-trees in the orchard. This was a memorable ride and I shall never forget it.

Mr. David Maitland was a frequent visitor at Danskammer, and I looked forward to his coming, as he always brought candy—packages of "Stewart's Mixed Broken Candy," made by R. L. and A. Stewart. Their place in New York was on Chambers Street, the north side, where it forms a sort of square. This candy was put up in square packages, blue and white, holding about a pound; there were sticks of pink cinnamon, wintergreen, red and white striped, and white vanilla in squarish pieces, also occasional strips of lemon that were very much prized; later it was called "Ridley's Broken Candy." The Stewarts were Scotchmen who made a large fortune and lived in handsome houses on Fifth Avenue.

When Aunt Margaret visited Danskammer, the first thing she always did was to go down into the nursery and see my old nurse, Catherine Small, for she had also been nurse for all the Armstrong family and they were devoted to her. She was the widow of a sailor who had been killed by falling from a mast. Her room was in the basement, with one window toward the south that had one of those wide window-seats in which two people could sit comfortably; a like window opened into a long hall under the porch, which always kept its white shutters closed, and on them hung life-sized portraits in red crayon by Saint Memin of my grandfather and grandmother Armstrong, of which I

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now have small steel-engravings. Both pictures and frames were valuable, but in moving from Danskammer they were left in a bureau-drawer and lost, like a good many other nice old things. Our garret was full of such treasures and was a fine place to play on rainy days. At one end was a dark room over the porch, and at the other a raised platform where were kept large portfolios of engravings by Boydell and Bartolozzi. There were chests filled with old British uniforms, trappers' and American Indian dresses belonging to my father, made of leather with fringes on them, and quantities of old brocade dresses which we used for charades. My sister-in-law cut up some of the red coats to make iron-holders, and the brocades went for pincushions for a church fair, but in the end I secured some of the engravings.

At one end of the nursery was a Franklin stove, where a wood-fire always burned on chilly days, at the other a tall mahogany press with shelves above and doors below, in which were always goodies of some sort. The nursery was the meeting-place for all the children; we played our games there, and as it was near the storeroom my mother also made a convenience of it and cut up the loaf sugar there. In those days sugar came in the shape of a cone, about eighteen inches high and six inches across at the base; it was wrapped in several layers of paper, the outer being thick and of a dark-purple color. On Christmas Eve we hung up our stockings at the Franklin, and I remember opening mine one time sitting in the big trundle-bed that stood beside nurse's, so big that several children could sleep in it. It was on the floor in front of the Franklin that we did most of our work, made molasses candy, mended our skates, greased our boots, and around the large table we stoned the raisins for the Christmas plum pudding.

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When nurse got very old and bent and went about with a stick she could scarcely let me out of her sight, and was always hobbling out to the "cold spring," nearly a quarter of a mile away, to see if I had fallen into it. One rainy day she was missed from the house, and after a long search she was found lying in the raspberry patch insensible. She had evidently gone to look for me. After this she was somewhat childish, though she lived for several years, until she was nearly ninety. She was a dear, sweet old soul.

When the large table which I spoke of in the nursery was not in use for some housekeeping rite we used it for playing games. One game was sea-fighting. We had vast fleets of wooden ships made up from shingles fitted with masts, sails, and bowsprits. They were war-ships with historic names, *Wasp*, *Frolic*, and the like. Harry usually cut them out, perhaps a hundred to a fleet. They would sally out and meet the hostile fleet and ram them—it was our only means of warfare—the enemy would ram in return, and when any vessel was practically disabled, with mast and rigging gone, perhaps upset, it was towed into harbor as a prize. We really had splendid fun and got very much excited over the exploits of some favorite ship. Then we had jackstraws, cut out in various shapes, such as horses and castles, by Harry, who was very handy with his knife. They all had numbers on the sides, and when one got 500 he was winner. I remember a horse was the highest, 100. Now those winter evenings seem ages ago! Truly "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And always as our companion was little Fox, a yellow, dear, small Scotch terrier, given to Gouv by Mr. David Maitland. Fox was Gouv's regular companion to his rabbit-traps. I was too young then to be allowed to go to the traps, but later I used to set traps and once

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caught eleven in one night. When the snow was deep Gouv used to have to carry Fox in his arms for miles; but he always went along. In making our traps we used an Indian tomahawk that had belonged to Brant, the famous chief of the Six Nations, that had been given by him to my grandfather when he went to see him on some mission or other. Of course after a while we lost it. We had many dogs; one, a splendid brindled half-mastiff and half-bulldog named Leo, used to have awful fights with Don, a fine yellow pointer, which we kept for Uncle Charles when he was off on a cruise. Don would seize the mastiff by his fore paws, and it was almost impossible to make him let go, so Leo often went about lame and bandaged up. When my father died he left to our care a beautiful yellow-and-white setter named Ulric, given to him by Mr. Maitland; he lived many years, but finally became so infirm that once when he was taking a drink at the "cold spring" near the barns and sheep-pen he fell in and was drowned. And then there was Jet, a beautiful black pointer that Mr. Maitland gave Harry, bred from dogs belonging to Joseph Bonaparte. So we had plenty of dogs.

My uncle Henry, who was killed in India, was never more to me than a romantic name, but Uncle Charles figured conspicuously and delightfully in our boyish lives. A lieutenant in the United States navy, he spent most of his shore leave at Danskammer, and his visits were great events; he was so jolly and entertaining, so full of life and spirits. And then he was sure to bring us all manner of curiosities that he had picked up on his voyages—rare shells, strange arms, and such-like barbaric treasure. One of his voyages was in the U. S. Sloop-of-War *Saratoga* to the coast of Africa—she was built at Portsmouth and this was

her maiden trip—and he brought fascinating things from this cruise and thrilled us with fine tales of an African chief he had met, with a marvellous name which I have forgotten. From Egypt he once brought us some wheat that had been found in a mummy-case. It was planted, and in my mind's eye I can see the beautiful waving green patch that sprang from it growing at one side of the avenue. But, sad to say, my brother Gouv insists that it never came up.

One of uncle's cruises under the command of Commodore Perry had an unfortunate termination. It seems that on a certain occasion Perry was obliged to be away, and left the ship under the command of a lieutenant of a lower rank than my uncle. As this was not at all in accordance with etiquette, Uncle Charles considered it an insult and expostulated with the commodore, and finally sent him a challenge to fight a duel, through his friend and second, Captain Hunter. Commodore Perry declined to meet him, and my uncle was court-martialled for challenging his superior officer; but he was practically acquitted, for he was given merely a nominal sentence, being suspended for a very short time. I believe the affair caused quite a stir in navy circles.

The story of "Alvarado" Hunter, as this friend of my uncle's was called, was pretty tragic. During the Mexican War he was sent with one small ship to blockade the town of Alvarado until the land forces came up, but he managed to take the place before the army got there; for this excess of zeal he was dismissed from the service, to the indignation of his friends.

My brother Harry was devoted to Uncle Charles, and used to stay on the *North Carolina* with him; it was then that Harry got the passion for the sea that held him all

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his life. Uncle gave him the dog Carlo, a beautiful cocker spaniel with long silken ears, brought up on the ship and taught any number of clever tricks by the sailors, such as climbing a ladder and fetching one's slippers. But one accomplishment he had acquired on land. He could catch a snake by the middle and shake the life out of it before it got the smallest chance to defend itself.

I shall never forget Uncle Charles's last visit to Danskammer. It was winter and the snow was on the ground; I was out at the stable and he drove up to say good-by. I watched him as he disappeared through the big black gate. I never saw him again. It was a great grief to all of us boys when we heard of his death, just as he was finishing a cruise, "at midnight, aboard cruiser *Ohio*, off Rio, homeward-bound." He died of yellow fever and was buried at sea. I heard at the time that he was taken ill of the fever on shore and did not want to be taken back to the ship, fearing that the disease would be communicated to others. This was like him; he was an unselfish, gallant fellow. We boys loved him dearly. I have heard that at his funeral there was not a dry eye on the ship.

For years after his death old salts would turn up at Danskammer and tell us about him; they said that on board ship he was a strict disciplinarian, but when any sailor met him on shore he always gave him all the money he had in his pockets. When these old sailors came to Danskammer we always gave them a glass of brandy and two dollars and sent them on their way rejoicing. They would have to go to Hampton to take the ferry across the river for the train at New Hamburg, and the path went through our barnyard. One of these old salts, after the usual drink and tip, started on his way; some time afterward Gouv happened to go out to the barn, and there

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was the old fellow perched on top of the barnyard gate, watching round-eyed a pair of white oxen sleeping peacefully in the sun. They were kind, tranquil beasts, but to the old seaman they were an unknown terror. Gouv asked him why he was waiting, and he said he was afraid "one of those fellows would run him down."

My mother, who you will remember came from Carolina, was very hospitable and kept open house at Danskammer, most of her guests being our Southern relations. She always kept good horses, and in old times usually drove to Charleston for the winter, with four horses, taking a considerable time for the trip, and as there were few hotels, she was entertained by her friends all along the way. It must have been an ideal way to travel. I remember very well the two large travelling carriages that used to stand in our stable, arranged for four horses, with a high seat for the coachman with a big hammer-cloth below his seat, and platforms behind for footmen and luggage, and flights of folding steps that let down from inside the carriage.

Our every-day carriage was the shape of a pumpkin-seed, also with a hammer-cloth and steps to let down, and was hung on large springs front and rear. When my mother went to live in New York in 1849 and let the house and farm to Mr. Warren Delano, all the horses except Charley and some of the furniture were sold at auction, what is called a "vandue" in our part of the country. A good many valuable things that were not then appreciated were sold at that time. We had a pair of small mules and I remember how funny Sam and Bill looked when, after the sale, they were driven off by their purchaser, harnessed to our great family carriage. Bill was a vicious animal, but Harry was venturesome and used to

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ride him. Mules do not have prominent withers like horses, so when Bill stood up perpendicularly on his forelegs, Harry and the saddle would slip over his head, and both come down in a heap, but he would put the saddle on and have another try. Harry even rode the cows sometimes.

My mother was a very humane woman, but she had all her horses' tails docked if they were long when she bought them. Previous to being docked, the muscles of the tail were cut by a veterinary surgeon, then the end was attached to cords that ran over pulleys fastened to the posts at each side of the rear of the stall, which kept the tail in an upright position, and this process was continued for several weeks, until the tail was always carried up. It was then docked. It was cruel, but every one did it; one never saw carriage-horses with long tails. Now it is forbidden by the S. P. C. A.

When I was little we went to church in Newburgh, at St. George's, where the Reverend Doctor Brown was rector for more than fifty years. I believe when he first began his life there that there was great prejudice against him on account of his being an Episcopalian—it was shortly after our difficulties with England, and people had not yet got over the dislike for everything English, including the English Church. I remember the long, cold drives to church on winter mornings and the leathery smell of the closed carriage. When we drove into Newburgh for shopping we would stop the carriage in front of the shops and they would bring the things out to show us. The Bank of Newburgh and the Highland Bank were just where they are now, and nearly opposite was Farnham's grocery-store. All the grocers were then liquor dealers as well, and usually had bars in the rear of their stores, and

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it was not thought to be to their discredit. Mrs. Farnham was a very capable lady and I remember her coming to Danskammer to help my mother make calf's-foot jelly for a church fair. The jelly was made in a bag and hung up in the schoolroom to drip—a big round bag like a hot-water bottle dripping into a pan.

The roads in winter when there was no snow were pretty bad, and everybody was glad when the ice on the river froze thick enough for sleighing. As soon as it was strong some venturesome person would lay out a track and mark it with little cedar-trees, and then we had a fine level road, sometimes for months. Of course there were no big steamboats and ferries to break up the ice as they do now. One of my earliest recollections is a drive across the river with my mother and old John Bush, our colored coachman for forty years, and a visit to the Verplancks at Fishkill. I was sent to play with the children—I was perhaps five years old—and presently when a tremendous noise emanated from the nursery they all rushed up and found that I had quarrelled with one of the boys and had felled him with a chair. I don't recall what happened afterward; I only remember that I was in disgrace. The Society of the Cincinnati was founded in the old Verplanck homestead and the place is one of the original manors.

Until 1849 we always lived summer and winter at Danskammer. For several years we had tutors, three in all, young divinity students. The Reverend Henry Edwards I remember as a handsome young man who was fond of chemistry and used to make interesting experiments, resulting sometimes in explosions which we thought very exciting. Each of our desks in the schoolroom had under it a small open box, like a carpenter's mitre-box, in

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which we put our feet, in order to make our toes turn out ! I don't know whose idea it was or whether or no it had the desired effect. Our schoolroom, the north basement room, had wide window-seats level with the lawn outside, fine places to sit when we wanted to paint in water-colors or make boats. These windows were guarded by iron bars, soldered with lead into the granite sills and supposed to be immovable. Mr. Edwards's punishment for misdemeanors—and with five boys there were a good many such—was “keeping in.” So when a punishment was due he would lock the door in the afternoon and go away, leaving us, as he supposed, safely imprisoned. But Harry was an ingenious boy and contrived to drill the solder out from around two of the bars, so that we could all creep out and get safely back by the time Mr. Edwards returned. And I do not think that he ever discovered how we spent our afternoons. At that time we had an old farmer named Jonathan Pierce; when the “Pickwick Papers” came out Mr. Edwards would have old Jonathan into the schoolroom and read it aloud to him, and he would enjoy it enormously and be convulsed with laughter.

The Reverend Samuel Hawkesley, afterward rector at Marlborough, was the best of all our tutors. We were awfully fond of him; he was jolly and amused us very much, and was a good man besides. When he was at Marlborough he established missions at Latintown and Ellenville and many other places. As he had no horse, he used to walk to all these missions. It is about forty miles from Marlborough to Ellenville !

In 1847 Jack and I went to Mr. Alzimora's school in Newburgh, and my mother left us there for the two winters which she spent in New York and Charleston. It was what is called a “select school,” but the boys might have

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been "selected" for their badness—they were the only really bad boys I ever met at school. Our principal amusements were skating and coasting in winter—Newburgh has always been famous for its skaters—and swimming in summer from a fine beach now swept away by the railroad. I remember a boy named Seabury Lawrence swimming across there. One calm summer evening some years later I swam from our dock to the white house just below the Suydams' place at New Hamburg, about two miles. I was not at all tired.

One day toward spring, when we were at school, while the river was still frozen, Jack and I got leave to walk up to Danskammer. My mother had left a cook in our house and John Bush was there and a man named Matt Maston, a farm-hand on the place. After dinner we were to drive back, but thought it would be dull to return in a wagon, and there was no sleighing, so we begged John Bush to take us back in the sleigh on the ice. He did not think it very safe, but we got Matt Maston to walk ahead of us with a long pole with which to sound the ice. John Bush drove Bess and Charley; they had broken through the ice the winter before and were still a little nervous on the river, but we did not mind. We sent Maston ahead with his pole, and after he had gone about three miles he reported that it was quite safe, and that he need go no farther with us, so he went home. It was a warm day and the ice was rather soft, but we went merrily on, suspecting nothing, when suddenly the ice broke! The horses began to plunge—they were a pair of fine, spirited animals—and the sleigh sank down, but the horses managed to pull it out onto firm ice. We got out and walked cautiously ahead and found that the ice would scarcely bear us, that it was all honeycombed and one could almost stick one's

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finger through it, so we returned and told John Bush that he would have to drive back the way we had come over the crack, and go ashore. John didn't like the prospect, neither did the horses, who had by this time grown very much excited. We did not get into the sleigh again, but walked along, watching John. He got in, laid the whip on the horses, and they went at a gallop bounding over the crack. They got safely over, but the sleigh sank down and we thought that it was gone, but the horses pulled it out. A little farther on we managed to get ashore; but at that time there was no road there, and we had to drive about three miles over bare ground, old stone walls, and rocks. At last we reached home, had the horses put in a wagon, and drove back to Newburgh. By the time we reached there all the ice in the river, that we had been on a few hours before, was broken up and floating away.

Horses have always been one of the great interests of my life. After the memorable occasion when Commodore Salter put me on his bay horse, I rode whenever I had the chance. I have a faint memory of a ride up Soap Hill on one of the carriage-horses, a bay—and this miscellaneous riding went on for some years, until finally, when I was about fourteen, I found myself practically the owner of a good horse, as no one used him except myself. He really was a driving-horse that my brother Jack bought from a neighbor, Sam Halsey, a nice active little bay horse named Bill, fifteen hands high. The reason I got him was that Jack's first drive with him turned out badly. Jack started out one evening with his new horse, wagon, and whip, and returned home on foot with nothing but his whip, leaving the rest of his equipage scattered over the

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road. He had been run into. Bill had run home into the stable. Jack said he would never drive him again, so I rode him steadily for several years. He was a perfect little saddle-horse. I once rode him from Danskammer to Goshen and back—in all fifty-four miles—and I do not remember that either Billy or I was at all tired. The use of this horse practically made a good rider of me. Another horse I rode was a black pony that Gouv and I bought together, but he was never much good, and finally fell into the spring and got drowned.

Newbold Morris, a great friend of mine—he gave me the ring I always wear—was in the habit of riding up to Danskammer on horseback. On one occasion he stopped there for a day or two and I went on with him to Hyde Park, where we stayed with his uncle, Mr. Tom Newbold. I rode a little bay horse called Ruby, and Newbold a gray mare. We met there a Miss Eleanor Jones, an heiress and a very nice girl. In a few days I came home, leaving Newbold at Hyde Park, and shortly after he turned up again at our house, riding another horse—he was a great horse-jockey and had traded his mare for a cream-colored nag—with the news that he was engaged to Miss Jones! Newbold was awfully good-looking.

Time passed on, I graduated at college and went abroad, and had some nice rides in Madeira, and about a year after my return, having spent a winter studying law in New York, of which more anon, I returned to Danskammer, deciding to study law in Newburgh in the office of Hasbrouck and Taylor, and ride back and forth on horseback. It is seven miles from the Danskammer house to Newburgh, fourteen miles to go and return, but the first six months I only missed one day, when the snow was so deep

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in our avenue that my mare stuck and could not get through. Indeed, during those two years of 1861 and 1862 I scarcely missed a day. Rain or shine, snow or whatever the weather might be, I went and came. Very early every morning John Bush would come into my room to light the fire, usually remarking that it was "as cold as Egypt." Gouv and I breakfasted by the bright coal-fire in the dining-room and I would be in Newburgh by nine o'clock. I read law, copied papers and such things, and lunched at the baker's, or went to the grocer's for some bread and cheese; sometimes Mr. Hasbrouck would ask me to his pleasant house for lunch or dinner.

My mount was a chestnut known as "Holden's Mare"—she never had any other name—but she was not really my horse any more than Bill had been. In fact, she was another inheritance from Jack. She belonged to Holden, who kept the steamboat dock at Marlborough, and the first time I saw her was up at Jew's Creek near the dock, where Gouv and I were rail-shooting. We spoke of her to Jack with so much admiration that he finally bought her, but when he got her he didn't like her and lent her to me; as no one ever used her except myself, she was like my own horse. She had a beautiful fast trot; I once rode her the six miles from Newburgh to the hickory-tree at the head of our road in eighteen minutes. I only had two falls from her. One frosty morning John Bush forgot to draw the girths tight and the saddle turned as I put my foot in the stirrup, and the mare went careering off to the stable, leaving me flat on my back on the lawn. The other time was due to a habit she had of passing vehicles on a dead run; as I rode up behind Dan Barnes she broke into a gallop, caught her left leg on his wheel,

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and we all went headlong. She was hard to mount, too, and always started on a gallop as soon as I got my foot into the stirrup, but barring these little peculiarities "Holden's Mare" was very fine.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK WHEN I WAS A BOY

“Broadway, the first that takes the eye,
The noblest street I here espy,
The new-swept side-walks, neat and clean,
With poplars shaded, sweet and green;
The num’rous steeples tow’ring high,
Seen best from ships when passing by
And when descending Hudson bold;
The City Hotel we behold,
Commercial next, and old Tontine.”

—THOMAS EATON.

When I was a little boy about six or seven I went with my mother to stay at Mrs. Plummer’s boarding-house, No. 65 Broadway, near Rector Street. Mrs. Plummer was a fine old lady, quite a friend of my mother, and her house was perhaps the best of its kind in New York. It was more like a family hotel than a boarding-house, very well kept, the food delicious, and the very nicest people stayed there. I remember the long, handsome table, shining with bright linen and silver, with Mrs. Plummer’s portly figure at the head and Miss Eliza Plummer at the foot. Miss Eliza afterward married Mr. Pritchard, a fine-looking man and very much of a gentleman; he was a boarder at that time. Another boarder was a Mr. Albert Speyer, a dashing, interesting man, who told me captivating stories of the wild West. He was a great traveller, a friend of Frémont, the explorer of the West, who was afterward candidate for President against Buchanan.

I remember Mr. Speyer giving me a half a dollar that

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I kept as a pocket-piece for a long while, as half-dollars were not plenty with me, but one day I wanted very much to go to the American Institute Fair, held in the Castle Garden at the Battery, which at that time stood out in the water, as the ground had not then been filled in around it as it is now. This fair was an annual event in New York and every one went to it. Well, I wanted to go there with some other boys and had no money for a ticket except that half-dollar, so although it was a sore trial to part with it, I used it for my ticket. I have no remembrance of what we saw or did there; the only thing I remember is my pang at parting with my half-dollar. The Castle Garden, originally a fort, was later fitted up as a place for all sorts of entertainments. Jenny Lind sang there, and when La Fayette made his triumphal return to America it was here they gave him a reception.

There was an old gentleman at Mrs. Plummer's, Mr. Phoenix, whose face wore the "livery of good living," and who was very kind to me. He would often take me by the hand and we would go together to his store, a wholesale grocery-store in some near-by street, which I found a delightful place. I liked the nice smells of the coffee and sugar, and the figs and nuts with which he used to regale me. A great pet of mine was a large gray cat of his that would lie curled up on top of the bags. Mr. Phoenix was a member of the well-known New York family of that name, and, like many gentlemen of those days, combined banking with importing wine, coffee, and other groceries.

Broadway at that time from the City Hall Park down to the Battery was handsomely built up with hotels and dwelling-houses. Old Trinity Church was being built then. Opposite Mrs. Plummer's was the Globe Hotel; farther up on the east side on the corner of Cedar Street was the City

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Hotel, where my mother sometimes stayed, one of the best hotels in New York. Below on the west side of Broadway was the large house with two lions in front of it, one on each side of the steps, which was afterward occupied by the British consul. These lions remained there until a year or so ago. On the east side, facing the Bowling Green, the block now occupied by the Custom House, were handsome large brick and stone houses, occupied by leading citizens—among them were the Primes and Whitneys—while around the corner were other fine houses facing the Battery. The Mortons lived in one of these. The Battery at that time was a pretty park, surrounded by a wrought-iron railing, with an iron gate at the corner of the Battery and Broadway, where an old apple-woman was stationed with a tempting array of candy, apples, and oranges. The Bowling Green was also surrounded, as it is now, by an iron railing. The tops of the rails formerly had crowns on them, which were all broken off during the Revolution, when the populace tore down the leaden statue of George III that stood there. (I understand that within the last few months this railing, an interesting relic of the Revolution, has been taken down, and no one knows what has become of it. Another historical memento that has lately been carelessly injured is the Worth Monument on Madison Square, our only memorial of the Mexican War; one of the four trophies—cannon-balls, muskets, etc.—which formerly stood on the granite posts at the corners of the railing was lost when the Subway was built. The remaining three were replaced for a short time, but then they too disappeared and the posts have stood unfinished ever since; the railing, also, which is rather pleasing in design, is in bad shape.)

I was allowed to go down and play in the Battery and

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often patronized the old apple-woman at the corner. There was a fountain in the centre of the Bowling Green in the form of a pile of rocks about twenty feet in height. The water did not spurt up into the air but was so arranged that it would come out at the top and fall down in little cascades over the projecting stones into a large basin at the bottom. In this basin could be seen two flamingoes. I remember they would stand on one leg, seemingly asleep. There were also two pretty little deer. I don't think that I had ever seen a deer before; I certainly had never seen flamingoes. The deer were small, tame, and very sweet; one day I remember that I bought some of those little Sicilian oranges from the old apple-woman at the corner and fed them to the deer, who put their noses eagerly through the railing, but there was a certain difficulty in regaling the deer, which added to the interest, for although they could reach out and take the oranges in their mouths, the fruit was so hard and round that they generally dropped them and they would roll down the slanting pavement into the gutter; but I would laboriously pick them up and offer them again and again, until they managed to masticate them.

In my mind's eye I can see the Battery and the Bowling Green exactly as they were then. The old apple-woman's stall at the gate, that flamingo poised on his one leg in the basin of the fountain, the two little deer nosing after the oranges, and myself laboriously rescuing them from the gutter and offering them so persistently. How distinctly one sometimes recalls a trifling memory like this when other events of real moment are forgotten!

Not long after this, when I was still a very small boy, I went to pay a visit to my Aunt Margaret Salter, who lived in West Fourteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue. Aunt

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Margaret was the wife of Commodore William Dayton Salter, of the United States navy. She was a dear soul; I have never known any one more kind and generous. She was highly educated, fond of reading and, like all my uncles and aunts, an excellent talker. Aunt Margaret told me that when she was with my father, Aunt Rose, and Uncle Charles, she heard the best and most amusing conversation of her life. As she spoke beautiful French, she made herself very agreeable to the foreign visitors whom she entertained at the Brooklyn Navy Yard when her husband was commandant. While he was at sea she lived either in New York or Elizabeth. General Winfield Scott lived in Elizabeth and was a great friend of my aunt's. I believe they were the last couple in America who could dance the minuet. The general was an enormous man, about six feet four, and large in proportion, always very kind, polite, and stately. I used often to meet him going up the river on the *Mary Powell* and have a little chat with him.

The commodore was a typical sea-captain of the old school; an excellent sailor, a most capable man, and very decided, not to say pig-headed, in all his ideas. He was short, with a ruddy, clean-shaven face. He once told me that he taught all his midshipmen to shave with both hands, so that in case they were wounded they could still shave! He went to sea as midshipman at the age of ten. There were no naval schools in those days; they got their education at sea, and I fancy they did not teach them much apart from seamanship, for the commodore often complained that he was inferior to his wife in accomplishments. He was only twelve when he got into his first sea-fight—the famous battle between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* in the War of 1812—and was also in the cele-

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brated stern chase of the *Constitution*, the “most exciting in naval annals,” when she escaped from the British fleet in the fog. Mr. Dana painted an excellent picture of the chase, getting all the facts for his work from the commodore, and gave him a photograph of it, framed in a bit of wood from the *Constitution*, which my son Noel has at Danskammer. The last foreign service of the *Constitution* was the transport of American products to the Paris Exposition of 1878, which makes a link between me and the famous old ship.

When the commodore was young, duelling was still very popular; he told me that there were frequent duels in the cockpit among the midshipmen, and described to me a duel that he had fought with another officer at Naples. I spoke of this duel once to Loyall Farragut, who told me that it was historic in the navy and that he had seen it mentioned in some book. It seems that the Queen of Naples visited the ship, and after she had left, my uncle remarked that she was a handsome and agreeable lady; a fellow officer denied this vigorously, asserting that she was ugly and ill-favored. This was cause enough for a duel, so one was fought and young Salter shot his opponent in the hip. He said to me: “I met him the other day in an omnibus; we are now the best of friends, and by G—— he limps yet!” This seemed to give him great satisfaction after fifty or sixty years.

In 1841 Captain Salter was put in command of the first steamship in the navy, the *Mississippi*. Steam was considered a very hazardous experiment, and my uncle said that “it was only when he looked aloft at the sails and yards that he felt at home.” In a letter to my aunt he says: “She is a large ship, 120 feet long and 46 wide. I have two ten-inch guns now mounted and four eight-inch;

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I suppose the others will be forthcoming soon. I shall have a heavy battery. The ship will be all legs and arms, she really looms like a seventy-four. The engine is six hundred horse power, the stack or furnace pipe as big in proportion as our little church steeple. We have much running ice, lots of snow and visitors, the latter interfere much with our work; a boat-load, principally petticoats, is coming alongside now."

The commodore had met many distinguished people, among them Napoleon, who once came aboard his ship in the Mediterranean, and Byron also visited the *Constitution*. I used to like to hear him talk about them, and about his adventures in South American waters when he was in command of the Brazil squadron. I stayed with Aunt Margaret very often at the Brooklyn Navy Yard when the commodore was commandant there. They had a fine garden and a large fig-tree that lived for many years, and even bore figs, by being covered with straw in winter.

But we have got very far away from that first visit of mine to Aunt Margaret in New York. Commodore Salter was very kind and took me to the theatre at Niblo's Garden. The play was "Beauty and the Beast." It was my first play. I don't remember much about it except the great impression the terrific beast made on me, and where he changes into the prince and drops his disguise it was most thrilling. The dead beast lay on the stage in a round heap. I remember him distinctly, looking exactly like the old buffalo-robbers that we had in the stable at home for sleighing. Another treat was a feast on sponge-cake bought for me by the commodore during a walk around the block, down Fifth Avenue, through Sixth Avenue and so home, which I recall with little pleasure, for that evening I was taken very ill and had the doctor, and, indeed,

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was not expected to live. While I was lying ill, supposed to be asleep, I heard my Aunt Margaret trying to console my mother by saying the usual things—that even if I died it would be “all for the best”—when to their surprise I suddenly sat up in bed and remarked: “If I am going to die now what was the use of my ever having been born?”

Later Aunt Margaret moved to a house which is still standing, next to the garden of the large Van Beuren house in West Fourteenth Street; it has a bay window overlooking their garden, and is now almost the only dwelling, except the Van Beuren house, on the block. At that time Fifth Avenue from Sixteenth Street to Washington Square was the most fashionable part of New York—there were practically no shops in that neighborhood, from 1849 to 1853, except Cook's grocery-store, on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Heckschers' house was built later—but there were still primitive spots. On the site of the Van Beuren house stood a very pretty little wooden colonial house, painted white, two stories, with a green door and brass knocker, approached by two flights of curving wooden steps. In front of it was a large balm of Gilead tree and a pump then in use, and I have often seen large white sows asleep in the gutter on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. Indeed, pigs roamed all the streets of the city at that time. The site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel was then occupied by a road-house, a cottage, and outbuildings called Corporal Thompson's, and back of it was a green paddock and open field running down to Sixth Avenue. I have seen a cow looking over a pair of bars on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Moses H. Grinnell lived on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, and the Hights and the Parkers built handsome houses on the

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corners of West Fifteenth Street and the Avenue. The Grinnell house was later occupied by Delmonico. The August Belmonts lived between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets, the Heckschers nearly opposite, then came Mr. Lenox, and on the opposite corner of Twelfth Street the Minturns.

Directly opposite Niblo's Garden was Pat Hearn's notorious gambling-house, a very celebrated and fashionable resort for the sporting fraternity. It was a very quiet-looking brownstone house, always tightly closed, with the blinds drawn down. Right around the corner, in Houston Street, J. C. Bancroft Davis and William Robinson lived a little later than this, and when Thackeray visited America he stayed with them there. The Metropolitan Hotel was on Broadway in front of Niblo's Garden, and was one of the most famous hotels in New York. St. Thomas's Church was on the corner of Houston Street and Broadway. Mrs. Eades's boarding-house was next to the church, and next to that were the rooms where the American Art Union used to exhibit, and where later the Academy of Design exhibitions were held before they built their new building at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. Maillard's was next door to Mrs. Eades's, and Laura Keene's theatre was opposite. Later than the time of which I am writing, I saw William Burton, the most famous comedian of his day, in his theatre in Chambers Street, opposite the City Hall Park. The same building was occupied for many years by the United States District Court, where I was admitted to practice about 1866, and where I practised law. Judge Betts was then on the bench, his son was clerk of the court, and George Morton, Mrs. Shippen's father, was United States commissioner. They all had offices in this building.

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In 1848 I first knew of Brooks's clothing-store, on the corner of Catherine and Cherry Streets. I was then twelve years old and was very proud to hear that I was to go to Brooks's for a new suit. I remember it well; the trousers were light gray with a stripe on the side of dark gray, the jacket a blue roundabout with brass navy buttons. I think that Brooks was the pioneer of ready-made clothes. I don't think that any one before that ever bought any good ready-made things; clothes were all made to order by regular private tailors. Previous to this visit to Brooks's my clothes were made at Danskammer by my mother's dressmaker, Mrs. de Groot from Marlborough, who came in by the day. I remember her making me a pair of trousers of gray cloth, the color of the West Point cadets. I liked the cloth well enough, but they were strapped down with leather straps that I abhorred. The first time I wore them I went to church at Marlborough, and as soon as I came home I took my straps out on the lawn where the dogs had dug a hole and buried them. They were never found and troubled me no more. At the time I got my Brooks suit I also had a pair of patent-leather low shoes made by Sales, a fashionable bootmaker in Houston Street near Broadway. These shoes were interesting to me, as before that my shoes had been made by Atwood in Newburgh, and were not like Sales's, which were very smart and went well with my new suit. But I was inordinately proud of a pair of boots with red tops that Atwood made for me; I used to stuff my trousers inside the tops and exhibit them on all occasions.

I seem to remember more about the clothes of 1848 than I do about its politics, but my friend Mr. Bosworth, of Springfield, has a better memory, and recited to me a campaign song of that date which he used to sing as a boy.

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I fancy it has never been published. Cass was Zachary Taylor's opponent in the presidential contest and "Van" was, of course, President Van Buren. The "Barn-burners" were so radical that they were said to be willing to "burn their barns to destroy the rats." The "Locos" took their name from an incident at Tammany Hall, when all the lights being extinguished, the meeting went on with the aid of "loco-foco" matches provided in anticipation of the emergency.

"Uncle Sam's White House is a very fine station
For any man to have and attend to the nation,
And many men came to the door and knocked,
And Uncle Sam sung while the door was locked,
'Who's that knocking at the door?
Is that you, Zac?' 'No, 'tis Cass!'
'Well you ain't Santa Anna and you've got no pass,
So there's no use your knocking at the door
Any more!
There's no use your knocking at the door!"

Next the Barn-burners came, with the Locos in their ranks,
And Uncle Sam laughed at their foolish pranks,
For they brought Matty Van, who had been there before,
And Uncle Sam sung, as they knocked at the door,—
'Is that you, Zac?' 'No, 'tis Van!'
'Well, you can't come in, you're a used-up man!
And there's no use your knocking at the door
Any more!
There's no use your knocking at the door!"

Next the *People* came, with the brave old chief,
Whose brow was decked with a warrior's wreath.
He walked right up, as he did to the foe,
And knocked like a soldier in Mexico.
And Uncle Sam said, 'Is that you, Zac?
Well, walk right in, for you've never turned back!
And there's no use your knocking at the door
Any more!
There's no use your knocking at the door!"

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It was some statesman of about this time, though I cannot remember his name, who was responsible for a bit of repartee familiar in my youth. He said to an opponent in the House—he must have been a refined old party: “Sir, you are not fit to carry guts to a bear.” This odd statement not being relished, he was told that he must apologize; whereupon he amended it by saying: “Sir, I apologize, you *are* fit to carry guts to a bear.”

My mother and I used sometimes to visit my godfather, Mr. Maitland, at his house, 41 Barclay Street. He was the head of the firm of Maitland, Kennedy and Company, of No. 14 Stone Street, later Maitland, Phelps, and now Maitland, Coppel and Company. They have been bankers for over a hundred years and my family have had an account there since 1830.

At the time I visited in Barclay Street the whole neighborhood near the City Hall park was a residential section. Columbia College was near by, and the Astor House was the best hotel in the city. St. Paul’s Church looked much as it does now. The old City Hall was the only building in the park, with Barnum’s Museum nearly opposite. Barnum’s Museum was then of white marble, with oval pictures of wild animals all over its front, and there was a balcony about half-way up the front where musicians played. This building was burned later. There were all sorts of fake curiosities there—the “Woolly Horse,” the “What is-it?” advertised thus: “Oh what is it? Is it man or monkey? It was discovered in the wilds of Africa and may be seen at all hours.” It was simply an idiot boy. They also had “real mermaids” and the Siamese twins. The latter were genuine objects of curiosity. Mr. William R. Travers once went to see them and Barnum himself showed him around and introduced him to the

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twins. Mr. Travers put up his eyeglass and, after examining them carefully, said in his stuttering voice: "B-B-B-Brothers, I presume?" Mr. Travers was a very amusing and witty man, and stuttered just enough to make his remarks more entertaining. His funny sayings were manifold, and his manner and action most amusing. He owned some of the finest race-horses of the day, in partnership with Leonard Jerome. Years after the time I am now writing about, I remember coming back from a race-meeting of the Narragansett course with him. We embarked on a boat from Providence to Newport. Mr. Travers was standing on the dock, high above the deck of the boat, as the tide there falls several feet, and there was a man on the boat with a basket of beer in those round-bottomed bottles that will not stand up. Mr. Travers asked the man to throw him some and Mr. Travers caught them one by one, putting the first under his left arm, the next under his right, two between his legs, and finally one in each hand, so he had six without setting one down—he looked very funny. Once a man slapped him violently on the back, mistaking him for some one else, and then exclaimed: "I beg your pardon; I thought you were my friend Jones." Mr. Travers said: "D-D-D-Does your friend Jones l-l-l-like that sort of thing?" He told of once coming home after a dinner, a little the worse for wear, late at night, and trying to creep into bed very quietly, not to disturb his wife, but she was awake, and just as he was comfortably settled she remarked—according to him: "W-W-W-William, d-d-d-do you usually go to bed w-w-w-with your hat on?" But I am getting too far ahead of my period—I must not forget that I am still a little boy in New York.

About this time I went with my mother to pay a visit to the Luquers, who lived in a pretty country place in the

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outskirts of Brooklyn; Mrs. Luquer was a sister of Mrs. Stewart Maitland. I remember that we went to church and that I had a new pair of suspenders of which I was very proud and which I insisted on displaying by keeping my jacket wide open. The cap which I wore to church on these grand occasions was a Scotch bonnet, a present from my godfather, Mr. Maitland, shaped like a large tam-o'-shanter but made of velvet of the royal Stuart tartan. Though it was considered an exceedingly handsome thing, I never liked it very much. There were two Luquer boys, Nicholas and Lea. (Lea was afterward a member of the Century Club and rector of the church at Bedford, New York.) They had a donkey which I rode, but he had a tiresome habit of standing on his fore legs and I *would* slip over his head.

My mother had great charm and grace of manner, although, as I remember her, she was not handsome; she spoke French and Italian, and painted extremely well, as may be seen in a volume of bound water-color drawings done from nature, of flowers and fruits gathered for her by my father. The names are in the handwriting of Mr. Downing, the celebrated landscape-architect. These are not the conventional water-colors of the time, but realistic work, sensitively true to life.

In 1849 my mother rented the Danskammer house to Mr. Warren Delano and we went to live in New York, at 12 West Fourteenth Street. In those days there were few opportunities for learning painting, but my mother always encouraged my taste for art, and as soon as we went to New York she put me to work with Mr. Coe, who was about the best teacher then to be found. I worked in his studio for three years with the greatest interest. I see now that he was not a good artist, but he started me so that I

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became fond of painting and worked hard. My mother always provided me with the best colors and drawing materials, and when I began copying she would have my feeble efforts framed, much to my delight; although they were poor daubs, I was proud to see them hanging up and was encouraged to persevere.

Mr. Coe's studio was on the same floor in the New York University where I went to day-school. I don't think that I was a very good scholar; I was bright enough, but did not like study, so I used to play hooky and go into Mr. Coe's studio and paint. Mr. Parker, the principal, came in one day in school hours when I should have been working in his schoolroom, and was surprised to find me there painting. He liked me, however; for one thing, I wrote a good hand, so every week I was told to write out a book for him, with all the boys' names, with six divisions after each name, standing for the six working days of the week, which Mr. Parker would keep on his desk in front of him, and if in looking around the schoolroom he spied any boy idling or misbehaving, his name was given a bad mark in the book. By the irony of fate my name would be called out and registered very often in the neat list that I had written out so laboriously. Mr. Parker was an attractive man and I am sure he was a good schoolmaster. I gave him a good deal of trouble but we were fond of each other. Another teacher, Mr. Bull, was good at mathematics but poor in English, I remember well, because I was once awfully fresh to him when he used the expression "get *red* of a fraction."

The University Grammar School was on the ground floor of the old University Building, a fine castellated Gothic edifice, built of white marble, on the east side of Washington Square. The College Department was up-

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stairs. There were one hundred boys in the First Department where I was and a Primary Department of nearly as many boys adjoining it, under the charge of Mr. Hobby, known as "Hobby's"; our department was known as "Parker's." We had a fine playground in Washington Square, then called the Washington Parade Ground because the annual parade of the militia was held there, and I well remember the stout German militia officers dashing about on their steeds. Mr. Hamilton Fish told me Washington Parade Ground was formerly used as a place for public executions, and that he once saw a colored woman executed there on the site of what is now the Washington Arch. Mr. Janvier, the author of many good stories about the Washington Square neighborhood, once in talking to me about it mentioned that Minetta Creek formerly ran through the square, which made it damp and misty, and that it was also the Potters' Field, where they buried paupers and criminals. He added that even now, on a foggy evening, "the ghosts of the potters could be seen wandering about there." In my day, notwithstanding its gruesome origin, it was a fine place for games and foot-races, but most of all for playing marbles, which was our favorite game. I had an intimate school friend named Jaudon, who lived at No. 1 Fifth Avenue, and I used to meet him almost every afternoon to play marbles in Washington Square. It was really a gambling game in a small way, because the winner always took and kept his opponent's marbles; these were the ordinary marbles, which were pooled in the centre of a circle and shot at with "agates," all the marbles knocked out of the ring belonging to the shooter. These agates were ordinarily painted marbles, worth one or two cents each, known as "chaney agates" or "chaney alleys," but there were real "agates" to be

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had, carved out of agate stone, that cost as much as twenty-five cents or more. So when real "agates" were in the ring in place of common marbles, the game became an expensive one. The little Jaudon boy was very nice and I was fond of him, but he was a better player than I and won almost all my "agates." He was familiarly known among boys as Billy, but that was not his real Christian name, and at this distant day I do not recall it. He died when very young.

A quaint old Irish candy-man named Jimmy was a frequenter of Washington Parade Ground. He carried a tray, holding it in both hands, supported by a leather strap around the back of his neck. We had recess at one o'clock and Jimmy would always be on hand at that time and had excellent custom. His tray contained squares of molasses candy, white and pink cocoanut-cakes, and "all-day suckers"—though I am not sure we called them by that appropriate name—round, of lemon candy with white veins running through them, and very durable. All of these were one cent each.

I was a rather quarrelsome boy and had several encounters, although I do not think that I ever fought a boy smaller than myself. There was a boy at school named Gabriel Chevallier; his father was French and, I think, an instrument-maker. One day when Chevallier was leaning his chair back on its hind legs, I put my foot under it and sent him backward. He said nothing, but a few days later he did the same to me, but I jumped up and immediately challenged him to fight, so we selected our seconds, and in recess met in a square space in the hall surrounding the pump, and had a regular set-to of several rounds, but he was too much for me and gave me a black eye which left a little mark on the upper lid that remained there for

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years. He was declared the victor, but we were always afterward good friends. It must have been twenty-five years later that I was looking into Goupil's window on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street when Chevallier came up and spoke to me, and we talked about school-days and I asked if he remembered giving me a black eye, but from politeness, I suppose, he said that he did not recall it.

In 1852 I went to College Hill, near Poughkeepsie, where my brother Gouv had been educated. This was about the best school in the country, a very large colonial building on top of a high hill, overlooking the whole neighborhood, and surrounded by farms and large woods through which we were allowed to roam. I worked hard and really learned something, particularly from Professor Charles Murray Nairn, teacher of the classics, who taught me how to study and became an intimate friend. Afterward I went to his school in New York. He was a Scotchman, a gentleman, and a fine scholar; later he was professor of English literature at Columbia. College Hill was an up-to-date school; they had a fine gymnasium in a building expressly arranged for it, at a time when very few other schools had gymnasiums, and in this I worked hard and laid the foundation of considerable physical endurance which has served me well all through my life. Mr. Charles Bartlett, the principal, was not a scholar himself, but had the faculty of getting good assistants. He had a peek-hole behind his desk from which he could look out without being seen, and a boy never knew when he would suddenly be pounced upon. It was good in one way, because it kept the boys at work, but it was generally thought to be taking a mean advantage of us. Now Professor Nairn was a gentleman and put the boys on their honor.

It was while I was at College Hill that the steamer

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Henry Clay was burned. There used to be great rivalry between the various fast Hudson River boats, and when this accident happened the *Henry Clay* was racing with the *Armenia*. The *Clay* took fire from her overheated boilers, and the captain ran her ashore near Yonkers, but the passengers in the stern, which was in deep water, were cut off from the shore by the flames and many of them were drowned. Mrs. Bartlett, the wife of the principal of our school, was lost, and Miss Hawthorne, a sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and also an intimate friend of my mother's, Mr. A. J. Downing, the celebrated landscape-architect. He was a fine swimmer and rescued many people, acting very gallantly before he himself went down. Another bad river accident was the loss of the *Swallow* in 1845. She struck on a rock near Hudson one terribly stormy winter's night, while she was racing with the *Express* and the *Rochester*, and many lives were lost.

I enjoyed all my school life at College Hill. My most intimate friend was Willie Prime; the Primes lived in New York, formerly on the corner of State Street and the Bowling Green, and afterward in one of those swell-front houses in West Sixteenth Street. On Saturday afternoons Bill Prime and I would take long walks together in the woods; we collected birds' eggs and trapped and tamed squirrels, particularly flying squirrels. We once got a mother flying squirrel and a whole brood of young ones; she would sit with her wings spread out over them just like a hen and chickens. Bill was fond of all sorts of natural history and was especially interested in snakes, which he would catch and hold up by their tails, much to my admiration, as I could not do anything except kill them—but this we never did. I had a real love for that boy. I did not see much of him in later years, for he was fond of a wild life, and

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shortly after left school and went to Texas. He was a handsome fellow, with winning ways, tall, and, like David of old, ruddy and of a fair countenance, not only manly-looking but manly and brave in every way. He was the father of Charlotte Prime, who married Will Benjamin, a cousin of my wife's.

My mother died in New York in February, 1853.

I did not go back to College Hill, but returned to the University Grammar School for the rest of that winter and boarded at Mrs. Plummer's all by myself. She had moved to the southeast corner of Fifteenth Street and Union Square, to a house which still stands and is now part of the Union Square Hotel. I was there about a year, and as my brothers were at Danskammer, I was alone.

Billy Prime gave me two red squirrels that I kept in a wire cage in my room at Mrs. Plummer's; she was so kind that she never objected, but it must have been a nuisance to have them in a bedroom. Mrs. Plummer and her daughter Eliza were so kind to me that it was quite like being at home, but it was not a very good plan to leave a boy of my age his own master alone in New York; fortunately, I did not get into any mischief and it did me no harm.

In pleasant weather I occasionally went to Danskammer, and whenever I felt like it I paid a visit to the Gouverneur Wilkinses at Castle Hill, where I spent some of the happiest days of my childhood, with Uncle Gouv and Aunt Catherine, as I always called them, although they were not really blood relations. As I told you in the last chapter, Gouverneur Morris Wilkins's first wife was my mother's elder sister, Mary Somersall Ward; his second wife was Catherine Van Rensselaer. She was always most sweet and kind to me, and I had a standing invitation to visit them whenever I liked. As I was always welcome I

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went there very often. Uncle Gouv was a splendid-looking man, somewhat such a man in appearance as Daniel Webster, and of great ability, genial and delightful in conversation, a graduate of Yale and extremely well read. If he had been a poor man and felt the spur of necessity he would have become distinguished, but he never went in for public life or any profession. Although he had been a slaveholder he was a Republican and a strong supporter and admirer of Lincoln.

On my visits at Castle Hill I usually drove with Uncle Gouv when he made his morning rounds. On these occasions he himself always drove the same large gray horse, everything spick and span and in perfect order. We would first go to the post-office in Westchester village and then do various errands in the neighborhood, stopping to talk with every one he met, as all his neighbors respected him and liked to hear his views; indeed, I found it part of a liberal education to hear him express them.

Castle Hill lay just at the junction of Westchester Creek and the Sound, directly opposite Zerega Point, and was one of the most beautiful places in the country. The house was an old one, having been built by Uncle Gouv's father or grandfather, and he had made additions to it himself with taste and discrimination. His library was a fine one, containing many of my grandfather Ward's books, which, of course, when Uncle Gouv died, went to his second wife. On her death she left it to Rensselaer Cruger, her nephew, but I do not know who now owns these books of my grandfather's, that he had brought from England and that had his coat of arms as a book-plate. The grounds of Castle Hill were terraced down to Long Island Sound and beautifully planted, with greenhouses at intervals. I remember the delicious hothouse grapes and

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figs that came from the forcing-houses and graperies against the back of the house. The dining-room was of fine proportions, wainscoted to the ceiling with oaken panels on which hung portraits of his father, his grandfather, and Uncle Gouv himself, by Elliot, and also a portrait of Mrs. Wilkins as a young girl in a large flat sort of light-colored garden-hat.

Mr. Wilkins left all his property, a very great estate, to his only daughter, Ellen, the first wife of John Screven, who was without fortune. She died two or three years after Mr. Wilkins, leaving several children (one of her daughters, Kitty, married Robert J. Turnbull and had a charming family of sons and daughters), but bequeathing all her property to her husband. Strange to say, when Mr. Screven died he left almost all Mr. Wilkins's property to a daughter by his *second* wife (Miss Van Rensselaer), who was, of course, no relation to the Wilkinses.

It was odd that so many of the Wilkins family connection should have married Van Rensselaers "en seconde noce." (Kitty Turnbull was once asked if the Van Rensselaers were her relations; she said no, they only furnished stepmothers for her family.) For besides Mr. Wilkins's and Mr. Screven's second wives (both Van Rensselaers), Kitty Turnbull's father-in-law, Doctor Turnbull, chose a Miss Van Rensselaer when he married for the second time. Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Turnbull had always said that they would never marry either widowers or slaveholders, but their husbands were both. Mr. Wilkins had large plantations in South Carolina and Doctor Turnbull in Mississippi.

The Wilkins estate included Castle Hill, containing about three hundred acres, a large tract of land immediately adjoining it, and several hundred city lots on Harlem

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flat, comprising the whole north front on the Central Park, on 110th Street, and the block fronting on the Central Park from 108th to 109th Streets, and much other property besides. This Harlem flat property was a large farm called the "Nutter Farm," which Uncle Gouv inherited from his mother, who was a Miss Nutter. When Central Park was laid out four hundred lots were taken for the park, so the whole northern end of the park was once the "Nutter Farm" and belonged to Mr. Wilkins.

Mr. Clarence Davies, in a history of Westchester, does not speak of Castle Hill, but in mentioning that section of Westchester he remarks that there is still standing (about 1912) the remains of a fine old stone gate. This is evidently the gate of Castle Hill, all that remains of that lovely and important country place. Nor does Mr. Davies, I think, make any reference to Gouverneur Wilkins in his book, although when I used to visit there he was one of the most distinguished figures in Westchester. It made me sad to read that book and realize that all those times are gone and forgotten, the only record of Castle Hill being a nameless gate-post or two to mark the site of a really historic and beautiful spot.

The celebrated Gouverneur Morris of the Revolution was Uncle Gouv's uncle. Gouverneur Morris was very rich and did not marry until late in life. Uncle Gouv was his prospective heir, and there were others who were looking forward to inheriting from him, so they were all disappointed when a son was born to him and their hopes were blasted. They were discussing the name that was to be given to the child—in the end he was named Gouverneur—and as at that time there was a famous general in Russia named Kutusoff, Uncle Gouv suggested that the child should be called after this general, but I dare say the

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poorer relations did not relish the pun as much as he did ! I took a trip once out to Morrisania, the old Morris place in Westchester, with my mother and Uncle Charles, when I was a very, very small boy. We went by the Harlem Railroad, one of the first railways in this country, and Uncle made lots of jokes with me about my riding behind the "black pony," as he called the engine. There was a delightful swing under a big cherry-tree in the grounds of Morrisania, I remember.

To return to New York. In 1854 there were many more opportunities for enterprising boys to enjoy themselves than now. One favorite place for us to play was the large vacant space between Seventeenth Street and Twenty-third Street, which was then mostly open pastures and orchards of large old pear and apple trees. Daniel Giraud Elliot, afterward the distinguished ornithologist, who lived in his father's house in East Fourteenth Street, told me a few years ago that when he used to look out of his rear windows there was nothing in sight to the north but open fields. My chief playmates in those days were the Lathrop twins, Frank and Ned, who lived in Seventeenth Street; with Albert and Walter Stanton we used to go skating on a pond in an open common about where Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue cross.

A large part of the block on Twenty-third Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues was devoted to Franconi's Hippodrome, the first thing of the kind on a grand scale that New York had seen. It was really a very fine circus, boasting real races with race-horses and jockeys. I was fascinated by these, and spent all my spare cash and most of my evenings there. Union Square, where we used to skate on the fountain, was, of course, a very different place, also, and it was another of the rallying-places for the boys

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of the neighborhood, among whom were Bobby Goelet and Elbridge Gerry. Gerry was a tall, awkward boy, the butt of all the others. Doctor Cheever's church stood on the corner of Union Square and Fifteenth Street, where Tiffany built later, and where now some sad sale of rain-coats or the like is usually in progress. For the rest, there were only dwelling-houses around the square—Judge Kent, Judge Ruggles, and Mrs. Parish lived there. When I returned from abroad in 1859 the Everett House had just appeared on the north side. About the same time the famous Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Madison Square, was finished. Both are now torn down.

Morris Ketchum lived on Gramercy Park. His boys were great friends of mine, particularly Frank, and we used to congregate with other boys in the vacant lot back of his house, where we kept chickens, invented all sorts of games, and fought with the rowdies who periodically invaded the lots. One day Charley Ketchum, who was a great fighter, had an altercation with a rowdy, and on the latter's invitation we adjourned to a large vacant lot near First Avenue, where Charley fought him. About a dozen of our crowd went over, but there must have been one or two hundred roughs. The lot was level and sunken, with sloping sides lined with our enemies; though they played the game fairly it was a wonder we were not all killed. There were several other Ketchum boys, one of the younger of whom, Landon, had his front teeth filed so that he could more readily spit through them without opening his jaw. The Ketchums had lots of horses and ponies, and their stable in Fifteenth Street was a favorite resort where we all went to ride or drive the ponies, play games, and spar. The fine-looking colored coachman, named Ben, as a person of position and authority, looked out for us, and used

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to be very good-natured about harnessing up ponies whenever we wanted them. As I was not accustomed to driving, I remember I had some difficulty in getting around the corners.

The Ellises were other schoolmates that I liked a great deal. Julius was very handsome, and always beautifully turned out, while Sam dressed very badly. One winter he wore no undercoat, but just a white overcoat buttoned up to the chin, with no shirt-collar showing; there was a tradition he wore no shirts! But by fits and starts he would become a great dandy; I remember one winter, when we were all older, he had a blue coat with brass buttons and a leopard-skin waistcoat. Doctor Ellis lived in Second Avenue. Later on I used to go there to spar with Sam, who was my particular friend. Between the rooms where we sparred were folding-doors set with stained glass, and once I knocked Sam right through one of the doors and broke all the glass.

One night Sam, Fred de Peyster—usually known as “Dip”—and I were coming home pretty late from a dance in Washington Place, I don’t remember whose—I was boarding at that time in West Fourteenth Street, at Mrs. Jenks’s boarding-house—when Sam and Dip espied a freight-wagon standing in University Place, opposite the Society Library, and dragged it up to my landlady’s house and deposited it on her front steps. What she thought of it I could never find out without seeming dangerously curious.

Doctor Ellis was a graduate of West Point, and his five sons inherited military tastes, so in 1861 every one of them enlisted in the army. All were in the battle of Bull Run, and there the handsome Julius, so much admired, was killed; he had a military funeral at St. Mark’s Church

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and a salute fired over his grave. Gus was killed at Gettysburg. Three of the brothers—Julius, Ash, and John—were in love with Julie Waterbury, who after numerous competing proposals finally decided on John. Sam had a nice turn for drawing and made excellent heraldic designs for the coats of arms of his friends. He had many acquaintances among barkeepers, and would invent gorgeously illuminated armorial bearings for them to hang up in their barrooms. He was a most quaint and witty fellow, altogether delightful.

CHAPTER III

MY BROTHERS

“We sit beneath the orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o’er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step upon the unconscious floor.”

—WHITTIER.

One summer when I was about fourteen my mother blew off my brother Jack and me to a trip to Niagara, Trenton Falls, Saratoga, and Lake George. It took about two weeks. I remember just how I was dressed. I wore white shirts with a collar turned over my jacket and a colored cravat tied in a bow—we did not have colored shirts or scarfs in my day—my roundabouts were buttoned up the front with pearl buttons, and all my shirts were made with collars and cuffs on them. (I have never worn separate cuffs to this day.) My suits were linen, brown for every-day and colored for best; one was white with narrow blue stripes. We wore straw hats and boots—real boots with legs—or sometimes low shoes.

I kept a diary in a butcher’s book, entitled, “Journal of my Travels in the United States. Private.” And though I don’t need to consult its pages to refresh my memory—it is all as clear as if it were yesterday—I shall

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quote from it, for my boyish way of putting things seems to me amusing:

"Started in the steamer *New World* for Albany, but she got aground and the passengers had to be taken off by a steamer behind us called the *Mason*. Mr. de Peyster was on board. Travelled all night on the cars and had a recess at Rochester for breakfast. Eat a whole broiled chicken and sundries to match. Saw a girl in the cars dressed in the Bloomer costume, blue with a gold band for border. She looked very ugly."

At Niagara we stayed at the Clifton House on the English side, went under the Horseshoe Falls dressed in oilskins, and saw all the sights, including the animals in the museum—"skeleton of a whale, 3 bald-headed eagles, some very large cat owls, 2 wolves, 4 red headed cranes, the same as ours only they have red heads, they began to gobble when you told them to, 2 Buffaloes, he looked rather savage. A poor dinner, grizly beef and a small portion of bony chicken. Saw a great many eels on the rocks, dozens of them laying on the rocks. Went up Lundy's Lane to the Battle field, an old soldier gave us a description of it. Went on a *double plank* road to the Burning Spring that if you tutch it with fire it blazes up. We bought a bottle. Then we came up to the Devil's Hole. A man told us there were 200 English soldiers driven within and killed. The man was deformed and had only part of an arm with one finger near his armpit. Boiled turkey with oyster sauce, roast beef, ice cream and peaches. Went to Goat Island, a woman lost her handkerchief overboard and I caught it on a stick just as it was passing, a little washing did not hurt it any. Sunday. The service of the church of England is a great deal different, rather a poor sermon."

"Started for Trenton, first in cars drawn by horses,

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then in a steamboat to Buffalo. Went to Barnum's Museum at Schenectady, a great humbug, and some Ethiopian Minstrels, miserable ones. A woman had \$50 stolen from her pocket. After that we came home. There was a man selling paper, a Yankee of *course*, you put it on a sheat with another over it and a dozen sheats under it and you can write on top and take the impression all the way through. You can take drawings the same as lithographs and the impressions of leaves. He said he had a book that was full of the impressions of all sorts of leaves that he had offered him last year \$250 for, and he would not take it. I believe it. I bought a paper of it, 4 colors, Black, Blue, Red and Green. You can mark clothes with it indelably and stone, wood, lace, and marble just the same."

At Saratoga we stayed at Congress Hall, a fine hotel, built around a square, with a lawn in the middle where a band played in the evening. A piazza ran around the square with French windows opening on it, and on this piazza we had our rooms. All hotels were then kept on the American plan—you paid so much, including everything. As I remember, the usual charge was three dollars a day and there were no extras. Hotels on the European plan were unknown. At this time Saratoga was the most fashionable resort in America—Newport had hardly been discovered—so the nicest people, particularly Southerners, went there and drank the waters. Every one went down each morning to the spring and drank, so we did too, though we thought it nasty. Saratoga was quite different from what it is now, for there was little racing in those days, and no sporting fast set, though they did have a trotting-course near by where Jack and I went. It was my first trotting-match.

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At Lake George we got hold of a nice fisherman, named Horace Welsh, and spent most of our time on the lake, catching some fine bass. “. . . It is Sunday today. After dinner we had ice cream, peaches, pineapples, plums, raisins and almonds. They have eight rattlesnakes here that they have had for some years, and all of that time they have not eaten anything.” I remember that in the train coming home a lady asked me to get her a glass of water and when I brought it to her she offered me a tip, which I politely declined. Outwardly I was calm, but inwardly I felt deeply insulted—I thought she should have known that I was a gentleman and above taking tips. It seems funny to remember this for nearly seventy years.

My brother Charles was drowned in the river in 1848, and I think after the shock of this accident my mother tacitly encouraged us to go in for land-sports—shooting, riding, and the like—rather than for sailboats. However this may be, I know I never cared much for sailing.

My oldest brother was named William Henry, after my grandfather and my uncle who was killed in India. Harry had unusual natural abilities, but no staying qualities, and took up too many different pursuits in life. He began by going to too many different schools. After our tutors at home he went to Mr. Phinney's in Newburgh. Schoolmasters used heroic methods in those days. Mr. Phinney had a colored coachman named Sam, part of whose duty it was to hold the boys on his back by their hands, their bodies being well exposed, while Mr. Phinney flogged them. I think Harry went next to the school at Nazareth in Pennsylvania, built originally by Whitefield and kept by the Moravian Brothers. Judging by the little picture on their writing-paper it was a simple place, and the terms were a contrast to the ideas of St. Mark's or

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Groton to-day. They charged thirty-five dollars a quarter, I find in an old bill, and four dollars for such extras as "washing and the Greek language."

After this Harry tried Doctor Muhlenberg's famous school at Flushing, called "College Point." Although Harry gave him a great deal of trouble, Doctor Muhlenberg was attached to him. When Doctor Muhlenberg was talking to a boy of whom he was fond, he had a funny habit of taking off his pupil's cap in an absent-minded way and rubbing his head. Harry told me of meeting the Doctor in the street, after he was grown up, and as soon as Harry took his hat off the Doctor started rubbing his head just from habit. While at College Point Harry once skated across the Sound; it was unusual to have it frozen, and he took advantage of the opportunity, but couldn't skate back because the ice broke up. After going to a military school at West Point he entered Trinity College, Hartford, in 1844, but only stayed a year. He was mixed up in some frolic in a room on the second floor of Jarvis Hall—I know the room well and I should say the windows were about twenty feet above the ground. When the professor came and knocked at the door Harry jumped out of the window and was pretty badly hurt; he broke something, his leg, I think, so he left college the end of his freshman year.

He had always wanted to enter the navy since his visits on board the *North Carolina* with Uncle Charles, and my mother had tried her best to get him a warrant, through Mr. Legaré and other friends. Indeed, it was supposed to be all settled and Harry went to New York with Uncle, only to learn that the secretary of the navy had just died and had not signed the warrant after all. It was a great blow. But he was determined to go to sea

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anyway. So he got a position as cabin-boy on the clipper ship *Water Witch*, commanded by the notorious Bob Waterman, a fine sailor but very cruel and arbitrary—I think he was ultimately tried for the murder of a sailor. Harry was one of several cabin-boys, all, I believe, gentlemen's sons. It was the custom in those days for nice boys to go in this way to learn the sea. They went to Hong Kong. It was the ship's first voyage and she made the return trip from there to New York in seventy-six days, the fastest trip of the day. One stormy, dark night Captain Waterman sent Harry up to reef a royal, which is, I believe, the highest and smallest sail on the main, or mizzen, mast of a full-rigged ship. Harry tried his best each time, but the bitter wind tore it away from him, so he slithered down to the deck and told the captain it couldn't be done.

"Go up again and reef it and be d——d to you, and don't come back till it's done," was the captain's answer. So up the mast Harry went and, finding the sail loose, flapping in the storm, he took out his sheath-knife and cut the whole sail clear and away it went.

"Can't do it, sir!" he reported to the terrible captain.

"What! Why the —— can't you do it?"

"Toproyalmizzen gone to leeward, sir!" And, strange to say, that was the end of it.

A brief flirtation with the law came next in Harry's career. He studied for about a year in the law office of Wells and Van Wagenen, in New York—Mr. Thomas L. Wells was one of my father's most intimate friends—but most of his friends were studying medicine, among them Tom Pinckney, of South Carolina, so he shifted to the New York Hospital and got a smattering of medicine. Surgery had a fascination for him, and he probably would have made a success at it with his skilful hands, but just

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at that time, 1849, gold was discovered in California and he determined to go there and dig. So with his intimate friend Sam Craig he joined French's Expedition. They prepared themselves with saddles, rifles, etc., and went to Galveston, from which place they were to ride across the plains on horseback to California. French's Expedition, a large company of men, assembled at Galveston and actually started, but dissensions arose and dissatisfaction with French's arrangements; in a short time the whole thing was a failure, the train disbanded, and every man had to shift for himself.

So Harry bought a horse and started to ride alone to California. It took him nine months. He crossed the American Desert, and he has told me how his only companions were the little horned toads that used to nestle in his blankets at night, when the desert was so breathlessly still that he could hear the grains of sand moving. He passed through the site of El Paso—then, I think, only two rocks or perhaps a single house—swam his horse across the Colorado River, and finally reached the coast, where he took passage in a brig. The captain of the brig died on the way, there was no one to navigate her, so Harry, who, of course, knew about sailing, took command and brought her into San Francisco.

At the mines, as he was so handy with tools, he built himself a nice little house and was getting along finely, when news came that his mother was ill—or perhaps he was just restless. Anyway, he left his house in the gold-diggings and returned to New York. While in the mining-camp he also practised medicine and surgery, and actually amputated a man's leg. I believe the patient survived!

Harry happened to be in the South, staying with some of our relations, just before the Civil War broke out.

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Though he was a Northern man, he was so closely connected with the South that when the neighbors began training a troop he helped them to drill, as he had been to a military school. They had lots of fun. One day—I tell you this just as Harry told it—when the drill was over, they were having a feast in the woods, a splendid affair, with all sorts of good things sent by the Charleston ladies, wild turkey and plum-cake and wine, and every man with his body-servant standing behind him. After the feast one of his friends—I am not sure if it was “Powder” Whaley or “Corkie” Huger—took him aside.

“Harry,” he said, “your interests are all in the North, and where the purse is there the heart should be. A boat goes from Charleston to-night and it may be the last to leave the port; you’d better take it. I was in love with your mother, so look out for yourself, and don’t get a knife in your back!”

Strange to say, Harry took this advice—a thing he was never known to do before or since—and got the last boat from Charleston. As he was going up the gang-plank he happened to see Miss Sarah Matilda Grayson, a young cousin of my mother’s, and “she looked so pretty and rosy” that he proposed then and there, with a “Tilly, will you marry me?” which she found agreeable.

She was the daughter of the Honorable William Grayson, of Charleston. (I believe Mattie, as we always called her, came near being named Gardenia Garden, after our relation Doctor Garden and the well-known flower named in his honor by Linnæus.) Mr. Grayson approved highly of slavery, but was strongly opposed to secession. Unfortunately, though he was a Union man, he did not trust in our success in arms and invested all his money in Confederate bonds, and, of course, lost it. His theories about

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slavery are summed up in a pamphlet of 1851, whose arguments sound so curiously in one's ears to-day that I shall quote a few paragraphs:

"There are two kinds of labor, hireling labor and slave labor. Let the North enjoy their hireling labor with all its advantages—pauperism, rowdyism, mobism and anti-rentism—its strikes, émeutes and street fights—we of the South are satisfied with our slave labor. The hirelings of Europe are clamoring for what they call the organization of labor. Slave labor is the only organized labor ever known. It is the only condition of society in which labor and capital are associated on a large scale—in which their interests are combined and not in conflict. If the negroes were made free, whether peace or war ensued, they would in time become extinct."

Mr. Grayson's poem, "The Hireling and the Slave," was widely read and endlessly quoted before the Civil War, and he was the biographer of his friend James Lewis Pettigrew, the great Carolina lawyer, also a Union man. After Mr. Grayson's death I edited his "Life of Pettigrew," and it was published by Harper, with a preface by Henry Tuckerman, the poet.

To return to Harry—the day was set for his marriage to Miss Grayson, but the South just after the fall of Fort Sumter was in a most turbulent condition, and he had great difficulty in reaching Charleston. At Atlanta, on account of some reckless remark, he excited suspicion, and a furious mob collected and threatened to lynch him. A friend travelling with him was taking a nap in the hotel when he was aroused by the clamor in the street. Looking out he saw Harry standing in a corner between two houses, with his back to a wall and a pistol in his hand, facing a lot of yelling ruffians. He rushed out and brought the

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mayor, who was able to calm the mob for a moment, and who took Harry's arm and walked him off to safety. The crowd had a rope ready, so it was a pretty close shave! While it was still touch and go, Harry told me that he saw right in front of him the man to whom he had been talking indiscreetly, and who had collected the mob. Harry said he fixed his eyes on him and said, "Perhaps I can kill only one, but you'll be that one!" which he thought took a little of the zest out of this ringleader, and made him keep the others back until the providential coming of the mayor.

After his marriage Harry stopped touring the world, and his life on the old Acker Farm, not far from Danskammer, was uneventful except for a tragedy—his only child, little Emmie, was drowned in the brook in front of their house. He never got over it. The Acker, or Eckhert, Farm was part of the original grant of a thousand acres from Queen Anne to Wolfert Eckhert, who built "Wolfert's Roost," the house where Washington Irving lived after changing its name to "Sunnyside." Harry's house was a quaint old place, with huge fireplaces and enormously thick walls of brick and stone, built by Wolfert as a blockhouse to defend the inhabitants against the Indians; it is by far the oldest house in the neighborhood.

Harry was a splendid rider, an excellent shot, and a good sportsman in every way. There was nothing he did not know about dogs, especially the training of pointers. Most of his pointers were of the famous Wade Hampton breed, named after the governor of South Carolina. One, named Shot, that he had trained from a puppy, was extraordinarily clever. If he saw Harry's horse being saddled, he knew that Marlborough was the objective, and he would take a certain short cut across the fields and meet him on the main road. If, on the other hand, he saw the horse

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being harnessed into a wagon, he would guess that he was going in the opposite direction to Newburgh, where all the household shopping was done, and another short cut would bring master and dog together on the Newburgh road. Harry spent a winter at Summerville, and often went in to Charleston with Shot, sometimes by rail, sometimes in a wagon. One day he drove in, and somehow or other lost the dog in town. Shot went to the railway-station in Charleston, boarded the train, and returned alone to Summerville. The conductor watched him and told Harry that he got off the train at Summerville like any other passenger, only he did not give him any ticket.

Harry had the most ingenious hands that I have ever seen. Not only could he carve pretty little heads out of peach-pits and cherry-stones, and whittle all sorts of ornamental things, such as toys and work-boxes, but he was an excellent cabinetmaker and made good furniture. At sea he had learned to sew and knit and could make a pair of trousers or net the most intricate kind of fish-net.

He was a fearless rider and could take a horse over almost anything. On one occasion he was in Newburgh with a pair of horses that sometimes ran away, so he thought he would give them a lesson. When they started from Newburgh it was late at night and he had a free road, so he let them run; when they seemed to tire and lag a little he laid the whip on, and instead of turning in at his own road he kept on, eight miles in all, to Marlborough. At Marlborough there is an abrupt decline over a bridge, then a flat road for about a mile, and then a long, long hill. They went over all this distance, between nine and ten miles, on a dead run, without let-up or mishap, but when they struck that last long hill they gave in, only too glad to turn their heads and walk quietly toward home. They

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never attempted to run away again. Imagine the fun he had—driving lickety-split, regardless of consequences, mile after mile, up and down hill, over a rough narrow road in the middle of the night! It was characteristic of him—he was afraid of nothing.

He is buried at Christ Church, Marlborough, near the grave of his wife and little Emmie.

“Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.”

As long as I can remember anything my best friend in the family was my brother Gouverneur, named after Uncle Gouv Wilkins. As a very little boy, when he was away at school, I used to gather the best pears and other fruit and save them for him. He gave me my first rifle and taught me how to shoot it, and as soon as I was able to carry a gun we used to explore all the woodcock swamps in the neighborhood and across the river. Sometimes we went to a swamp near Lattintown, where there was a fine cold spring and a nice place to eat our lunch, while another favorite resort was a large swamp back of Wappingers Falls. We had a dog of Augustus Stebbins's for some time and I remember his following a wounded bird for over four hundred yards through this swamp, and then bringing him in. Gouv was a walker who never tired; in Switzerland he walked the fifty miles over the Simplon Pass in one day. They tell me that in Florida he would start out with his gun early in the morning and tramp all day, with no lunch but a lemon. He was the best shot I ever saw. In Florida Ned was his finest hunting-dog, a black-and-tan Gordon setter. He was once bitten by a rattlesnake and Gouv carried him home two and a half miles in his arms and nursed him back to health, though he bore the scar

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of the bite the rest of his life. One evening, when he was very old, he went out to the orange-grove with Gouv, and amused himself for a little while hunting the flock of quail that lived there; then he came up to Gouv, lay quietly down at his feet, and died.

Gouv was educated by our private tutors until he went to "College Hill" at Poughkeepsie, of which I have already spoken. They made a fine classical scholar of him, and begged my mother to let him go to college, but there was a good opening for him with Maitland, Phelps, so she put him there. I think she made a mistake, for the "counting-house," as it was called in those days, never suited him. In fact, she soon realized this and sent him to live with Isaac Conkling, who worked the Acker Farm for us on shares, to learn farming, which he really liked. Isaac was a fine old fellow and we were all fond of him. He was not garrulous; driving back from Newburgh one day with Gouv, after doing some shopping for his wife, he never spoke the whole seven miles except once when he grunted, "Durn them victorines!" and relapsed into silence. This fashionable kind of ladies' cape was evidently expensive.

When my mother died she left Gouv as my guardian. In the fall of 1854 I started for Trinity College. Gouv went with me as far as New York and blew me off to a lunch at old Delmonico's, at the corner of Beaver Street. I don't remember all we had, but I do recall there were apple fritters with sherry sauce. At college Doctor Goodwin, the president, was not always, to put it mildly, pleased with my conduct, and he used to write to Gouv as my guardian and ask him to expostulate with me. But he did not try this very long, for Gouv thought everything I did was about right and always answered that he thought Doctor Goodwin had better just talk the matter over with

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me. So you see after my mother's death I was practically my own master, except in the matter of money, for Gouv held the purse-strings until I was grown up.

I think it was in 1870 that Gouv went to live in Florida. He had often stayed at Hibernia, a delightful old plantation house on the St. John's kept by Mrs. Fleming, and became so fond of the Flemings and of the lovely place that he finally bought some land there and planted a magnificent orange-grove, which was very profitable until the great freeze of 1897, when all the trees were killed down to the ground.

About the pleasantest part of these Florida winters of Gouv's was his camping trips. Sometimes he went with Carroll Livingston and very often with F. Augustus Peabody, of Boston. Each of them had a Rice Lake canoe and they took along a negro man who was an excellent cook and who rowed the boat with their cooking kit, tents, etc. They often went as far as the Gulf of Mexico and down the coast, sleeping in tents, and except for groceries, living on the game and fish they killed. Wild turkeys were plentiful, and both Peabody and my brother were splendid shots, so they must have lived high. To call the turkeys Gouv used to go out into the swamps at night, sometimes standing up to his neck in water, with a "call" made from the wing-bone of a turkey. Lots of big gobblers would come at his summons and light in the near-by trees. As they travelled along they would come across natives who could take them to good turkey ground. I remember Gus Peabody telling me of a boastful fellow who joined them as they walked along a road and began blowing about his prowess in shooting. Suddenly two turkeys were flushed and went sailing straight down the trail. Gouv killed one with each barrel, but the braggart was too scared to get

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his gun off. It was on one of these same trips that Gouv in walking across a swamp felt something writhe under his feet. He gave a spring forward and, looking back, saw an enormous rattler, its head up, ready to strike. He shot it and when it was measured by Doctor Wyman, a friend and associate of Agassiz, he found it was seven feet long, the largest they had ever seen.

Gouv was the finest of men, temperate, honorable, and straightforward, kindly, loyal to his friends—good to look at, too, with his upright figure, ruddy face, and china-blue eyes. I loved him dearly. He died at Hibernia and is buried in the little churchyard there, a lovely, calm spot. A few years later I went again to Hibernia for the funeral of John Neilson, my brother-in-law and a warm friend of Gouv's. They are buried next to each other. In the evening—a sweet early-winter evening, with a light wind whispering in the pine-trees and stirring the veils of gray moss that drape their branches—I walked over to the churchyard. Palms and roses were piled at the heads of the two graves, side by side. It is a fitting resting-place for my dear Gouv, and the one he would have chosen and loved best.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR

“I watch them drift—the old familiar faces,
Who fished and rode with me by stream and wold.”

—KINGSLEY.

In the autumn of 1853, when I was seventeen, we were all at Danskammer when my three brothers decided to spend the winter in Charleston. I see now that I ought either to have gone to school again somewhere or entered college, but my brothers thought it would be a good plan for me also to spend the winter in South Carolina, particularly as Mrs. Martin Wilkins, who lived in Charleston, had asked me to stay with her. My brothers suggested that I could take my books along and study just as well there as anywhere else. So a little later I went by steamer to Charleston; it was my first experience of the sea and I was very seasick, but when I arrived I was delighted with the semi-tropic climate of Carolina after the November landscape I had left at home. The Wilkinses received me at their house in Charleston, a nice old-fashioned house like many others in the town, with an entrance-hall running on one side the whole length of the house, and the parlor and other rooms opening on it. Mrs. Wilkins, who had been a Miss Grimble, was a sweet and gentle old lady, a great friend of my mother's. Her husband, Uncle Gouv Wilkins's brother, had died, leaving her with three sons and three daughters: Gouverneur had just graduated from Yale and was a planter, Martin was a lawyer, and Berkeley was in business in Charleston; Eliza I knew already, for she had

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stayed with us at Danskammer, a charming girl just growing up, and the other two girls were still younger, both of them pretty. The Civil War came on soon after they grew up, the family suffered losses, and these lovely girls never married.

The first thing I did when I arrived at the Wilkinses' was to put my Latin and Greek books in a closet for future reference, with the result that I did not look at them once until I returned to New York in the spring. A day or two after I got there the family went to the country for the winter, and as there were no other means of transport in those days we drove in their carriage to their plantation, Kelvin Grove, near Rantowle's, about twenty miles from Charleston. It was a rice and cotton plantation, but not a very large one, having only about forty slaves.

Kelvin was near the plantation of Mr. Tom Lowndes, whose pretty adopted daughter, Adela, afterward married young Gouv Wilkins. These were typical combination rice and cotton plantations—wide, hospitable houses, the kitchens off in separate buildings with enormous open fireplaces where all the roasting and boiling was done. There were private graveyards with quaint tombstones of former proprietors, and broad rice-fields intersected with ditches, with reserves for water. Along the sedgy banks English snipe abounded and in the higher ground, in the broom-grass, quail were plentiful. There were also deer and wild turkeys in the forest, where there were large tracts of pine-trees, and the vast swamps were swarming with ducks and alligators. Bay-trees grew thickly along the edges of the lakelike reserves, and here was where we found the most woodcock.

On the plantation was a nice little village of comfortable white cabins for the negroes. But there always was in

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evidence a driver, as he was called, who was a superior negro and carried a whip. The whips used were made of hickory, with a solid handle that tapered off until it was flexible. To this was attached the ten-foot rawhide whip-lash. The driver always had it in his hand as he walked about among the workers in the cotton-field, and if he spied a loiterer the whip sprang out like lightning, so that there was no idling. In the evening the hands were all assembled at the cotton-house, where the cotton was stored. Each hand's bag of cotton was weighed, and if it did not come up to what he ought to have picked he had so many lashes—not on his bare back, but even through his shirt it must have hurt. It was taken as a matter of course, and no remarks were made by the victims. One evening one of the young negroes was caught killing a neighbor's pigs. They had circumstantial evidence and wanted him to confess, so he was brought out and whipped, pretty severely, but he would not acknowledge it; perhaps he was innocent.

This was a plantation where the slaves were well treated; on places where the owners were really cruel there were, of course, terrible abuses. Here they had medical attendance from Gouverneur Wilkins, who had studied medicine for the purpose, a chaplain visited them at intervals, and they were taught to read by the ladies of the family. They were well fed, and on the whole they were comfortable and happy. But they were slaves. Personally, in spite of my close connection with the South, I have always detested slavery and felt the greatest pity for the colored people.

The first morning after my arrival at Kelvin, Gouverneur Wilkins took me out shooting on the rice-fields. I had a nice little gun which had been a flint-lock belonging to my grandfather, Colonel Armstrong, but which had been

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altered to a percussion-lock. It was 18-gauge and had a gold thumb-piece with a crest, our "hand and dagger"—an excellent gun, made by Nock of London. After the rice is planted the fields are flooded at intervals with water, which comes through locks from a vast reserve, or pond. As I was there in winter the water was turned off and the fields were comparatively dry; they were filled with English snipe and the shooting was very fine. The snipe is a difficult bird because when he first rises and is comparatively quiet he is too near to shoot; he then begins to gyrate and dash from side to side, then sails away. Though not an easy mark, this is the moment to shoot him. I was then only a pretty good shot, but I rapidly improved with so much practice. The best quail-shooting was at a place called "the Winnows," a disused plantation belonging to Mr. Tom Lowndes, the next neighbor. On this place were large fields overgrown with broom-grass, interspersed with small pine-trees. Here there were quantities of quail. Gouv Wilkins had fine hunting-dogs, pointers, and Miss Eliza Wilkins had a nice brown saddle-pony, which she did not ride much, so she lent it to me and it was like having my own horse. I had him out almost every day. He was broken so that he was not afraid of gun-fire, and would stand so still that one could shoot from his back just as well as from the ground. I often shot quail from his back. I spent almost the entire winter with the Wilkinses, but as I went shooting almost every day I made some return for their hospitality by keeping them well supplied with quail, snipe, doves, and ducks. The corn-stalks in the fields are not cut as they are in the North, but the ears of corn are picked in the field and the stalks left standing, and these immense fields of standing corn-stalks were a fine cover for doves, which are excellent birds for eating.

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The best shooting I ever did was to kill eleven English snipe out of thirteen shots. I once had a good shot at a wild turkey, but did not kill him; I only had No. 8 quail-shot and it was too fine, duck-shot being needed. There were almost impenetrable swamps adjoining the rice-fields, swarming with ducks. I well remember my first duck. It was a mallard, a drake, called in South Carolina an English duck; he came flying over my head, and when I shot him he fell directly at my feet. It was an event of my life. The mallard is one of the handsomest ducks that fly, gray with beautifully barred wings and iridescent head and neck.

'Coon-hunting was a favorite night amusement. At first I went out with some of the negroes who had 'coon-dogs, but in a little while I thought that it would be fine to have two dogs from home, so I sent to Danskammer and had Wasp and Crib sent down, and they soon developed into excellent 'coon-dogs. We bought Wasp from the Delanos' coachman. He was a thoroughbred black-and-tan terrier, but the largest terrier I ever saw, very muscular and a wonderful runner and jumper. He caught full-grown rabbits by running them down, and could jump a board fence four feet high, just touching it with his feet as he went over. He could jump up and take a piece of bread from your hand stretched up to its full height. Crib was a white bull-terrier, with a black patch over his eye that gave him a sinister look. I was once out with Wasp and Crib in the woods when we started an otter, which took to the water in a canal in the woods. We chased him some distance and at intervals he would appear above the water and Wasp would jump into the water right on top of him; fortunately he did not close with him, because otters are dangerous beasts. Finally he got

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under a bank with the most awful growling, and we could not dislodge him. When I took Wasp and Crib home to New York, the Wilkinses' colored coachman took me in the carriage with the dogs down to Charleston. Some man came along and admired the dogs, and the old coachman, who also admired them, remarked: "Dem's not ornary dogs; dem's norderen dogs." 'Coon-hunting was a picturesque sport; two or three darkies would bring their dogs, making, with Wasp and Crib, quite a pack. The 'coon, when disturbed by the dogs, would take to a tree, then one of the negroes would light a torch of fat pine, and the whole company, including the 'coon in the tree, would be lighted up by the blaze; one of the darkies would climb the tree and shake the 'coon down and the dogs would kill it. I always gave the 'coons to the negroes, much to their delight. We never found a 'possum, which they esteem even more than the 'coon.

There were also black and gray squirrels in abundance on the plantation, and many rabbits. The Southern rabbit looks like the Northern, but the latter is a hare and has a hairy foot, while the Southern cousin has a foot like a dog's. The snakes were the most unattractive feature of that country. They swarmed everywhere, more particularly along the ditches of the rice-fields, which are usually bordered with low bushes; these bushes were literally festooned with them. They were, I believe, usually harmless, but disgusting. One frequently saw black snakes six or seven feet long hanging down from low trees, but one had to get used to them, also to the quantities of alligators in the swamps. When surprised the alligators would take to the water and, either in a spirit of bravado or curiosity, they would submerge entirely, except for the extreme tips of their noses, which they left projecting

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about a quarter of an inch above the surface, and sail up and down for a long while, without causing a ripple. I frequently fired at them, but with no success.

The Wilkineses were most hospitable. One day I was riding with Gouv near Rantowle's, when two gentlemen came along and asked if there was any hotel near there where they could spend the night. Gouv told them the depressing truth, but then said that he would be happy to have them accept his hospitality, and that if they would go home with us he would look out for them. This they did, although perfect strangers.

Mr. William Haskell had a plantation near by and he would sometimes go hunting deer with us; he was an excellent rider and looked well on his handsome thoroughbred chestnut mare. I admired this mare so much that he once lent her to me, and I rode down to Charleston and back, twenty miles each way. I went down in the morning, had dinner there, and came home in the afternoon, forty miles. We had many fox-hunts as well as deer-hunts. In Carolina they only have the gray fox, which is not like the red fox that will make a long run straight away, for he keeps doubling so that you may hunt him a long while in a confined space. We never caught one, but it made no difference, because we had the fun of riding, and an occasional rail fence to jump, but the obstacles were usually only ditches or fallen logs. Sometimes the countrymen, "poor whites," or "crackers," as they are called, would join in, bringing their hounds. Every man had a dog or two, and all rode little ponies, called "tackkeys." These were complete saddle-horses, very small but active and pretty, not ponies but little horses. These "crackers" were a very poor class, morally, intellectually, and physically, pretty low down. Even the negro slaves despised them and

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called them "poor whites." They were wretched-looking men, and as they lived in that malarial country winter and summer, and had fever and ague all the time, they were so weak and languid that they could hardly swing themselves on the backs of their little horses.

One day Gouv Wilkins took me down to Mr. Hugh Wilson's place on John's Island, about twenty miles from Kelvin. This was a fine plantation, one of those where they raised "sea-island cotton," a long-stapled cotton very celebrated, and only raised, I believe, on the coast and islands near there. Mr. Wilson had a deer-park of five thousand acres, fenced in and kept exclusively for deer-hunting. He had a fine pack of hounds and several huntsmen. Gouverneur Wilkins rode his fine brown saddle-horse and I rode Eliza's brown pony, each of us equipped with saddle-bags and carrying a gun. We arrived at Mr. Wilson's place in time for dinner and were handsomely entertained.

Early in the morning of the second day of our visit at John's Island we went deer-hunting. Several of the neighbors joined in the hunt. The method they follow there in hunting is to station the hunters at certain points where they know from experience that the deer when driven out always go. Sitting on my horse, I was stationed near a sort of road or path, looking out over a part of the forest, thinly wooded with tall pine-trees; I heard the hounds bay-ing, and presently I saw a deer loping through the woods, on its way to pass me about fifty yards away. I fired and evidently hit him, for he slackened his pace, and the hounds coming up they caught him after he had gone a few paces. It was my first deer and it was the custom to mark with blood the fortunate hunter when he bagged his first deer. I was prepared to stand it, and one of the gentlemen began

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to bathe his hands in blood preparatory to smearing it on my face, when the others protested and they let me off. Later in the day I shot another one, and in the evening we rode home, twenty miles, reaching Kelvin late at night. It was an all-day ride and rather too much for my little pony. I have been deer-hunting several times since, but these were the only deer I ever killed.

Mr. Wilson had known my grandfather, Colonel John Ward, whose place was near by, for whom he had a great respect and regard. I wish I could remember my grandfather Ward. He seems to have been an ideal grandfather. My mother often told us about the Christmas parties he used to give in Charleston, how he played with the children and told them delightful stories and kept them all in a flutter of happiness.

Colonel Ward's grandfather, also named John, came from England and was shipwrecked on his way to Carolina, saving nothing but a fat gold watch with St. George and the dragon on the back, which I now have. Colonel Ward, who served in the United States army in the War of 1812, was a distinguished lawyer and for some time president of the Senate of South Carolina. The diary of Edward Hooker, of Hartford, who chronicled his impressions of the South in 1807, while a professor at the University of South Carolina, describes my grandfather as president of the Senate, "wearing a long light blue satin robe edged with white fur." He goes on to say: "A more pleasing speaker I have rarely heard; he has at command a rich stock of words and ideas, and speaks entirely in the Sheridanian dialect, which is used by most educated Charlestonians. Mr. Ward is a small man—pleasant and facetious disposition, penetrating look, quick and graceful in motion, dignified when in the chair but a little prone to levity when out of it."

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My Grandfather Ward was a planter as well as a lawyer. His plantation on John's Island was called Seven Oaks from a huge seven-branched live-oak on the place. I have a large dinner-set of pink Lowestoft china that was buried on John's Island during the Revolution when the British pillaged the neighborhood, after being driven out of their earthworks in the battle of Stony Ferry. All treasures that were not carefully hidden were stolen or destroyed. It must have been quite a job to bury all that china—over a hundred pieces.

Colonel Ward married Mary Somersall. In an interesting picture by Copley which I have she is represented as a young girl standing by the seated figures of her mother and grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Hartley. A little child, a cousin, who was afterward Mrs. Deas, with a small dog, complete the family group. The picture is unusual, as it shows three generations of mothers and daughters; the figure of the old lady is especially well painted.

My grandfather Ward is buried in Trinity Churchyard in New York, next to the tomb of Alexander Hamilton. His overseer, who begged that when he died he might be buried near by, lies beside him. There is also a tablet to his memory in the "Muniment Room" of Trinity. To my mind it would add very much to the appearance and certainly to the interest of old Trinity if the monuments and tablets which formerly decorated its walls were put back into the church. I have heard strangers remark that in contrast to an English church of the same type the bare walls of Trinity are most uninteresting.

I wish very much that I had been able to go to Seven Oaks when I was staying with the Wilsons. My brother Harry knew the place well and often visited there. He told me that he had seen in the neighboring cottages old tombstones of the Ward family used in front of fireplaces

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and front doors as hearths and door-steps. Mr. Wilson was a very rich man at the time I stayed at his beautiful old place, but the Civil War ruined him; he lost all his slaves and his plantation, and his grandchildren were poor. He was a fine man, a gentleman of the old school, who kept open house and was an all-round sportsman. He not only had a splendid pack of hounds and fine hunting-dogs, but he kept beautiful game-cocks, each of which had his separate run. My brother Harry was very intimate at his house and spent several winters there, and his son John, a fine rider and shot, used to visit us at Danskammer.

This winter of which I am writing my three brothers, Harry, Gouv, and Jack, spent in Charleston, varying their stay there by visits to neighboring plantations. Jack was a member of the South Carolina Jockey Club and of the Charleston Club, and used to go to the Saint Cecilia balls, all of which it was considered an honor to belong to. He was good-looking, dressed well, and enjoyed the society of that winter.

I was too young to go to the Saint Cecílias, and I only attended one ball in Charleston, which was at the Haynes'. Miss Hattie Hayne was a beauty, the daughter of the celebrated Hayne who debated with Daniel Webster. The Lowndes, on the plantation next to Kelvin, had a very pleasant party, with dancing and good cheer, and there were several parties in the neighborhood, to all of which I went—there were some pretty cousins of the Lowndes's named Brisbane—but my time was chiefly spent in shooting, fox and deer hunting, and as I was already fond of sketching from nature I made several sketches of Kelvin and the neighborhood.

I attended the races one day at the Annual Meet at the Charleston Race Course, a celebrated course and a great society event. During that year two famous horses had

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been competing at all the race-courses throughout the country and creating great interest; they were Nina, sired by Revenue, and Red Eye, sired by Boston, who also was the sire of Lexington. The excitement over their races was intense, partly because it was a contest between the get of Revenue and Boston, great rivals. If I remember rightly, Red Eye was usually the winner. The day I was there Red Eye was entered in a four-mile race, but as Nina was not on hand, and no other horse dared to meet the famous champion, he ran the four miles alone in order to win the purse. He was a splendid powerful bay horse.

The earliest races in Carolina were in 1734 on a green on Charleston neck, the prize being a saddle and bridle valued at twenty pounds. In those early times the horses were of the Chickasaw breed, a stock introduced into Florida by the Spaniards, small but active animals. But very soon fine horses were imported from abroad. There was a famous horse called Abdallah, brought from Arabia to Gibraltar and from there to Port Royal not long before the Revolution, who was sixteen hands high and had never been ridden until Mr. Frank Huger, being dared to mount him, "put his hand upon the flowing mane of the snorting animal, with one bound vaulted upon his back, and sat like an equestrian statue, unmoved!"

Flimnap, a black Godolphin Arabian bred by Sir John Moore and later owned by Major Harleston, of Carolina, was another great horse. He had a narrow escape in the War of 1812, for the British Major Tarleton was so anxious to get hold of him that he actually hung a negro stable-boy to a tree because he would not tell where he was hidden in a swamp. Luckily the Redcoats rode away in time for the boy to be cut down.

Before going home that winter I spent three very pleas-

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ant weeks at my cousin Ellen Screven's place near Pocatigo, Castle Hill, named, I suppose, after Uncle Gouv's place in Westchester of which I have spoken in a previous chapter. I went up by a steamboat, stopping at Beaufort for dinner with some relations of the Screvens. Part of the way the boat ran out to sea and I was very seasick, but quite late in the evening we left the sea and sailed along a river, and when about midnight we landed I had recovered and was fearfully hungry. At the landing a man was waiting for me and we had a considerable drive before we reached Castle Hill, arriving so late that the family had gone to bed. I was cold and hungry, and I shall never forget the bright fire and cheerful, warm dining-room, and, best of all, some delicious wild ducks—they were teal—and a decanter of sherry.

The Screvens were delightfully hospitable and let me do just as I pleased there. They were still young, with five little children, and lived handsomely in extreme comfort. They had a stable of good horses, and I had a mount whenever I wanted one; and the shooting was excellent, particularly ducks. There was a large reserve for flooding the rice-fields, filled with flocks of ducks, and at the upper end of it a river where blue-winged teal abounded. I would go up this, shooting as I went, and then down; up and down as long as you wished, all the time the birds rising before you. Screven had a large rice plantation, and to house his slaves had a good-sized village of white cabins, where the negroes were comfortable and seemed happy. These negroes had formerly belonged to Colonel Ward, who had left four hundred slaves to my Aunt Mary, Mrs. Gouverneur Wilkins, but only a few to my mother, as she did not care to own slaves. The few she inherited she set free. When I was staying with the Screvens I had

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a brisk little darky about my own age allotted to me, who brought water for my bath, blacked my boots, ran errands for me, and was always at my command.

As Screven was then very prosperous, he was adding to his slaves whenever he had a chance to buy a good one. To show what they cost, just before I went there he bought a carpenter for whom he paid thirty-seven hundred dollars. The planters were then at the height of their glory. John H. Screven served in the Confederate army, I think as major. At the close of the war he was ruined, lost all his slaves, and when I saw him later at Mr. Wilkins's place in Westchester he had nothing but his bare land in South Carolina. Some of his Turnbull grandchildren now own the plantation Castle Hill, and often spend their winters there.

This winter at the South was delightful and one of the pleasantest times of my life—no care and lots of fun. There was no continuous railway to Charleston in those days and one had to travel back and forth by steamers, which, on the whole, were excellent. Going down had been my first experience of the sea. Returning, I left the South looking like summer, the woods filled with jasmine. I arrived at New York on the 24th of April, and when I stepped off the steamer there was deep snow on the ground. It was at night, so I went to the Stevens House on Broadway near the corner of Rector Street. It was a good hotel; later occupied down-stairs by a branch of Delmonico's. I was accompanied by Wasp and Crib, who were soon safely at home at Danskammer.

Martin Wilkins was a delightful fellow. He visited us at Danskammer in the summer of 1855, at the same time with Lewis Turnbull and Elisha Tracy, both of whom had just graduated from Trinity College. We all sparred,

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except Martin, and used to adjourn to the garret, which was an enormous room covering the whole top story of the Danskammer house. This had a fine open floor and Lewis Turnbull and I had a series of set-to's there. We sparred so briskly that both he and I got pretty bad black eyes. We had decided that we must all visit West Point and spend the day and night there, but we were almost deterred from going on account of the black eyes, but I tried my hand at painting them in water-colors so that they were not very perceptible. We went to Cranston's Hotel, but as that was crowded and no rooms were available, they put four cots for us in the cupola and we slept up there.

Long after this Southern winter of mine, in 1897, I got a letter from Gouv Wilkins, whom I knew so well then, speaking of the sad fate of Kelvin and all those other fine old country places.

"When you visited Kelvin in 1853," he writes, "you made a painting of the residence, and if it lacked the element of beauty it was the fault of the house for you certainly portrayed it correctly. I do not think we have met since and what changes have taken place! My last visit to New York was in 1858 and since then what changes there—Fourteenth Street was almost out of town!

"Mr. Lowndes, my father-in-law, died penniless. In 1855 he bought Kelvin from my mother and also the Haskell plantation above it, and added them to his property below, the whole costing him near fifty thousand dollars, which he paid in cash. All of them *together* were sold in 1886 to pay his debts and brought at public sale only \$7500. This, with the loss of two hundred negroes, explains his insolvency. He had a dwelling house on each of the four plantations, and all were burned by the Federal

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troops, after the evacuation of Charleston and the coast by the Confederates. The brick house at his home place, which you will remember, was occupied for several weeks as headquarters by Colonel Beecher (brother to Henry Ward Beecher). On leaving he set fire to it and it and all its contents were burned to the ground, leaving only the chimneys standing, which the earthquake shook down. At Kelvin they made a clean sweep, even the negro houses were burned, and when I went there in the fall of 1865 there could not have been found enough plank to make a soap box.

“Thank God, my home life is the best that I could wish. Through all, my wife is as contented and cheerful as in the early days of our married life when she was surrounded with every comfort.”

CHAPTER V

AT COLLEGE

“River and race and game, gay leaping of brook and hedge:
Perils on happy heights, and pleasure nearest the edge:
Something we gain as we live: but youth has departed.”

—PALGRAVE.

I entered Trinity College, Hartford, in September, 1854, and had been there only a day or two when I made the acquaintance of Rhoades Fisher, a tall, gallant-looking fellow from Texas with red hair, who asked me to room with him at 32 Jarvis Hall. He didn't graduate, and after he left at the end of the year I thenceforth roomed there alone. Those were primitive days: not a bathroom in the whole college, not even water in our building; it all had to be brought from the yard. I bought a big wash-tub, and a darky, an old fellow named Adams, brought up a pail of water every morning and made my fire. He was a character, and I became quite attached to him during the three years that he ministered to my wants. We were obliged to furnish our own rooms, and supply our own lights and fuel, though we had the luxury of a coal-closet. Strange to say, in this inland retreat of ours the beds were in two berths, like those at sea, with curtains that drew in front of them. We used camphene for our lamps; I well remember filling one, leaving the wick lighted while I poured in the camphene, when suddenly it exploded, and can, lamp, and all shot across the room, leaving a trail of fire behind it and burning a broad swath in the carpet. Outside my window hung a canary. This bird

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had appeared on the campus one afternoon after chapel, and in a moment the whole college was in full cry after him. I didn't make any particular effort to catch him, but somehow he flew right into my hand; so I got him a cage and cherished him for a long time. One day as he was hanging there in the sunshine the string broke, and down he fell, three stories, to the pavement, without being hurt. That bird had a charmed life. I lived four years in 32 Jarvis Hall, and just before I graduated I carved my name and "Phi Kappa Fraternity" on the stone shelf outside my window, and looked forward to my return in years to come and finding it still there. Alas! in a few years old Jarvis was torn down, when the new college was built, and all these old records are gone.

The old college had been built in 1824—Washington College it was called then, but in my day it had long been known as Trinity. Seabury Hall was in the centre, with Brownell Hall and Jarvis Hall at the ends; Seabury was a classic building, designed by Samuel Morse of telegraph fame, with large columns in front, and containing the dormitories and classrooms. This group of buildings stood at the head of College Street, just where the State House now stands, overlooking the whole city across a wide expanse of green lawn, and backed by a lovely wood through which a green lane ran down to a picturesque little river known as the "Hog." This stream meandered far back into the country and we had splendid skating there in winter. "Mile after mile," as an old Trinity man said, "have I skated on its reaches with the red squirrel following me on the banks."

During my first two years at college the president was Doctor Goodwin, who later became head of the Theological Seminary in Philadelphia. He was a scholar but a cold,

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unsympathetic man; he was very handsome, and looked, I have always thought, like one of Fra Bartolomeo's prophets. We had a year's German with him—we actually read the whole of "Faust"—but I don't know a single word of German now. We also, I remember, studied Whewell's "Elements of Morality" with him (I believe I have the title right), and thereby hangs a tale. There was a Jew whose name I don't know, but we always called him Amsterdam, a dealer in old clothes, cigars, pictures, and all sorts of things. He also carried on a brisk little business in money-lending—the tightness of the money market often constraining us to pawn our watches and any other jewelry we possessed, and for the same reason we did not often actually buy his wares, but bartered our old clothes for his more interesting objets d'art. Of course I—being I—managed to acquire a lot of pictures by this means, and as I decorated my room in other ways, it was considered one of the show-rooms of the college. One of these pictures of mine was a colored lithograph of "Venus Rising from the Sea." It was not an improper picture. I thought it would be good practice to copy this picture in oil. So one pleasant, quiet June morning I was busily engaged in painting, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder and, looking up, I saw the stern face of Doctor Goodwin gazing in horror at my Venus. I don't recall now what he said, but his looks were enough. His face bore the expression of one who looks down from the sanctuary of Abraham's bosom on a soul in perdition, and he gave me a good blowing-up as soon as he found his voice. By the irony of fate, that very afternoon we had our lesson on Whewell's "Elements of Morality." I was called up and flunked, as I couldn't paint and look over my lesson as well, and when it became only too clear that I could not recite, Doctor Goodwin

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roared in a voice of thunder: "If you had not been engaged in reprehensible pursuits this morning, sir, you would probably have known your lesson! Sit down, sir!" I am happy to say, however, that I was told by a friend in after years that Doctor Goodwin "remembered me with pleasure and affection," so perhaps he had forgotten our interview about the Venus, or possibly through the mist of years he was able to view it more leniently than on that June morning long ago.

I spent all my spare cash at college in hiring saddle-horses. There was an excellent thoroughbred mare that I liked especially, and on Saturdays we used to make up parties and ride out to "Wadsworth's Tower"—afterward owned by the Elys—where there is a lake on top of the mountain. I remember riding there one Saturday with Alexander Preston and some other fellows; I had a new gray coat that I had never worn, and when Preston suggested borrowing it I felt greatly honored, as I was a freshman and he a senior, and it gave me real pleasure to have him ride in it all day, but reflecting on it now it seems a poor reason for giving up my brand-new coat.

Athletics were not much cultivated in those days, but we had one of the first boat clubs in any college and had two fast race-boats. We had two spirited races with the town club of Hartford, winning the first but losing the second because we broke a rowlock. I was stroke, although the smallest man in the club. In 1858 the College Union Regatta at Worcester was established by Harvard, Yale, Brown, and Trinity.

Sparring was one of my chief interests in college. When I was seventeen I had been taught to box by Ottignon, the owner of the gymnasium in Crosby Street, an enormous man over six feet high and weighing two hun-

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dred pounds, but very agile, nevertheless. And now at college I took sparring lessons from Charley Brewster, one of the best sparrers I have ever seen. I began with him in my freshman year and sparred with him all through my college course, and he taught me that any ordinary man could knock a bigger man down if he knew how to aim his blow aright and how to keep his opponent from closing with him. I got to be pretty good; in fact, Brewster said I was "too good to spar with a gentleman!"

In my day hazing was rife in all the colleges; somehow or other I managed to escape it, but I confess that I joyfully assisted in the hazing of others. In our sophomore year we thought it advisable to haze a freshman named Short. I don't remember any reason for this except that his name and person were so incongruous—instead of being short he was extremely long, being about six feet six. The affair was arranged in this way. One afternoon, just after chapel, we captured Short and rushed him out by the back way, where we had a carriage waiting to take him down into the town, where we proposed to try him for his alleged offenses. The carriage got off all right and drove around by way of the station. Where the triumphal arch now stands was situated the jail, and next to it was a terraced bank about ten feet high, on top of which ran a sidewalk. I was on my way down to the trial when I heard shouts of rage and saw Short approaching, sprinting like anything and making good time with his long legs. He had escaped from the carriage and was being pursued by his captors, but they had no chance of catching him, and I saw I was the only obstacle between him and sanctuary at the college. He thought, of course, that with his great weight and height he could run right over me as I stood facing him in the middle of the sidewalk, but just as he reached me I

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stepped aside, put out my foot, and sent him rolling headlong down the grass to the foot of the terrace. There I managed to hold him until the other sophomores arrived and secured him. We tried him—on these occasions we had regular courts, judge, counsel on both sides, etc.—and he was convicted of being too tall, and condemned to drink, as he was a temperance man, three glasses of lager-beer. Just as the penalty was being enforced his class found out where he was, broke down the door, and after a free fight rescued him. Short afterward studied for the ministry and more than forty years later I met some of his family in North Hadley, by whom he sent me affectionate messages, so he cherished no animosity.

A college character was "Professor Jim," the janitor, a fine old darky. He had been born a slave in the family of Colonel Philip Rhineland Robert, of Pomona Hall at Yonkers, which afterward belonged to Sidney Morse, the son of Professor Morse, and he used to tell us tales of Aaron Burr, whom he had often seen at the house, and of his adventures after he ran away to sea in the War of 1812. Finally Jim turned up at Hartford at about the same time that Bishop Brownell became the first president of Trinity, and soon became one of the bishop's servants. Jim's grand crack of the whip, as he wheeled the bishop's gig close to the church steps when he drove about the country on his visitations, has never been forgotten, nor the elegance of his manner as he assisted the bishop to alight and with a wave of the hand turned him over to the rector and wardens in attendance. He was a little man with snow-white hair when I knew him, and looked a good deal like a monkey, but he had a certain dignity withal.

"Professor Jim" was always popular with the students, for if he caught them in a scrape he never told, but at the

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same time he contrived to be loyal to the college. He was a feature of Class Day, resplendent in a dress suit and high hat, and was always presented with some token of affection from the senior class. His speeches in return are still remembered. One ran in part as follows:

"Gentlemen, our communion has been sweet together, our words has been soft, and what you knows I knows and nobody else knows! How you worried and studied all night after you'd been off, for fear you wouldn't get your conditions—how you had to be dragged out from under the bed, sometimes, to visit the faculty—how you got along nicely till you run against chronics—chronics was hard! Gentlemen, your secrets is mine! Though you stopped up the key-hole with putty and froze up the bell, I got along somehow! You're soon going to leave this splendid canvas—don't forget the high privileges that has been granted you here, and the benefit of a Supreme Being you ought to appreciate as gentlemen!"

At our Class Day the class was assembled on the lawn in a semicircle in front of Seabury Hall facing the chapel steps where the speeches were made. I suppose the president sat in Bishop Berkeley's famous chair just as he does nowadays, but I don't remember—the chair was not such an heirloom then as it is now—neither do I remember much about my oration. I was class orator, but I shall never forget the splendid peroration of "Professor Jim's" speech.

"My dear young friends, we have come to parting and you must remember that while you are *advancing* I will be *devancing*. You will all be scattered all over the world; some of you may go to Asia, some to Africa, some maybe to the sandy shores of Arabia, but wherever you go, my dear boys, my heart will go with you to *any* part of the State!"

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In my senior year an astonishing thing happened—I was awarded the chemistry prize for the best essay “On the Chemical Constitution, Properties, and Uses of Water.” No one was more surprised at my gaining it than I. The award was made by Professor Jackson, Doctor Oliver, and some other distinguished scientists of Boston, and one of them told my friend Prescott that he liked my essay because it was so evidently written by a gentleman—a strange consideration in a matter of chemistry! It has always amused me to see my name in the college catalogue among the winners of the Sheffield prize. I elected to take my twenty-five-dollar prize in books, and my choice of Mrs. Jameson’s books on ecclesiastical art I have often found useful in my profession. There were no schools of art in those days in any of the colleges, and I don’t think that a single one of my fellow collegians could draw a line; so I was always selected to do any drawing that was required, such as tail-pieces for catalogues, specimens in natural philosophy for Professor Brocklesby, etc. In my senior year I got a good deal of fun out of preparing and illustrating a catalogue of my fraternity, Phi Kappa, which we published.

I fancy every one would have agreed that the most promising man in the Class of ’55 was Elisha T——; a handsome fellow, of good family, with a fine education and lots of ability, and quite well off. He and I roomed together in New York for a while after leaving college, and he was awfully kind to me when I was ill. I remember an odd labor-saving habit that he had. On Saturday nights he would shave, take a hot bath, put on a clean “boiled shirt” with the studs in place; in fact, dress himself completely, except for his boots and outer clothing, stretch himself flat on his back, and go peacefully to sleep. As he

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was able to sleep without changing his position a particle he was all ready for church the next morning.

Later on he roomed with Joseph H. Choate, who was a great friend of his. In fact, it was he who first introduced me to Mr. Choate. Then came the Civil War and perhaps army life made him restless; anyway, after that he went steadily down in the world until at last his friends clubbed together and got him into the Old Men's Home on Amsterdam Avenue. He and Choate had started life pretty evenly equipped; Choate ended his career honored the world over and T—— died at almost the same time in an old men's home. I wrote to Mr. Choate when he was ambassador in London, asking him to contribute to the fund for T——, and he sent me fifty dollars, remarking in his letter: "I have watched Elisha T——'s long but sure descent into the gutter with great interest and wonder; as he seemed to have no vice it was a perfect mystery!"

But Mr. Choate put it too strongly. T—— never got as far down as the gutter. He always preserved a neat, pleasant appearance, and no one meeting him would have thought him other than a gentleman of leisure in good circumstances. I really believe the years he spent in the Home were the happiest of his life. Luckily he was a member of the Phi Kappa Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, and the Fraternity House at Columbia seemed to give him everything he needed. He had a fund of anecdote and sang good comic songs, and the young fellows grew really fond of him. He died not long ago and I was present at his funeral, quite an imposing affair, the Episcopal service supplemented by certain fraternal ceremonies and attended by all the brethren of the Columbia Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi. His young friends spoke of him with regret and affection. So perhaps his life was not such an utter failure, after all.

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This story shows the good side of fraternity life, though I can see the disadvantages of college fraternities as they were in my time, how they cut you off from intimacies outside and fostered exclusiveness. But we stuck up for each other on all occasions; a member of one's fraternity could do no wrong; and loyalty through thick and thin is a pretty good thing to count on in a friend.

My fraternity life and all its associations are among my dearest recollections. I was a member of Phi Kappa, founded in 1835; it was a senior society, *i. e.*, one did not wear a pin until senior year, and although boys became members from freshman year up, their association with the fraternity was kept a profound secret. The friendships formed in it were something different from anything I have experienced in after life. The rivalry among the various fraternities at Trinity was tremendous and the feeling intense; so much so that it was considered a deadly insult to even mention the name of a man's fraternity. If this custom were trifled with in any way it was apt to be "a word and a blow."

During the Civil War almost all the students of Trinity went to the front, and the membership of the Phi Kappa was reduced to one man, Hovey, afterward rector of the fine old church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This splendid isolation made Hovey feel lonely, so he decided to give up the fraternity and turned all the archives over to a committee of the old graduates, by whom they were burned, and joined a rival local fraternity called the I. K. A. It looked as if the Phi Kappa were extinct. However, in 1865, or thereabouts, eight or ten young men left St. James's College in Maryland and came to Trinity—St. James's was also an Episcopal college and a very nice class of fellows went there. It had long been a sort of custom for men from St. James's to go to Trinity, and as many

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of them had become members of Phi Kappa, the fraternity was well known there and liked. These men got together and decided that it would be a good idea to revive the Phi Kappa, so they consulted me and I agreed to go to Trinity and initiate them.

On my way up to Hartford I met Hovey in the train, but I did not tell him of my errand. He told me how sorry he was to leave the Phi Kappa—how fond he was of it—how deeply he regretted that it had become extinct. I listened and made no observations. The boys were initiated. Next morning when they all appeared with their Phi Kappa pins it was a real triumph. Although I never spoke of it again to Hovey, I think that he was sorry he had been faint-hearted, for thenceforth the fraternity prospered, and about 1880 it was merged in the Alpha Delta Phi, one of the leading fraternities in Trinity and in many other colleges. At one time there was a chapter at Harvard and Joseph H. Choate was a member. Since his day all the secret societies have been abolished there and Alpha Delta Phi went with the rest.

Edward Coleman Jacobs was another of my college friends—a nephew by marriage of Bishop H. C. Potter. He was a talented fellow, made the Phi Beta Kappa, and was reputed the best-dressed man in college. After graduating at the Harvard Law School he went into the law office of Mr. John H. Glover in New York. But the law proved too sedate a mistress; he went West, travelled among the Indians, and disappeared into space. It was supposed that he had been murdered, but nothing was ever known; only his clothing was found and his saddle, marked with his name.

Horace C—— was about my most intimate friend. He was the handsomest man in college, very well read, and

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our finest orator for Fourth of July orations and poems. He used to help me out with my compositions, and later rewrote an article of mine, called "From Rome to Thrasy-mene," an illustrated account of a trip I took in Italy in 1859. At the time we were both vastly pleased with the result of his efforts, but I see now that he shrouded my facts with such ample classic drapery that whatever local color I had managed to get hold of was completely smothered.

I lost sight of Horace for years. One day I was riding with Mr. Choate in Stockbridge when a boy passed us on a bicycle, and Mr. Choate happened to remark that it was young Horace C——, who lived near by. So I jumped off my horse and hurried across the road to see my dear old friend. When he appeared I greeted him with effusion and tried to talk about old times. But he only remarked: "I scarcely remember those days, and I take no interest in them whatever." So with a shake of his limp hand I took my leave.

William W. Hayes, of Baltimore, was another handsome and delightful fellow, the best scholar in our class. He could read an intricate problem in mathematics only once and then go to the blackboard and write it down perfectly. But he didn't stay long; his mother thought he was in too fast a crowd at Trinity because, unluckily, he sent her a photograph of his room with a bottle on the table; so he finished his course at Kenyon College, Ohio. I met him once only, several years later, and we had a fine talk about old times and the Phi Kappa. He told me he still had Phi Kappa painted on his trunk.

Ned Perryman, Sidney Hull, and Alexander Preston, all from Perrymansville, Maryland, had been friends from boyhood and came to Trinity together. Preston was a

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man of ability and became a good lawyer in Baltimore; he married Miss Carroll of Maryland. When I have been in Baltimore I have usually gone to see him. He kept good trotting-horses and took me to drive in the park and to lunch with him at the Maryland Club—"the grave of reputations," as a friend of mine once called it as we were passing. The cooking there is famous and one gets canvasback duck, crab salad, and fried hominy in perfection.

Then there was "Batt" Barrow, from St. Francisville, Louisiana, a fine fellow with a beautiful tenor voice, who never did a stroke of work or attended a recitation during the time I knew him, so that at the end of his junior year he left college. He was a devoted attendant on Miss Nellie Marcy, daughter of General Marcy, of the United States army; she afterward married General George B. McClellan. The last time I saw her was a few years ago at an evening party at Mrs. William Draper's in New York. She was still handsome in her old age and, as always, very charming. She was at that moment carrying on an apparently flirtatious conversation with Mr. John Bigelow, at that time about ninety years old. Ah well, she was said to be engaged to Batt Barrow in 1856! I don't know why they did not marry, because he was all that a woman might admire in addition to being very rich, but I suppose he lost everything in the Civil War and he died shortly after it.

After Doctor Goodwin our next president, or "Prex," as we used to call him, was Doctor Samuel Eliot. I loved this man—the finest gentleman, the best scholar, and the best Christian that I have ever known. He graduated at the head of his class at Harvard, and had a peculiarly refined and charming personality. In his classes he put every boy on his honor. We were great friends from his first coming to Trinity till the day of his death. I owe a

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great deal to him, to his kindly advice, his example in every way; no young man ever had a better friend.

Professor Brocklesby was our teacher in mathematics at Trinity. I became quite a friend of his and used to draw for him queer objects, animalculæ and such things. He was a most unworldly man and easily embarrassed. Although such a learned mathematician, he once got so balled up at the grocer's trying to solve the problem of seven pounds of sugar at seven cents a pound that he had to give it up and leave the result to the grocer. He had a humorous turn of mind. In those days some of our Southern boys used to chew tobacco and, I am ashamed to say, to spit on the floor. Professor Brocklesby reproved them in the memorable words, now the driest of chestnuts, but original with him: "Those who expectorate on this floor need not expect-to-rate high in this class."

Mr. Belden, one of the tutors, was another nice fellow who had been at college with my brother Harry. He was always kind to me, but on one occasion I was particularly grateful to him. It happened in this way: The first two years I was at college the bell rang at half past five in the morning for recitation at six o'clock; then came chapel at seven, with breakfast right after it. Of course in winter it was pitch-dark when we started out at six, and as the recitation-rooms were very badly lighted we used to take our own lights, sometimes a piece of candle with or without a candlestick, sometimes a small lamp. Often in winter the snow was deep, and as the recitation-room was in another building we had to wade in snow up to our knees. There was a boy in our class named Sam Johnson—he afterward married Mary Verplanck—I think he was a relation of Sir William Johnson, so celebrated among the Indians in early colonial days. Sam Johnson had been

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captain in Everest's Military School and rather bossed our class. He carried a little swagger-stick, and as he was apt to use it, he was considered a trifle arrogant; I liked him, though—he was a good fellow. In class he sat next to me on one of the low pine benches without cushions that were our seats. Sam had a bit of candle which he put on the floor opposite us, and I rolled up bits of paper and threw them at his candle until I put it out. He relighted it and remarked that if I did that again he would slap my face, whereupon I did it again. He did not slap my face, but said he would lick me after school; then there being a disturbance Mr. Belden called us to order. Johnson and his friend Strong Vincent went out first and I followed. As I reached the stone hall outside I saw Johnson with his coat off and Vincent standing by holding his coat and books; Johnson squared off and came at me. He was twice my size, but he didn't know a thing about boxing, so he did not touch me in the whole fight, while I got in two or three blows and the blood poured down his face. We closed, but I got his head "in chancery," and he was quite helpless while I rained blows on him. At this delightful moment Mr. Belden rushed out and separated us; but I knew very well that he had suspected what was going to happen and had wasted a little extra time arranging the books on his desk. At all events, he did not come out until the fight was practically over. That afternoon, skating on the Hog, I got lots of congratulations for having licked Johnson, and felt just as pleased with myself as if I had not been entirely in the wrong.

CHAPTER VI

TRAVELS AND A SHIPWRECK

"Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Cooped in their wingéd sea-girt citadel,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land and all is well."

—BYRON.

The autumn after I graduated from Trinity College I started for Cambridge, intending to enter the Harvard Law School, armed with numerous letters of introduction, among them one to Mr. Longfellow and another to Doctor Theophilus Parsons, dean of the law school, from Doctor Samuel Eliot. On the way I stopped at Hartford to see my old friends, but was taken ill there and returned to New York, where I was laid up completely, and this caused me to change all my plans. This illness had come from a sprain, which I got the summer before when Jack and I were on our way to New Hamburg to pay a visit to Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer. I chanced to see a snake in the road, and in jumping down from our high box wagon to kill it I gave my leg a wrench which in the end gave me a good deal of trouble; at last I consulted my old friend Doctor George Elliot—by this time I was awfully lame—and he said I was run down and advised a long sea-voyage.

So we began to look for a sailing-ship and finally chose the bark *Celestia*, a beautiful little clipper-built craft of three hundred tons, with a cargo of grain, bound for Sicily via Madeira, whence she was to return with a cargo of fruit. Doctor Elliot, a charming fellow familiarly known

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as "handsome George," bandaged me skilfully with what he called a "spica bandage," a contrivance of which he was very proud, warranted not to come off or loosen until I reached Madeira, where I could have it renewed by another doctor.

On a gloomy, cold, windy afternoon in late November, Gouv, Jack, and I were rowed out in a small boat to the *Celestia*, which was lying off the Battery. Several weary hours, which we had previously spent waiting in a ship-chandler's office in Water Street, had added to the sadness of our day. My brothers watched me climb up the ship's side and waved farewells.

I found three passengers on board: Mr. James O. Putnam, of Buffalo, a distinguished lawyer, who proved to be a well-educated and agreeable man; his friend, another lawyer, Mr. Noxon, of Syracuse, and the Reverend Mr. Reynolds, a sad, gloomy, Presbyterian minister, who was very homesick and took a pessimistic view of life in general. He told me several times "that to die to him would be gain." Both he and Mr. Putnam were travelling for their health; Mr. Noxon was the only well man among us. This did not seem a very cheerful send-off, but after our seasickness wore off—we were all seasick—I found the party pleasant enough. I have forgotten to mention another passenger, more cheerful than the others, a small black pig from Africa, who was a splendid sailor and trotted briskly about the deck, though how he maintained his equilibrium on his slippery little hoofs was more than I could understand. Captain Howes was a regular down-east skipper, a Cape Codder, tall, spare, and athletic; his trousers were short and he wore habitually a black frock coat, carpet slippers, and ribbed woollen stockings; but he was a first-class sailor and would stand balancing himself on the deck,

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no matter how rough it was, directing a long Norwegian how to steer, ordering him to mind the wheel and keep the ship straight: "Keep your weather eye lifted, and steer so that you could hit the eye of a mosquito." One day he spied this hapless Norwegian, who was very unhandy, far out on a dipping yard trying to reef a sail and not having much success at it. He was leaning far over, his person much exposed from behind, quite unaware that the captain was watching him with disapproval. Suddenly the captain dropped his carpet slippers, tore up the rigging like a cat and, without uttering a word of warning, ran along the yard and, by way of a gentle reminder, gave the poor Norwegian a tremendous kick *a posteriori* that nearly knocked him off into the wildly running sea.

Our cabin, only about a dozen steps down from the deck, was small and square, with our berths around it and the captain's room in the corner; in the centre was the dining-table, above which the skylight opened on to the deck. The sash was generally open, and when a large wave came over, which happened several times, we were drenched and the dinner well salted. The food was plentiful but plain: huge joints of boiled mutton, corned beef and cabbage, etc. The captain presided at the head of the table and carved, and, incidentally, picked his teeth with the carving-fork. My berth was directly at the bottom of the companionway, and at the foot of my bed stood a barrel filled with most delicious red-cheeked apples. I remember one day, as I crept up on deck feeling pretty sick, I met Mr. Putnam holding one of these apples in his hand (he was homesick as well as seasick), pensively regarding it with a longing look and murmuring: "I wish I were now where you grew!" It mattered not to him where that land might be so long as it was dry.

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It blew a gale all the way across the ocean directly in our favor, and although we only had a few of the sails up, we ran very fast. The waves were mountain-high, and our little ship tossed about like a cork, first trembling on the top of a great wave and then dashing down into a vast abyss, where for a moment nothing was to be seen but the huge green walls of water around us. For several days we made nearly three hundred miles a day, and came in sight of Madeira in eighteen days. As there is only an open roadstead at Madeira and no real harbor, we could not come to anchor; so for nearly five days and nights we beat back and forth; again and again we would approach the shore so that we could almost talk to the inhabitants, and then run out of sight of land. In one of these trips we saw a large brig dashed to pieces on the rocks, and saw the people on board cast ashore and struggling up the cliffs.

At last there came a delightful calm, and we landed at evening in a haven of peace and beauty. Never did food taste so good as at the excellent hotel to which we went. The first thing next morning we found our way into a lovely garden adjoining the hotel, whose charming walks, laid in colored flints in patterns, were strewn with oranges and pomegranates, scattered by the late storm. There for the first time I saw banana-trees laden with fruit and tasted the delicious custard-apple. Madeira seemed to me then the loveliest spot on earth. Partly because it was the first foreign place that I had seen, I was afraid when I was about to visit it again forty years later that, after seeing so many other famous places, I might be disappointed, but I found it little changed and as delightful as ever. No wheeled vehicles are used there, only little sledges drawn by diminutive oxen, but they have delightful saddle-horses, and I explored the Alpine-like tropical mountain

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passes, with a "burroquiro," brandishing a horsehair fly-brush, who clung to my horse's tail, keeping up, no matter how fast I rode, and was ready to hold my stirrup when I dismounted. Everywhere were flowers; even the smallest garden was filled with color; the beautiful bougainvillea over all, heliotropes and geraniums trailing on every wall, and all our greenhouse plants growing wild. Altogether it is an enchanting place with a most delightful climate, without any frost or dew, and with an even winter temperature night and day of about 70°.

We were royally entertained by the hospitable residents, and as visitors were then rather rare and I brought excellent letters to Messrs. Newton, Gordon and Cossart, the great wine-merchants, we were invited to dine by Mr. Cossart. Mr. Marsh, who had been American consul for many years, was absent, but his vice-consul entertained us in his lovely house, the porch of which was overhung by poinsettias in full bloom. At these dinners we learned what real Madeira wine was; it is not known there simply as "Madeira," but by specific names such as "Sercial," "Bual," "Malmsey," etc., and great vintages are designated by their special years. When I rode through the country the burroquiro knew where to stop and rest, and wherever that might be a man always came out filling a brimming glass from a pitcher of beautiful amber wine, a few milreis satisfying him in return.

After a delightful visit in Madeira, our vessel having discharged her cargo and being well supplied with quantities of delicious fruit and great bunches of bananas hanging in the rigging, we sailed away one evening over a calm sea for our next stopping-place, Gibraltar. The first night out, about three o'clock, when I was fast asleep in my berth, I was awakened by loud and prolonged shouting by

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some one in mortal terror. It was the mate at the wheel, calling to the captain. I heard the captain leap out of his berth and rush on deck, then came more excited shouting, and then a deafening crash, as if a train of cars going at full speed had run off the track and were jolting over the ties. It was but a step from my berth to the deck. The dawn was only just breaking, but I could see that everything was crashing down. The masts and rigging of our ship were being flung about, and all tangled up with our rigging were the spars of a gigantic steamer, towering aloft and looking as if she were right on top of us. It proved to be the *Great Britain*, the largest steamer, I believe, then afloat. (Her launching some years before had been a great event; she was full-rigged like a sailing-ship, but had all the appliances of a steamer as well.) It appeared that the steersman on the steamer had been asleep, and waked just before the ships came together. Our captain, with great presence of mind, called out to him to put his wheel hard up, at the same moment putting our wheel hard down, with the result that the steamer went slightly to the right and our vessel to the left, so that she struck us in the bow instead of right in the middle, where she would have cut us in two and sunk us at once.

So here we were, all lying perfectly still on a calm, misty sea, fastened together! In a moment the big ship's boats were out and I could see them in the dim gray morning light, manned with crews resting on their oars, for they thought that we were about to sink and were coming to pick us up. Already they were calling to us that they were bound for Melbourne and were ready to carry us there. (When I first ran on deck, when everything was crashing about us and we thought we were going down, the only man who showed any fear was the Reverend Mr. Reynolds, who seemed not at

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all desirous of embracing this opportunity of gratifying his pious wish, so often expressed, that "to die would be to him gain." He was apparently scared blue.) There we lay until daylight, when the condition of the two ships could be plainly seen. The steamer was but little damaged, but we were in such a state that she waited by us nearly all day, until it was found that although dreadfully crippled our ship was not injured below the water-line, and seemed to be still seaworthy, and would not sink. The steamer had struck us about twenty feet back of the bow; so our figure-head and the whole of the bow and the bowsprit carrying the jibs were gone, the foremast was cut off close to the deck, the mainmast almost entirely carried away, leaving only a stump large enough to support the mainsail, and the top of the mizzenmast with its topsail was gone. The men set to work with axes and chopped everything free, so that by evening little but our hull remained. When all this loose stuff had drifted away we found we had but two sails, the mainsail and the slooplike sail on the mizzenmast, and only a part of the hull, as in addition to the loss of the entire bow a great piece twenty feet long had been torn off one side of the stern. When the débris had been cleared away, the captain of the steamer came on board and urged us to go to Melbourne with him, but we declined, and feeling satisfied that we could take care of ourselves, he sailed away and left us to our fate.

Later on the same day we sighted a fishing-smack that came alongside, and after some talk with its captain Mr. Putnam arranged with him to take him back to Madeira, so he clambered down into the little boat accompanied by his baggage, and that was the last we ever saw of him, but we learned later that he reached Madeira safely. He begged us to accompany him, but we preferred to stick to

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our ship. On the second day our captain made up his mind that his best course was to sail straight for Gibraltar, about seven hundred miles distant, and asked us what we wanted to do. We told him that we would trust the whole matter to him and believed that he could bring us safely into port. The sea was perfectly calm, with a gentle fair wind following astern, and after only seven delightful days we were safely at anchor in the splendid harbor of Gibraltar, where the advent of our strange-looking craft caused some amusement.

Gibraltar was then, as now, a most cosmopolitan place, the harbor crowded with wonderful ships from all four quarters of the globe, and the streets gay with Arabs in coats of many colors. I found the deck of the *Celestia* was a fine place from which to make sketches, and I enjoyed the two weeks we spent living on the ship and visiting the sights of the town, before we could find another bark bound for Messina, our original destination. She was a nice little vessel of three hundred tons, named the *Emblem*, commanded by another down-east skipper, Captain Davis, who proved to be a jolly man, witty and hospitable, like many of these old-fashioned New England sailors. Like the *Celestia*, the *Emblem* was bound for Sicily for a load of lemons and oranges.

We were about a week going to Messina, for it blew a gale all the way and was awfully rough. We were at sea on Christmas Day. Among the few books I had brought with me was a volume of Longfellow's poems just published, and I read for the first time "My Lost Youth": "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." I also had a copy of Murray's guide-book for South Italy, and Mr. Noxon used to read parts of it aloud. In the accounts of the galleries he always pronounced sarcoph-

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agus with the accent on *pha*, which sounded so odd that I have always remembered it; indeed, it is almost the only thing that I recall about him. He and Mr. R—— remained on the ship at Messina while she was waiting for her return cargo and went back to New York in her. I stayed at the Hotel Trinacria, a fine hotel in an old palace, well kept but guiltless of a bathroom, like most of the Italian hotels of that day. I visited it again with my daughter in 1907 and took tea there, and found it still delightful, but when I passed the site after the earthquake in 1908 not a vestige of it remained.

At Messina on this first visit I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Sanderson, a member of the great house of Ingham and Company, the wine-merchants; he was an accomplished man, who painted, and played the violin, and spoke four or five languages. He was extremely polite and took me out to his villa in the country, where after dining with his beautiful Italian wife he showed me his charming gardens and his groves of oranges and lemons. Mr. Ingham, the head of the house, married the Duchess of Santa Rosalia, a member of one of the most distinguished families in Italy, with splendid palaces in Palermo. I heard that when he introduced any one to her he said: "Allow me to present you to the Duchess of Santa Rosalia, Mrs. Ingham, my wife." The duchess could neither read nor write, for like many of the great Italian nobles in that day, she had no education whatever.

While I was at Messina I drove out in a cab to Scylla and Charybdis, which seemed not at all a dangerous spot, hardly more than a little ripple—perhaps it has gone off since classic times. The beggars there were peculiarly offensive. It is at least a two-mile drive from there to Messina, but one husky beggar, who was deaf and dumb

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and could only emit inarticulate noises, followed grunting behind my cab all the way, and in the end had to be rewarded with a tip.

I went to Naples by steamer at night, lighted on my way by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The lava was pouring out from the side of the mountain, but it was still possible to reach the crater, and I determined to go up, though I was still lame from my illness and could not walk; so I hired two bearers, who carried me in a chair up the face of the cone, over the masses of recently discharged lava. Standing on the top, we were able to look down into the crater. It was a wild scene—"hell with the lid taken off"—tremendous clouds of smoke circling around, but no fire or lava. The lava-stream from the side, however, was flowing down into the plain, overwhelming houses and vineyards in its way. My bearers then took me one on each side and rushed me down the cone knee-deep in ashes, an almost perpendicular descent, until we reached the Hermitage, where we had lunch and "*lacrima Cristi*" wine, which is grown on the slope of the mountain. By that time it was growing dark and on our way down we passed near an expanse of lava, cool enough to walk over, but the subterranean fire here and there glowed through it and one seemed to be walking on a lake of fire. We amused ourselves by twisting out bits of the still-burning lava with sticks and pressing coins into them, some copper, some silver. In coming down the driver overturned the cab and I was thrown out, scattering my coins as I fell, and, strange to say, when the man picked them up he found only the copper and none of the silver ones!

If I were to describe the rest of my travels in 1859 it would sound like a page of Baedeker, for I saw all the usual sights. Like most young people, I kept a desultory

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diary, and I find there an occasional note that may be of some slight interest to-day. In Naples on Sunday the church service was held in a room at the British Legation, and you had to pay three carlini before going in, buying your seat just as you would at the theatre. "The preaching was the worst I ever heard and the sermons were always about burnt sacrifices." After fifty years we still sometimes suffer from that kind of sermon.

The carnival was fine in Florence that year and some of the turnouts were magnificent—four horses, with postilions and outriders and everything in style. The ladies, then as now, threw smiles and bouquets right and left, but unluckily none of them fell on me. I remember being shocked by the shortness of the ladies' dresses! One immense van was filled with men wearing lion masks over their faces and dressed in the extreme of the English fashion, loud checks, tiny straw hats with half-inch brims, and eyeglasses, all of them engaged in attentively reading Murray's guide-books. This took immensely, as jokes on the English were popular in Italy at that time.

I went by diligence from Florence to Bologna. At Bologna, when I went to some church or other to see some pictures by Guido—I seem to have had a terrible liking for Guido when I was twenty-three!—I saw before the altar a splendid coffin containing the remains of the Princess Pepoli, sister to Murat, who had died a few days before and was lying there in state. Though I don't like Guido nowadays, some of my admirations have remained unchanged; I am pleased to find that my diary describes the statue of Coleoni in Venice as "the finest equestrian statue I have ever seen." I added that he "was the first to use firearms in warfare." Is this true, I wonder? It was in Venice that I caught a glimpse of Taglioni at the post-office.

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My stay in Rome I shall leave for another chapter, and only one incident in Paris stands out clearly. I saw the Emperor Louis Napoleon and Eugénie driving in a carriage, on the way to his great victories of Solferino and Magenta. He was just at the height of his glory. They passed close to where I stood; I saw that the empress had been crying.

In London I spent days and days at the National Gallery, looking up pictures I had known only in engravings. My diary indicates that I was irritated at finding the Turners hung next to the Claudes. "They stand no comparison with Claude Lorraine, notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin, and are so imaginative that one cannot tell what they are about." What would I have thought of the "Futurists" and "Vorticists" of to-day! At the Vernon Gallery I liked the Hogarths, naturally enough, and also the Landseers, but I hope it was as dogs and not as pictures that I admired the latter.

At the Zoo I saw the two hippopotami presented to Queen Victoria by the Viceroy of Egypt, and a "lovely collection of serpents." I went to hear Spurgeon hold forth to seven thousand people at the Surrey Music Hall, but thought him an unctuous oily "Chadband" kind of a fellow and wondered in what his power lay, though he had a strong pair of lungs and the gift of the gab. I thought Charles Kean in "Henry V" better worth seeing. And I was thrilled by the horses and turnouts in Hyde Park; it was the height of the season and one day I saw thirteen four-horse drags collected there, driven by various well-known men—a club on the way to Greenwich to eat a whitebait dinner—and I was surprised that these scions of the nobility looked, in their cutaway coats and brass buttons, for all the world like coachmen.

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My greatest day in London and one of the best-remembered of my whole life was Derby Day. I shall describe it rather fully, for some of the details may have changed in fifty years. It was the second day of the Epsom meeting and was more than usually crowded. I had a splendid seat in the grand stand, overlooking the whole field. An American lady happened to be sitting next to me, and I remember hearing her ask an English lady whether the horses ever trotted, having our American trotting-matches in mind, and I was amused at the English lady's answer: "No, they gallop just as fast as they can." The course was of turf, about two miles and a half long, and it was cleared by a hundred policemen in an incredibly short space of time, though it was covered with people, and, what was more, it was *kept* clear. The horses first walked past the grand stand and then ran back and took their places at the starting-point; people did not seem to take much interest in the starting. In front of the grand stand was the betting-ring and I saw a man there who had staked twelve thousand pounds. In the first race, half a mile, there were eleven horses started and it was won by Orchehill ridden by Fordham. The second race, about two miles, was the "great event," in which thirty-three horses were entered and thirty ran; it was won by Musjid, owned by Sir Joseph Hawley and ridden by Wells. I never saw anything equal to the excitement as the thirty horses rushed by. Musjid only won by a short distance and there were a dozen close behind. Another race was run by three horses and won by Fisherman, ridden also by Wells; it must have been a great feather in his cap to have won two races on the same day. This was the most beautiful race I ever saw, the horses running neck and neck.

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But, on the whole, the horses were not quite as fine as I had expected them to be, and I thought that they would have made a poor show in one of our four-mile races at home. I picked out the winning horse in three out of the four races that I saw, and might have won my fortune had I bet.

The racing was splendid, but I enjoyed the excitement of the motley crowd even more; lots of ginger-beer stalls, boxing-matches, running-matches, nigger minstrels and thimblerriggers, West End swells and East End paupers, all gathered together. Every available means of transportation was forced into service—horses that had evidently never been in harness before and others that seemed likely never to be there again. The city was deserted and all the world at Epsom. In the evening I went to the celebrated cider-cellars, where law cases were tried, and heard the Sickles case very well argued. To my mind, if ever a murderer deserved to be hung it was Sickles.

I was young enough to envy the Eton boys playing cricket out on the meadows and rowing on the river. Their race-boats were splendid, finer than anything we had in America then, some of them with ten oars, and the rowing the finest I had ever seen, although we thought we rowed well at home. I walked some distance out into the country and met some boys bird's-nesting, others fishing and shooting, and all having such a nice time that no wonder I wrote in my diary: "It seems worth while to go to a school like that."

I shall not dwell on my trip to Ireland or my stay in the English lake country, for I want to tell you about my most delightful visit at Mr. David Maitland's place in Scotland. I have spoken before of my godfather, Mr. Maitland, a devoted friend of my father and mother. After making

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a fortune in America he returned to Scotland and bought back the old family place, Barcaple, in Kirkcudbrightshire, that had gone out of the family. His brother Joseph went to Australia and, I believe, made a huge fortune there in sheep.

I went by the coach to Castle Douglas and found Mr. Maitland waiting there for me when I got down; although we had not met for several years we recognized each other at once. He had not changed very much, his cheeks were still flushed with health, and he had the elastic step of a young man, as he was accustomed to shooting and fishing and could walk his ten miles as well as ever. As always, he was very well dressed and the picture of neatness, wearing a gray morning suit and gaiters, and was addicted to the very same enormous standing collars that I remembered, with a check cravat tied in a bow.

Barcaple had been a wild half-moorland farm, about a thousand acres, which Mr. Maitland had drained and put in beautiful order; the house itself was of stone, surrounded by lovely lawns, shrubbery, and trees. In the charming garden were thousands of rhododendrons and all the new shrubs and trees lately introduced from China, and at one time there were Cherokee roses from South Carolina, though he said he had never been able to grow them in New York.

The first thing I saw when I went into the parlor was my father's miniature and a little drawing of *Danskammer* by Wheatfield. I wonder if the latter is still in existence. (Not long before his death Mr. Maitland sent me the miniature, and two large silver pitchers that my mother had given him; they have stood on my sideboard ever since.)

Mr. Maitland's dinners were as good as they had always

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been in New York, and every evening after family prayers, which were attended by all the servants, the butler would bring in a silver tray, with Scotch whiskey, sugar, and lemons for a "night-cap." I was interested in seeing in the stables the chestnut mare, Jessie Morland, now very old, sired by Sir Henry and raised by my father at Danskammer, which Mr. Maitland had taken to Scotland. He told me that he had had more than a dozen fine colts from her, some of which had been on the turf, and that he kept her as a memento of some of the happiest days of his life.

His game-preserve was magnificent, a great moor, purple with heather, through which ran the River Dee. As one walked about grouse would rise under one's feet. In the month of June when I was there quantities of pheasants were setting under the shrubbery in the lawns and gardens, so tame that Mr. Maitland could lift them up while they were on their nests and examine the eggs. Scattered over the moor we saw the graves of the old Covenanters, whose names were preserved by "Old Mortality's" faithful chisel.

"Gray, recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places;
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep and homes of the silent vanished races
And winds austere and pure."

The scene of "Guy Mannering," also, was laid near Barcaple, in the ocean caves. I saw Campbell's beech-tree—"Woodman, spare that tree"—still standing in the garden of one of Mr. Maitland's friends, Mr. "Watty" McCullough, and another day we went to Lord Selkirk's place, St. Mary's Isle, and took afternoon tea with the family. They showed us the silver on the table, which was the same tea-set that John Paul Jones had stolen on one of his raids; his father had been a gardener on the

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Selkirks' place. Lady Selkirk said that the tea-leaves were still in the teapot when he returned it, as it had been picked up from the table when they were at tea. (Perhaps I ought not to speak of it as stealing, for he did return it!)

On Sunday we went to the Established Church. The kirk had a two-story pulpit, in the upper part of which the minister held forth, while in the lower the precentor was stationed with a tuning-fork and set the tunes for the hymns and psalms. They had a canny arrangement for saving time. After the morning service and sermon were over, we had a recess and went out into the graveyard to eat our lunches, which we had brought with us; then we went back into the church and had another service and sermon, in this way saving a long drive. But it was a pretty wearisome performance.

One Sunday morning in Scotland I was sketching, sitting out in a field by myself some distance from the highway, when a party of men on their way to church happened to pass along the road. They stopped and watched me for some time; then an oldish man climbed laboriously over the fence and, crossing the field to me, said: "Young man, do you know that you are breaking the Sabbath?" I said: "What business is it of yours?" He said: "It's my business to warn you of the error of your ways." I answered ungratefully that he would probably celebrate the Sabbath by getting drunk, and after looking at me a moment in sour silence he went back to his friends.

Mr. Maitland took me to Caley, one of the most beautiful places in Scotland, belonging to Murray Stewart, but I enjoyed most of all my visits to Stewart Maitland, my godfather's nephew, who lived near by. Mrs. Stewart Maitland was an American, a Miss Lynch from New York, daughter of Dominick Lynch, and an intimate friend of

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my mother, who was godmother to one of the girls. Their house was modern, but there was an old ruin on the place, Compstone Castle, after which it was named. They were all so hospitable that I spent day after day at their house with their large family of children, and had the time of my life. We went on delightful picnics, often to bathe in the sea at a place called Burn-foot. I remember I carried little David into the sea in my arms. He was a baby then, but afterward he was head of the family, and now, if he is still living, he must be a gray-haired man and, alas! all those other dear people have long been in their graves. But it was a happy time to remember and it warms my old heart to recall it.

It was not the shooting-season, but we had splendid walks over the moor, the heather elastic under one's foot. There was fine salmon-fishing in the Dee, but it was not the season for that either, for the dry weather had sent all the salmon to the sea; however, there were certain things that could be killed out of season and Mr. Maitland had a gamekeeper who kept ferrets. So he gave me a gun and I used to walk all over the place with the gamekeeper. He would put one of the ferrets into a rabbit-burrow and presently a rabbit would come kiting out and I would shoot it—ferrets are trained not to attack and eat the rabbits, but only to drive them out of their holes. In a strip of marshy ground we killed several ducks and in an orchard grown up with fern a great hare started up. I remember how long his legs looked as I shot him; he was an enormous one, the first I had ever seen. We took him home and the next day he was served up in hare soup.

Dundrennon Abbey, a magnificent old ruin, belongs to the Maitlands, and there all of the family are buried. My godfather showed me the spot where he was to be buried,

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and doubtless he now lies there—that fine old man with his leonine head, snow-white hair, and ruddy face. Dundrennon was the last house where Mary Queen of Scots stayed on that sad journey to England whence she never returned.

While I was at Mr. Maitland's I went to Kirtleton, my grandfather's old country place in Dumfriesshire. You will remember that Colonel Armstrong was a Scotchman. He was a direct descendant of the much-sung Border chieftain Johnnie Armstrong, executed by James V of Scotland when he undertook to pacify the realm. It was not altogether surprising that he should have begun with my ancestors—the old chronicle says: "The Armestrongges of Liddersdaill had repoorted presumptuously that thay woode not be ordoured, naither by the king of Scottes thair souveraine lorde nor by the king of England, but after suche maner as thaire faders had used afore thayme." Moreover, "the said Armestrongges had avaunted thaymselves to be the destruction of twoe and fifty parisshe churches in Scotteland, beside the unlawful and ungracious attemp-tates by thaym committed withynne Einglande."

So Johnnie and all his men were captured—although he was "als guid ane chiftaine as evir was upoun the borderis and sustained the number of XXIIII weill-horsed gentilmen with him"—and safely hanged on growing trees on the little sandy plateau at Caerlanrig, where no trees grow to-day—the ballads say that it was because of the unjust sentence that the trees withered away. Johnnie's old ruined tower of Gilnockie still stands on the Tweed near Canobie. I made a little drawing of it. I also made a sketch of Kirtleton, when I went there one day to see what the old place was like. It belonged at that time to the Honorable Mrs. Murray, but when my brother Gouv went there in 1871 he found it rented to a farmer named

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Franklin and no longer kept up as a gentleman's place, though the farm was in fine order. Mrs. Franklin was very pleased to see Gouv and gave him a glass of wine. An old sheep-dog greeted him in a friendly way and she remarked that he did not usually speak to strangers, but was wise enough to know that Gouv had a right there.

I met a Doctor Carlisle while I was in Scotland, who lived near Kirtleton and was able to tell me lots of anecdotes about my family, especially a festive old party called "Ned of the Heuck," my grandfather's brother and sheriff of the county. He was once at dinner with his friends when it was announced that the house had taken fire, whereupon he said to his guests: "Let's have another drink, and then go and put out the fire!"

When I left Barcaple Mr. Maitland blew me off to a trip to Edinburgh. He wouldn't let me pay for a single thing, and when I protested he said: "Just think how many times your horses have been to Newburgh for me!" We travelled by stage-coach on top, and Stewart Maitland went with us. On the way we passed Glenae House, a fine place on a hill surrounded by beautiful woods, belonging to the Dalzells, which Mr. Maitland pointed out to me because my grandfather's sister, Anne Armstrong, had married Robert Dalzell. While we were in Edinburgh we dined with Mr. Maitland's brother, who had the title of Lord Barcaple, given him when he was solicitor-general of Scotland; another brother had received the title of Lord Dundrennon after the abbey that belonged to them, but neither title was hereditary. The Maitlands are a distinguished family; the Earl of Lauderdale is head of the house, and Admiral Maitland, who carried Napoleon to exile in St. Helena, was an uncle of my Mr. Maitland.

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Of course I went to Melrose, and while lunching at the inn I met a Mr. Pringle who lived at Galashiels, an elderly gentleman who seemed to take a fancy to me and asked me to go home with him and spend the night. I accepted his invitation and we arrived at his house in time for dinner, and afterward we went out in the long Scottish twilight to a club that he belonged to, where they had a bowling-green, and there on a closely clipped lawn I played my first and last game of bowls with several of his elderly friends. They were interested in me, a young American, and were most kind and hospitable. Later in the evening we all assembled at Mr. Pringle's house, where we gossiped and drank hot whiskey punch and talked about Bobby Burns. Next morning at breakfast I noticed the handsome silver on the table and said jokingly to my host: "You ought not to ask strangers like myself to your house, you might lose your spoons!" We were sitting at a round table, he, his maiden sister, and myself, and at this remark I felt him kick me under the table; evidently he did not want his sister to know that I was a perfect stranger. The Scotch are exceedingly hospitable and I think particularly so to Americans.

After bidding good-by to Mr. Maitland at Edinburgh I took a fine walking trip through the Rob Roy country, stopping at Strath Ire, whence the MacGregors sent out the fiery cross to rouse the clans, and where I made a sketch of Rob Roy's grave and an old ruined cottage near by. I made the acquaintance of an artist sketching at Loch Vail, and took a walk with him, finding him a pleasant fellow from whom I was sorry to part. I learned afterward that he was Noel Paton, a well-known Edinburgh painter. I remember writing to my brother that

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Paton got three or four hundred pounds for his pictures. I fancy I was already hoping to persuade my family that an artist's career was not always a disastrous one.

My walk took several days. The twilights were so long that I could read my guide-book easily at half past nine o'clock, and in the evening I would stop at some quaint little inn, where sometimes I got delicious broiled salmon-steaks for supper, and sometimes oat-cake and whiskey and nothing else whatever. I finished my Scottish experiences with a trip to the Pass of Glencoe. I am told that this sad valley is unchanged after the passing of fifty years.

CHAPTER VII

NEW YORK WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN

"This is the end of town I love the best.

O, lovely the hour of light from the burning west—

Of light that lingers and fades from the shadowy square."

—GILDER.

I heard to-day, 1917, that old Delmonico's, on the corner of Broad and Beaver Streets, was closed; it moved there, I think, in 1846, and I do not remember the time when it was not open and flourishing. It is sad that Delmonico's and Florian's in Venice should both be closing on account of the war. This place of Delmonico's had a flavor of Italy about it because of the marble columns at the corner, which had been brought, it was said, from Pompeii. I believe the original Delmonico brothers had a pastry-shop in William Street in 1828, where the "female members of the family dispensed bonbons, patés and confections," but of the branches in my remembrance the one at Broad and Beaver Streets is the father. They had a "quick-lunch" counter with a fascinating array of tarts, éclairs, and rum-cakes, and it was my favorite lunching-place for years. It was at this Beaver Street place that I took lunch with my dear Gouv the day before I entered college and had such good apple fritters; we had a table on the Beaver Street side.

There used to be a branch in the Stevens House on Broadway near Rector Street; later they had a place in the Grinnells' old house on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, where they had a fine ballroom, and it was here that a famous ball was given—the "Morris and

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Hollins Ball." I remember going to an entertainment there when a collection of pictures was raffled for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair in 1864. All the artists contributed, among others Oliver Stone, who gave a sketch he had made of Miss Helen Neilson, afterward my wife. Mrs. Lewis Rutherford knew a great many of the artists, and when she asked Stone if he would make a sketch for the fair, he said he would if Miss Helen Neilson would sit for him. Mrs. Rutherford was the mother of Stuyvesant Rutherford, who changed his name to Rutherford Stuyvesant when he became Mr. Peter G. Stuyvesant's heir. He got a third of "Uncle Peter's" estate, which included the Bowery farm of old Governor Stuyvesant; Hamilton Fish got another third, and the rest was divided among the other nephews and nieces. Most of this property was on Second Avenue, and I have heard that if "Uncle Peter" had been willing to part with some of his real estate, Second Avenue, at one time a fashionable street, might have been the main avenue of the city instead of Fifth. Stone's picture was won in the raffle by Mr. Walters, of Baltimore. I have often wondered what became of this little portrait of my wife. The Sanitary Fair, which was given to raise money for war relief in the Civil War, was held in Union Square and was a tremendous affair for those days.

It was, I think, in the Chambers Street building, before Delmonico went there, that a murder was committed that made a vast stir at the time, partly because the murderer, Colt, was a member of a well-known family. An "oblong box"—as it was called by the newspapers until the term became a household word—being shipped from New York to New Orleans attracted suspicion because of its odor, and was found to contain a dead body. Colt, whose office was next to that of the murdered man, having been seen through

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a keyhole wiping blood off the floor, was convicted and imprisoned in the Tombs. But the prison took fire, and though a charred body was found in the cell occupied by Colt, it was suggested that this had been substituted for that of Colt and that he had escaped, but it was never proved. Judge William Kent was the presiding judge at the trial, and I believe that when the skull of the murdered man was brought into court, Judge Kent was so horrified that he resigned his position, dreading a like experience again. I am writing all this after the lapse of so many years that the details may not be quite correct.

Another *cause célèbre*, so to speak, in society, was the murder in 1850 of Doctor Parkman by Professor Webster, both belonging to excellent Boston families. My wife and I were once at a dinner in Rome when this murder was mentioned, and it was found that two of the guests, Mrs. Van Schaick and Arthur Dexter, were relations, the one of Parkman, the other of Webster. Webster, who was professor of chemistry at Harvard, killed Parkman in the college laboratory, because he got tired of being dunned by him for some money he had lent him. "He called me a scoundrel and a liar, and went on heaping on me the most bitter taunts and most opprobrious epithets." He killed him with a stick of wood, cut up his body, and succeeded in burning most of the remains in the laboratory, except the teeth. I remember a detail almost too disgusting to repeat—the janitor of the college was an important witness, because he had discovered blood-stains on Webster's floor by industriously *tasting* all the likely spots he could find in the building!

An interesting letter describing the trial, from Bishop Eastburn to John Neilson, my wife's father, shows the intense feeling at the time.

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"When at last the tidings came," he writes, "that he was to die upon the gallows, it quite overcame me. Nothing that we know of in the annals of crime exceeds it, considering all the circumstances. Being favored by the officers with one of the best places I have attended the trial through as great a portion of it as my duties would allow. It was an awful scene, witnessed by a dense and excited crowd of the most distinguished persons of all professions. Webster preserved through the whole a calmness which was anything but favorable to him, and when the Chief Justice asked him if he had anything to say before he delivered his charge he made a few remarks which affected everybody with the most perfect conviction of his guilt. He was hard, cold, vapid, empty; and his profession of confidence 'in his innocence and in his God' only strengthened the evidence which the trial had brought out against him. It was an awful spectacle.

"What a singular event in the course of Providence that the very teeth which Dr. Parkman had had made in order that he might be present at the opening of the Medical College, for which he gave the ground, should convict his murderer. The utter feebleness of acquisition without principle was very eloquently put by the Attorney General and illustrated by reference to Eugene Aram and Dr. Dodd."

Doctor Eastburn, Bishop of Massachusetts, was the leader of the "Low Church" party; they say that when Upjohn, the architect, built the Church of the Ascension in New York he wanted a chancel such as is usually seen in Gothic churches, but Doctor Eastburn, at that time the rector, insisted on its being shallow, so that there "would be no room for High Church doings."

Bishop Eastburn, in another letter from Boston, speaks

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of seeing Thackeray when he was in this country in 1852. "I had last Sunday a distant view of the distingué Mr. Thackeray in Trinity Church. He is a rough, bluff-looking man. The other evening at the Melodian Mr. James, the novelist, delivered a eulogy on the Duke of Wellington; he made a most prodigious failure. There were 1500 present." A little later he writes: "We have had a nice treat in Mr. Thackeray's lectures. His pathos is fully equal to his humor, and his elocution so perfect—being English! Our young lads and soi-disant orators, who 'saw the air with their hands' may learn from him that eloquence is not in paws and elbows but in the intonations of the voice. His recitation of Addison's 'Soon as the evening shades prevail' was charming."

Dickens made a great sensation when he came to America in 1867. Of course, like everybody else, I went to hear him read, but I do not remember being particularly impressed; he did not read well and was rather common looking. When he made his first visit here in 1842 I was too small to remember him, but there is an amusing paragraph in an old letter of my Aunt Margaret Salter's to the commodore.

"I heard from George Elliot that Foster went to the Boz Ball and was delighted. There were 3000 persons there. He says it was the chief topic of conversation everywhere beforehand and the result quite fulfilled their expectations. It was repeated the next evening. When Boz and his wife entered people filed off each side and let him walk up the middle of the room. They say that 28,000 stewed oysters were eaten that evening, and 10,000 pickled, 4000 kisses, 6000 mottoes, and 50 hams and 50 tongues. I am afraid at this rate oysters will become scarce!"

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A little later she writes: "The Boz mania seems to be subsiding in New York. He has been quite sick and has refused all public entertainments in Philadelphia—he says he wants to shake hands with the Americans in their homes. The poor man must be tired shaking hands and going to balls and parties."

I remember well an old New York character, Captain Labouche, famous for his great age. He used to go regularly to the Church of the Ascension, and as he was deaf he had a chair placed for him at the head of the aisle and made his responses in a very loud, squeaky voice. He had been a soldier of Napoleon. When he reached his hundredth year some of his friends subscribed to a fund to give him a yearly income, thinking, of course, that it would not be for very long, but he lasted ten years more. Strange to say, he was addicted to the use of opium and had gradually increased his dose of laudanum until he was able to take half a tumblerful; at a dinner given in his honor, when they drank his health, he responded in his favorite beverage.

This old gentleman, however, was a youngster compared to an ancient inhabitant of Fishkill, Engelburt Hoff, a Norwegian, a tenant of the Verplancks, whose age is vouched for by the most reputable authorities. He lived to be one hundred and twenty-eight. *The Gentleman's Magazine* of London mentions his death and age at Fishkill, in 1765, and adds that he had been one of the Life Guards of William III. He distinctly remembered hearing of the news of the execution of Charles I when he was ploughing a field in Norway.

There used to be an old Frenchman about Marlborough, not so very long ago, who was called "Waterloo Frank" for the odd reason that he had been born on the retreat from Moscow.

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A tragedy of the time I am recalling, about 1858, was the death of Lawrence Waterbury's little daughter Kitty, a child of thirteen, who was a great friend of Helen Neilson's. Mr. Robert Roosevelt, the President's uncle, came one day to the Waterbury place on the Sound to invite the family to go out for a sail, but finding them all gone to a fair he took with him Kitty and her governess, I think named Miss Cherrytree. It got rather rough and his two guests went down in the cabin; suddenly a squall struck the little boat and she went over. Being on deck, Mr. Roosevelt and his man were saved, but the two in the cabin were lost, for the door was fast closed by a wave.

About 1860 Mr. Daniel Le Roy built a house in West Twenty-third Street near Fifth Avenue, and at the same time Mrs. Neilson, my wife's mother, bought a lot from Stuyvesant Rutherford, 237 East Seventeenth Street, on Stuyvesant Square, and built a house that cost over fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Le Roy's house was smaller and not nearly so fine as the Neilsons', but about 1870 he sold his house for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the Neilsons' house was sold for forty-seven thousand five hundred—another instance of the changes in values of New York real estate. Mrs. Daniel Le Roy was my wife's aunt, a charming and extremely dignified old lady, but I believe in her youth she had been exceedingly sentimental. They say that when she was a young girl she once made some currant jelly, and being in a pensive mood she wrote on the labels of the jars, "this was made by poor Susan," as she felt sure she was doomed to an early death. As a matter of fact, she lived to a fine old age.

Mr. Hamilton Fish, my wife's uncle, remembered many interesting things about New York, and when I went to see him, as I often did, in his house on Stuyvesant Square,

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on the corner of Seventeenth Street and Second Avenue, I liked to get him talking about those old times. I once told him that he ought to get some good writer to come and talk to him, so that his reminiscences might be preserved, and he said he had often thought of doing so, but unluckily he never did.

Mr. Fish went to a school kept by Mr. Bancel, and an excellent school he said it was. Mr. Bancel was a kind man who sometimes played marbles with him and the other boys. In his old age Mr. Fish still seemed really flattered and pleased at the honor that Mr. Bancel had done him in playing marbles with him.

Mrs. Fish's sister, Mrs. Griffin, was also a most agreeable person to talk to about old times. She was an efficient member of the Sanitary Commission in the Civil War, which was the Red Cross of that day, and when young was considered quite advanced in her views; she was actually a friend of Doctor Elizabeth Blackwell and her sister Emily, the first women doctors in this country, and was once reproved by a member of her family for allowing her step-daughter, Mary Griffin, to wait in the carriage outside their house while she went in to call—"a young lady should not even have been *seen outside* the house of such persons!" Nevertheless, in her old age Mrs. Griffin was an anti-suffragist and abhorred telephones. (I have always been a little impatient with people who think that women ought not to vote.)

The Honorable Charles Sumner was once staying at the Fishs' house at Garrisons when I was there; he was an old friend of the family and a tremendous talker, accustomed to holding forth at great length and having every one listen with deference and in silence—though Mr. Fish was a good talker himself. We were at dinner, and Mr.

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Sumner began telling us all the details of Lincoln's death, at which he had been present, relating it circumstantially and impressively. Gradually he worked up to the most dramatic point in his story—when Mrs. Lincoln threw her arms around her husband and cried in heart-rending tones, "Live, ah live!—Live, ah live!" It was in the evening and the lamps were lighted on the table and the windows were open—we were all listening in breathless silence, a silence interrupted by a piercing shriek from Edith Fish—she had found a June bug entangled in her hair, and Mr. Sumner's dramatic climax was completely spoiled, much to his disgust.

One of the best mayors New York ever had, Mr. Smith Ely, was an old friend of Mr. Fish's. He was intelligent and agreeable, and I have had many interesting talks with him at the Century Club. He told me he had known Mr. Fish for many years, ever since the time that he was a young man in Mr. de Peyster's law office, and had always so admired him that although a Democrat himself he always voted for Mr. Fish whenever he ran for office. Mr. Ely was a very rich man, but he once told me that he never kept any accounts except his check-book. He was a bachelor and lived not far from the Century Club, and every day after his dinner he would stop at a little ice-cream saloon in Sixth Avenue for his dessert of ice-cream.

Mr. Ely told me an interesting anecdote about Daniel Webster. A well-known man gave an evening reception for him; the many distinguished guests all assembled, an hour or so went by, but still Mr. Webster did not arrive. After an uneasy interval, a servant whispered to the host that some one wished to see him at the door; he went out and found Mr. Webster in a carriage with several other gentlemen; he had been dining and was then so much over-

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come that he was unable to speak, in fact, he was quite insensible. A gentleman who knew him well, suggested that if a tumbler of raw brandy and cracked ice were administered to him he would soon be all right. Sure enough, as soon as he began to "suck on it," as Mr. Ely expressed it, he began to revive and by the time he had drunk the whole glass he was quite himself and went into the house. All the guests were presented to him and he appeared to be his usual self, and the whole affair passed off without further difficulty.

When Daniel Webster visited England, the English were much impressed by him. Some great man said of him, "that every word he uttered weighed a pound," and another that he "looked like a cathedral." My brother Gouv once heard him speak at Poughkeepsie, and was tremendously struck by his splendid address. But he knew just *when* to use his powers of oratory. I have heard that he was once engaged in a very important case, with eminent counsel opposed to him—it may have been Rufus Choate—the question was in regard to a patent on some car-wheels, and the wheels were brought into court. The counsel on the other side made a long and eloquent speech, explaining the whole case thoroughly and ending with an impassioned appeal. When Webster got up he merely pointed to the wheels and said in his grandest manner, "Gentlemen of the jury, there are the wheels!" and without another word sat down. He won the case.

I can remember Mrs. Daniel Webster well. She was an aunt of the Robert Morris girls, and I used to see her at their house, where she was always known as "Aunt Webster." She was also an aunt of Mrs. Newbold Edgar, who was a Miss Appleton of Boston. This Mrs. Edgar was a handsome woman and very attractive, and was at the Mor-

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riser' a great deal. "Aunt Webster" was a tall, stern old lady—she was then a widow—the kind with whom one never felt quite at ease, but she was polite to me and once asked me to a dinner party.

A well-known figure on Broadway about 1860 was Walt Whitman. I often used to see him, generally on the west side of Broadway near City Hall Park. He was a great walker, a large shaggy man, wearing a loose shirt open in front with no cravat, showing his hairy breast. He would stop often at the corners and gaze at the sky. At this time nearly every young lady in New York wore a bright-blue silk dress, of the shade called mazarine, a scarlet camel's-hair shawl, and a white bonnet; it was really absurd to look about a church and see dozens of girls all dressed alike. Of course, all wore hoops. This was also the era of the horrid little green caterpillars we called "measuring worms," dangling on webs from the trees, so that it was impossible to walk along the street without having them drop all over one. Many of the trees in New York were cut down at this time in an attempt to get rid of the pest, and the disagreeable little English sparrow was imported for the express purpose of eating up the worms. The remedy was worse than the disease.

In those days the place to get good chocolate was at Effray's on Broadway and Ninth Street. It must have been about 1880 that Huyler opened a little shop on Broadway near Seventeenth Street, where at first they only sold plain candy, such as toffee and butter-scotch; they had a liberal way of keeping the candy uncovered on the counter (customers were expected to munch a little while waiting for their packages), which was most attractive to the young. It was a good advertisement and there was much lamentation when the custom after some years was given up. In 1880

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Dean was just across the street from this place of Huyler's; they had in their window a "make-believe" mould of wine jelly made of amber glass, much admired by my children. I think that at first it was displayed in the window of their new place on Fifth Avenue, but I have not seen it there for some time. The wedding-cake when I was married was made by Dean, and for old times' sake we ordered some cake from there when my wife and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Day in 1916.

I well remember the excitement over the prize-fight between Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer, though I did not see it myself. Sullivan was a celebrated English prize-fighter, and came to America with a great reputation. Hyer was a native of Newburgh, a young and somewhat inexperienced man, but known to possess fighting ability. The betting among sporting men was very heavy and the excitement and interest throughout the whole country was intense. They had great difficulty in selecting the ground, for then as now it was against the law, and the police were following them around determined to stop it. However, they finally outwitted the police and the fight took place. Hyer immediately outclassed his opponent and won easily. A friend of mine, Mr. Marrin, attended the battle, and he told me that each time that Hyer struck Sullivan the blood flew out in a spray all over the prize-ring.

I saw the Prince of Wales when he arrived in New York in 1860. I was stationed in a window up-stairs in Broadway just below Fulton Street. He was a slight, pretty, boyish figure. The next time I saw him, he was driving with the Princess of Wales at the Ascot races in 1869, and I often saw him in Paris in 1878, an elderly fine-looking man, always wearing the decoration of the Legion of Honor when he was in Paris.

In the winter of 1863, I was boarding in Thirty-third

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Street near Fifth Avenue, when I was taken very ill with pleurisy and a touch of pneumonia. As soon as the Robert Morris family heard of my illness they insisted upon my going to their house, on the northwest corner of Thirteenth Street and University Place—the house is still there but fallen from its high estate. I was invited to stay as long as I liked, in fact, until I was well. I had grown very intimate with the Morrises and felt at home there, so I accepted their generous invitation with alacrity. The family consisted of Mr. Robert Morris, one of the sweetest-tempered men I have ever known, his son Edgar, and three daughters, Kate, Cornelia, and Nellie. Kate had just been married to Henry Delafield Phelps, a college friend of mine at Trinity.

They were all heavenly kind; no one could have been sweeter or more devoted than they were to me. I went right to bed as soon as I arrived, and lay there for many weeks. I had a small room on the third floor looking out on Thirteenth Street; the wall-paper had a fixed pattern on it and I remember how I used to count those spots, lying in bed, across and back again over and over, until I was too weak to do it any more. When I got better I would look out of the window into Thirteenth Street and watch the careless passers-by and wonder if I should ever again like them walk the streets a well man. But there were also very pleasant hours. Not only were the Morrises so good to me, but other friends were kind and sent me all sorts of good things and flowers, so that I can look back on those weeks of illness with real pleasure. I often look up as I pass through East Thirteenth Street, and I can still see the window of my little room where I was so ill, but, through the friendship and kindness of those dear people, so happy. Alas, all of them are gone now!

University Place was then a handsome street, mostly

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occupied by fine private houses all the way down to Washington Square. Mr. James de Peyster lived on the same block with the Morrisises; Mr. William H. Aspinwall had a handsome house and gallery of paintings of the old masters on the corner of Tenth Street; Mr. James Brown was on the corner of Eleventh Street; James Renwick, the architect of Grace Church, lived there, and so did the Emmets; lower down were the New York University and the Union Theological Seminary. Gus Schermerhorn's house, next to the Society Library, is almost the only one left there now.

The Goelet house on the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth Street was swept away only a few years ago; there are many people who remember the brown house, very dreary-looking in its latter days, standing back from the street in a neglected garden, where pheasants were sometimes to be seen, and often a cow trying to get a little pleasure out of the dusty grass.

Doctor George Elliot, my doctor, was a delightful fellow and charming companion; I think I owe my life to him, for he was one of the then new school and treated me with great skill. He used to stay with us at Danskammer, and I remember that we always gave him one of the two rooms on either side of the front door, for the windows had black-walnut shutters on the inside, and he liked to close them at night to keep out the sound of the crowing cocks. The father of George and Daniel Giraud Elliot was a member of the firm of Foster, Elliot and Company, of 65 South Street, established in the latter part of the eighteenth century. They were old-time merchants, owning their own ships and often carrying their own cargoes; one of their ships was named the *Rebecca* after Mrs. Elliot.

Gus Van Cortlandt was a cousin of the Morrisises—his

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father had changed his name from Morris to Van Cortlandt—and he was in and out of my room all the time. As he was then studying medicine, he was much interested in my case. He was a rough, hearty fellow who had been a sailor for a time, and who retained a loud seaman's voice. Without consulting Doctor Elliot, he conceived the idea that a blister on my side would be good for me, so I allowed him to put on an enormous blister and keep it there until there was a swelling like a great bladder, which so much disturbed Doctor Elliot that he positively forbade Gus ever to prescribe for me again.

I must have been at the Morrises' from Christmas time until the spring. I was practising law when I was taken ill, and my long illness was a great interruption. Just before, I had conducted and settled a case in favor of Mr. Samuel Bowne against the Staten Island Dyeing Company. It was for diverting the water from a spring on Mr. Bowne's place, and for my services I had received a fee of four hundred dollars, a nice wad to pay my doctor's bill.

In June, after leaving the Morrises, I went for a long visit to the Bancroft Davises, who had rented our Danskammer house and were living there. I had a nice saddle-horse to ride in the morning, and when I came in about eleven they made me drink cream; then I would go out in the garden with Mrs. Davis, armed with a pair of garden shears and a basket, and we would cut roses along the wide, old-fashioned garden walk.

Once when I was staying with the Davises, it may have been this time, Miss Cochrane, a relation of Mrs. Davis and a charming girl, was staying there also. She had beautiful hair, which I remember particularly because of an odd little incident. One evening, sitting on the porch in the twilight, we all got talking about bats, speculating

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idly whether it were true that they sometimes became entangled in women's hair. Miss Cochrane must have gone to bed with her mind running on bats, for during the night she had a bad dream, and in her sleep she got a pair of scissors and cut off one of her two beautiful long braids of hair. You can imagine her consternation the next morning.

Mrs. Davis was one of the loveliest and most cultivated women I have ever known. She was withal a great lady. Her mother was Miss Gracie, and her father, James G. King, a distinguished citizen of New York. He was one of three brothers, all educated in England, one of whom was the Governor of New York and the other, Charles King, was president of Columbia College. Some years ago I designed and built a monument for the King family, a boulder on their old family place in Massachusetts, on which was fastened a large bronze tablet bearing the names of all the distinguished members of the family. It was an imposing list.

Bancroft Davis went to Danskammer for his health—he had broken down from overwork and was supposed to have only one lung, but country life completely restored him. The Davises were much given to hospitality and kept open house at Danskammer, liking it there so much that later they bought land from us, and Richard Hunt built them a beautiful house in the style of Fontainebleau, costing about a hundred thousand dollars. This lovely place, "o'erlooking the tranquil bay," was afterward sold to the Rose Brick Company, and has now entirely disappeared—all made into bricks! One of Richard Hunt's most successful houses is the gray Vanderbilt house on the corner of Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue—I wonder how many of the passers-by have noticed the little figure of Hunt himself, as "Master Builder," perched on one of

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the pinnacles. The paving stones of the sidewalk in front of this house and of the two brownstone Vanderbilt houses on the block below are the largest in New York—I dare say in the world.

After graduating at Harvard, Mr. Davis went as secretary of legation to London, and then into partnership with Judge Kent, Dorman B. Eaton, and Henry E. Tailer, who were then engaged in a very large law business. He was also correspondent of the *London Times* in New York for years. When he retired and went to live in Newburgh, he was found to be so public-spirited and useful in the neighborhood that they sent him to the New York Legislature, and from there he was selected by Hamilton Fish to be his assistant-secretary of state and later was appointed minister to Berlin. He was the American agent who conducted the case for the Alabama Claims before the Geneva Tribunal, and later in life was judge of the Court of Claims in Washington and reporter of the Supreme Court.

The firm of Kent, Eaton, and Kent—later Eaton, Davis, and Tailer—was an important one. They were all notable men. Dorman B. Eaton was a fine lawyer and a public-spirited man, very active in the prosecution of the Tweed ring and in the matter of Jay Gould. He so excited the enmity of these people that he was attacked and sand-bagged in the street, and was so badly injured that he never fully recovered.

Henry E. Tailer, another partner, was a handsome and delightful fellow, a great friend of mine. He had a really beautiful face, although he had lost an eye. It happened when he was a boy living in a basement house on the south side of Washington Square—I think it was number 48, which was removed when Sullivan Street was opened. Tailer was standing in the street in front of his house when

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a rowdy boy passing by insulted him and they had a fight. Some masons happened to be mixing some quicklime near by, and the rowdy picked up a handful of lime and thrust it in his face and blinded him in one eye for life. Jim Morris was in Tailer's class at college, and he told me that Tailer could see more with his one eye than any other boy with two; he graduated at the head of the class.

Eaton, Davis, and Tailer had much important business. Among other things they were counsel for the Erie Railway, which had gone into the hands of a receiver, and they managed the whole matter of reconstruction and putting the road on its feet. The stock got as low as five dollars a share, and the firm knew positively that it would rise enormously as soon as the affairs were settled, but they did not think it right to buy any stock, because of the confidential relation they held to the road. They all had high ideals.

Old Daniel Drew was a client of theirs. He was a power in Wall Street at that time and made an enormous fortune, all of which I believe he afterward lost. He was a funny-looking, shabby, shambling old man, something between a Methodist parson and a broken-down farmer, and never gave any appearance of wealth. He had begun life as a drover and in early times used to drive herds of cattle down to Carthage Landing, opposite Danskammer. Drovers in those days did not use banks, but kept all their money in their pockets in a huge roll called a wad.

I studied law for a year in the office of Eaton, Davis, and Tailer at 45 Wall Street. Judge Kent had formerly been a member of the firm, when it was Kent, Davis, and Kent. The first day that I entered the office he took me into the law library and handed me a book, saying, "Begin on that." It was the first volume of Kent's Commentaries,

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written by his father, Chancellor Kent. Judge Kent made me his secretary to take notes for the cases in which he was referee, and this was a good and interesting experience for a young man, as many distinguished men argued cases before him. Judge Kent had a private room for his references and shared it with a grave Spanish don, a lawyer, who was seldom there. This gentleman had adorned his walls with two vile landscapes, sunsets. In those days men were often to be seen in the streets with pairs of such pictures, all painted in the same way by the hundred, usually sunsets, which they sold for five dollars apiece, including the frames. Such were these landscapes. I had a fellow student about my age, named Newell, and we played many pranks with the don's furniture and pictures. We took large red notarial seals and improved the sunsets by pasting them in and adding long rays of white chalk to represent the setting sun. Newell was a bright, amusing fellow, and after hours we used to have fine wrestling matches. He afterward distinguished himself by marrying the notorious Adah Isaacs Menken, an actress especially well known in her famous part of Mazeppa. I once saw her in this play. She had a beautiful figure and in the great scene she was bound on the back of a fiery black steed, "a Tartar of the Ukraine breed," and dashed across the desert landscape, clad in flesh-colored tights. She excited much admiration! This actress had a picturesque career; I believe she took "Mazeppa" all over the world. Her matrimonial history was equally varied. She began by marrying Mr. Menken; then she became the wife of Heenan, the prize-fighter, and was divorced; later she married my friend Newell and was separated from him; and ended, they say, by fascinating the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

I had a great admiration for Judge Kent, and it was

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because he was one of the Whig presidential electors that I cast my first vote for Bell and Everett in 1860. I remember that Judge Davies, who also lived at Fishkill, said to Judge Kent at this time that he was sorry that he was an elector on that ticket and Judge Kent replied: "Speaking after the manner of men, I don't care a damn!" The Davies pew in church was directly in front of the Kents', the two judges sitting one behind the other, much to the annoyance of Judge Kent, who remarked that it worried him because Judge Davies made the responses so slowly that in the Creed, when everybody else was "ascending into heaven," Judge Davies was still "descending into hell."

I was in New York during the Draft Riots in 1863. I came up-town on a stage the afternoon of the first day they began. As the stage neared Houston Street we were horrified to see a colored man chased by a great crowd of people running frantically down the street. He caught the bus just in the nick of time, burst open the door and flung himself in, his face streaming with blood and his clothes half torn off his back. The stage drove on at once and he escaped. Colored people all through the city were in the greatest danger. Edward Ketchum, a friend of mine living on Madison Avenue, had a colored butler in his house who had been threatened, and the Ketchums were afraid that some of the Irish, who were the chief offenders, would attack the house. So several of Ketchum's friends, myself among the number, sat up all night watching, armed with revolvers, but nothing happened. The Irish got up this riot. They objected violently to the draft—they don't like fighting as much as they think they do—and insisted, with their usual logic, that the negroes were responsible as the war was being fought to set them free.

I was living at this time in Thirty-third Street near

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Fifth Avenue. I heard that the Colored Orphan Asylum on Fifth Avenue was on fire and hurried up there to see if I could do anything, but when I arrived there was nothing left but smoking ruins. As I walked back down Fifth Avenue, near the corner of Twenty-ninth Street I saw a mob of toughs who had burned and looted a house near by and were carrying off their spoils; a ruffian in a red shirt, open at the neck and smeared with blood, had a rosewood table as his prize, and another of the gang was carrying the marble top of the table on his head. A friend told me he saw the books from Mr. Choate's library scattered all about the streets. Just across the street from this crowd walked a dozen policemen. As they got directly opposite the mob, they suddenly turned, ran across the Avenue, each policeman seized a rioter by his collar and began belaboring him over the head with his club. In a moment the crowd had abandoned the booty and before you could say Jack Robinson the street was clear—I never saw a neater piece of work. I found the whole block front on Broadway between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets on fire. The buildings were two-story wooden affairs and the rioters had broken in, built fires on the floors, and burned the whole block down.

The next day I was standing on the corner of Park Place and Broadway, watching a crowd of people gathering in front of the Tribune Building. Park Place was almost empty, except for a dray waiting at the corner without a driver, a whip lying on the floor of the dray. Suddenly the crowd burst into loud shouting and a negro man came flying across the City Hall Park with a crowd of about a hundred men—they seemed a thousand—close after him. He caught sight of the dray, leaped into it, snatched up the whip, laid it furiously across the horse's back, uttered a wild yell, and lashing the horse into a gallop outdistanced

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his pursuers and disappeared down College Place. If he had been caught he would doubtless have been strung up to a lamp-post, as so many poor negroes were in those terrible days.

Any one, even a clergyman or doctor, seen with a negro was in danger. They tell of a colored man trying in vain to find a clergyman who would bury his dead child, until some one said: "There is a little parson named Dix who isn't afraid of anything, you might try him," and Doctor Dix came up to the scratch. In fact, Doctor Dix's friends said he rather enjoyed driving to the cemetery with the colored family, at the risk of his life.

All law and order were abolished—awful crowds of horrible-looking men thronged the streets—for several days the city was in a state of anarchy as in the time of the French Revolution. All the militia were at the front and no troops were available, but at last, in about three days, some soldiers came, the Seventh Regiment among them, and order was restored. Doctor Stuyvesant Morris was in the Seventh at that time, and he told me that as they marched through the streets they were sniped at from the windows and brickbats were thrown at them; it was pretty dangerous, but he said he did not mind the danger so much as a large rent he got in the seat of his trousers. Some cavalry also appeared and tethered their horses in Union Square amid bales of hay and other fodder scattered over the ground, until it quite looked like a beleaguered city.

The following letter, written at this time from the front to Miss Neilson, is curiously interesting:

" . . . The scarcity of news has left me no alternative but to wait until something occurred worthy of note.

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I have waited. Something has occurred, and I will proceed at once to make you acquainted with the main facts in the case. The country about Columbus does not at this time harbour any part of the Rebel Army, but is infested by gangs of '*Cut throat Guerrillas*,' who never lose an opportunity of plundering and murdering all who fall in their path; and not content with killing, perform all manner of Barbarities upon their victims, such as cutting off hands and heads.

"Not being in favor of such cruelties, and knowing that if we submitted to them, we were never sure of our lives, I determined to pay them off in their own coin. I am not naturally a 'bloody-minded' man, but I think that a determined course of action often saves many lives. Finding that one of the most notorious leaders, named Forbes, had been bushwhacking some of our men, I determined to make an example of him which his brother murderers would not soon forget. To make a short story, I sought Forbes, found him, put a bullet through his skull, and then!!! now don't faint, *cut his head off!!!* and carried it back to Columbus, where I was hailed with joy for delivering the Country of such a *pest*. The General commanding thanked me, and all our officers likewise, and all agreed if others had followed my example, bushwhacking had ceased long ago. I am to have my vignette taken in my Butternut dress which I use in scouting, with some of my Blood hounds, and will send you one."

I was still living in Thirty-third Street when I heard very early one morning the dreadful news of Lincoln's assassination. One could hardly realize it was true until one went out into the street and black began to grow upon the houses—there did not seem to be one that was not

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shrouded in mourning. Indeed such Copperheads as refused to display any signs of grief were in danger of having their windows broken. I never saw anything like it—the sorrow was almost universal, the feeling bitter and intense. I heard of an old farmer driving back from Newburgh, meeting a Copperhead, and telling him that Lincoln had been killed. The traitor said, "I'm glad of it," whereupon the old farmer leaped out of his wagon, attacked the other man, and nearly killed him. But this sort of thing was the exception. People who had hated Lincoln seemed all at once to come to their senses and realize what manner of man it was that they had been vilifying. It is almost impossible at the present time to believe the kind of things that Lincoln's enemies used to say about him, even more absurd than the things Wilson's enemies say to-day. A specimen is a paragraph in an old letter of 1861—"What can be said for Lincoln now, after his flight by night disguised in a Scotch cap, to escape assassination at Baltimore, on the faith of that old driveller Scott?" (How funny Lincoln would have looked in a Scotch cap, if this tale had been true!) I am thankful to say that I have had the sense always to admire both Lincoln and Wilson, though I failed to vote for Lincoln the first time—a lifelong regret.

I suppose it is pretty much forgotten that President Andrew Jackson once had an attempt made on his life. Mr. Murray, my father's friend of whom I have spoken in a previous chapter, happened to be in Washington soon after and was told all about it. It seems the President was attending the funeral of a member of Congress when an insane man only a few feet away fired at him twice, using two pistols, as he stood under the portico of the Capitol. But each time the pistol missed fire. After the man had been secured, the pistols were carefully examined—both

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were new and both were properly loaded with ball and powder, yet both caps had been exploded without igniting the charge! The bystanders told Mr. Murray that the old soldier never flinched but went straight for the assassin with a stout stick he always carried, and would doubtless have finished him off single-handed if he had been alone.

In 1864 I bought a thoroughbred mare that I named Lucile, as Owen Meredith's poem was then my favorite. I paid seven hundred dollars for her, which was a great price for me, in fact the most I ever paid for a horse; but she was a beautiful mare, although scarcely broken. I took her to Tallman's stable, corner of Broadway and Thirty-eighth Street, where I kept her for two years and completed her education by riding her out over the pavements to Central Park and exercising and training her there until I got her thoroughly broken to the saddle. But she was a hard one to manage, and frequently ran away with me in the park. One day she started near the reservoir and ran down near the pond where they used to keep swans; there is a rather sharp turn there and she was going so fast that I could not bring her round the turn, so I kept straight on over the remains of a wire fence lying coiled up in the bushes, in which she caught her feet and dragged the whole thing out into the driving road, but she did not get me off. She was a bay, sixteen hands high and beautifully made, one of the handsomest horses I have ever seen. I sold her after two years for five hundred dollars to a wine merchant, who was so pleased at getting her that he gave John, my groom at Tallman's, a box of wine as a present. He had bought her for his son, who could not ride her however, and I believe was thrown. But she never got me off her back through all my experience with her, though I rode her nearly every day for two years.

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Freelance was another horse of whom I think with affection. He was a thoroughbred two-year-old, by imported Babrownie, that I bought at auction at Jerome Park for three hundred dollars. I did not attempt to ride him until he was three, when I took him to Tallman's stable, where they had a back lot for exercising. I don't know whether he had been ridden before or not, but he gave no evidence of having been broken at all and would buck-jump all over the lot, but in a little while he sobered down and I got him perfectly broken. I taught him to jump, and he jumped well and he was very fast. I rode him at Jerome Park in several races, carrying one hundred and fifty pounds—these were called "welter weights." When I went to Rome I had to dispose of him, so I left him with Will Crosby to sell for me and he sold him to John Minton for two hundred dollars; he was then five years old, fifteen hands high, and a perfect saddle-horse to my taste.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish celebrated their Golden Wedding, December 15, 1886, and had a reception in their house on Stuyvesant Square. I remember at this reception I met Gouverneur Morris, of Morrisania—not the young writer of that name but his grandfather—and he told me a characteristic anecdote of Doctor Richard Morris of Westchester, who was fond of practical jokes. Doctor Morris met Gouverneur and asked him if he would like a quarter of beef; of course he said he would. "Well then," said Doctor Morris, "drive out to my place to-morrow and I'll give you one." So the next day Gouverneur appeared at the Morris house and "Uncle Richard" took him out into a field and pointing to a dead cow lying there said: "There's your quarter of beef, she died yesterday, help yourself."

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"Uncle Richard" was a splendid old gentleman, a good sport. He always kept a barrel of whiskey in the cellar, and he had a fine flock of game-cocks as well as trotting horses and bull-terriers. The doctor owned a celebrated trotting mare Stella, whose grave in Westchester is still marked with a stone and whose portrait used to be well known in a colored engraving published by Currier of Nassau Street, of "Stella and Whalebone," a matched pair of trotters, making record time. He had a famous bull-terrier named Terror, who once dashed at me from under his chair, as I was crossing the lawn to speak to the doctor, and fastened his fangs in my leg; luckily he only succeeded in tearing a long strip in my new gray trousers. It was a little embarrassing, as I had only come for a morning call, but one of the girls offered to mend it for me, so I borrowed a pair of nether garments from one of her brothers, and she very deftly mended the rent so that it could hardly be seen.

When the doctor and his brothers, Gus Van Cortlandt and Robert, were just approaching manhood, they went abroad together, and went to Paris and were presented at court. All three of them were very handsome, and greatly resembled the royal family, so much so that this likeness to royalty was much remarked. The King said jokingly to one of them apropos of this likeness, "Was your mother ever in Paris?" but the young man answered naively, "No, sire, but my father was."

Young Nicholas Morris, one of Doctor Morris's sons—always called "Cola"—was lost at sea. He was in the navy and went on a voyage to the South, whence he never returned. His ship, the man-of-war *Albany*, was never heard of again. Curiously enough, the last port she touched at

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was Pensacola—"think of Cola!" For many, many years "Aunt Lillie" thought that every knock at the door or foot on the stair was her son come home.

Pelham, Doctor Morris's place in Westchester, was renowned for its hospitality. I remember very well the first time I went to Pelham. I was living at 44 Union Square when I was asked up there to spend a week-end. I remember I hesitated on Friday about going, as I did not feel much like it, but a lady who was staying in the same house said to me, "You'd better go, you may meet some one you like." Ladies are apt to be match-makers even when they are speculating with the unknown and, sure enough, I met my future wife there, Miss Helen Neilson, whom I had never seen before. She and her sister Julia were staying at Pelham, and also Miss Pauline Spoffard, Miss Molly Williamson, Harry Redmond, and Robert Barry. Besides Stuyve and his three sisters, Lou Morris was there, home on furlough. They always had a house party when he came home. The next day was Sunday and we all went to church at St. Peter's, Westchester. Coming out of church I spoke to my future wife for the first time—I was never introduced to her. It was at the old Morris place at Morrisania that my father met my mother for the first time, and it was during this same visit at Pelham that Julia Neilson met Robert Barry whom she afterward married. So you see the Morrises have played quite a part in our lives! In the evenings at the Morrises' we used to play round games, and on Sunday evenings we all said the catechism, taking the questions in turn. Some of us knew it all except "our duty to our neighbor." (I remember how hard it was when my mother gave me the catechism to learn on hot Sunday afternoons, and I don't think I ever mastered the latter part

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of it, particularly "What desirest thou?"—this was a sticker.)

I was married to Helen Neilson on the sixth of December, 1866, at her mother's house on Stuyvesant Square, by the Reverend Doctor John Cotton Smith of the Church of the Ascension.

And we celebrated our Golden Wedding on December 6, 1916, at 58 West Tenth Street.

CHAPTER VIII

ROME—CHURCH AND STATE

“Rome, that reformed the world, accustomed was
Two suns to have, which one road and the other,
Of God and of the world, made manifest.
One has the other quenched, and to the crosier
The sword is joined.”

—DANTE.

My first sight of Rome was on the twenty-seventh of January, 1859. Happily there was no railway in those days, so the diligence took me from Civita Vecchia to Rome across the Campagna. I remember seeing a lot of French soldiers drilling on the beach at Civita Vecchia—Italy and France went to war with Austria that following summer.

I had often heard of the “desolate” Campagna, and expected to see an arid waste, but I soon changed my mind, and from that day, throughout a long after-experience, I never ceased to love and enjoy its endless charm. That first morning was one to be remembered, delicious as only an Italian winter’s day can be; under a soft haze the landscape melted away in almost imperceptible folds and tones, in varied gradations and shades of opalescent and silvery color, touched here and there by a line of the first fresh green of the wheat-fields, or a faint glistening spot of water. All was remote and solemn. In the distance, the turrets of an old castle of Julius the Second peered through shadowy groves of stone-pines above vast tan-colored marshes; the fields we passed through were scattered with grass-grown mounds, the remains of long-forgotten cities once great and gay—now dwindled to low hills, where scattered flocks

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of sheep, guarded by great dogs and shepherds leaning on their staves, were silhouetted against the soft blue-gray sky. An almost deserted land, a great silence enveloping it, only broken now and then by the long-drawn-out and monotonous song of some passing driver of a wine-cart, in a conical hat and red waistcoat, his little horse decked with colored ribbons and pheasants' feathers, tinkling bells and profuse brass mountings, all to keep off the assaults of the evil eye; or by the hoarse cries of a wild rider in sheep-skin breeches, carrying a long iron-pointed goad, wherewith to urge his train of black, sad-eyed buffalo, drawing a huge block of white marble, perhaps for some sculptor in Rome.

The Campagna was then owned by a few great nobles and their vast estates were diversified by many bits of ancient ruins, but nothing modern—no villages and but few houses. An occasional wine-shop displayed its familiar bush above the door, showing that wine was to be had within, and here and there a group of farm buildings huddled around a tall mediæval tower, in the distance the long gray broken lines of the old Roman aqueducts marched across the plain.

So our day passed. Suddenly our vetturino, with a crack of his whip, shouted "Ecco Roma!" and we saw shining in the extreme distance, like a great pearl, as Story calls it, that grew and grew, the splendid dome of St. Peter's! And it was a dramatic moment when our horses dashed through a tall archway directly from the quiet Campagna into the Square of San Pietro, and there was the honey-colored façade of Bramante's basilica embraced by its grand colonnades, and the Egyptian obelisk flanked by the noble fountains, flinging high their spray that drifted across the square in silvery clouds.

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Rome was a very different place then from what it is now. Then the moss and dust of ages lay thick over everything; nothing had been repaired for a thousand years. The interior of the Coliseum was then a green lawn. It had been consecrated as a church, and stations of the cross stood around its outer edge; the walls were bright with wallflowers and many low-growing plants, and with all sorts of shrubs and trailing ivy—so many that a book has been written on the flora of the Coliseum. There had been but little excavation in the Forum, which was mostly covered, many feet deep, with the accumulated soil of ages. The ivy-clad walls of the palace of the Cæsars rose at the right, and long rows of fallen porphyry and granite columns from some ruined temple lay along its sides. The baths of Caracalla had been blown up at some remote time, and were now huge masses of ruin overgrown with vines and flowers, most beautiful and picturesque.

In 1869 when I again saw Rome it was still almost unchanged, but when the Italians took possession in 1870 they dug away the soil of the Coliseum, stripped all the vines and flowers from the ruins and cleaned it up, and archæologists have been busy ever since removing the surface of the Forum in order to expose the pavement. The beautiful masses of ruin covered with verdure were removed from the floor of the baths of Caracalla, and the whole interior is now bare and uninviting and used as a museum of antiquities. All this is doubtless more interesting to the antiquarian, but far less pleasing to the artist and the man of taste.

I found most of the little common things of Rome unchanged in ten years, when in 1869 I saw it again. Nazzarri still sold his confections on the corner of the Piazza di Spagna, with the bookshop of Spithoever opposite; there

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too was the American banking house of Maquay, Hooker, and Company, the latter name softened to "Signor Okeri" by the Italians; Keats's house at the corner of the Spanish Steps looked just the same, and on the steps lounged, as of yore, the gayly dressed models waiting for custom, and apparently the very same beggars and cab-drivers tormented the passers-by. The same little antiquity dealer, rather more mouldy than before, displayed his wares in the Via Condotti, opposite the historic Caffè Greco. In the centre of the square was the same old fruit-stand and the fountain with its flock of glass ducks sailing on the little lake—all was unchanged.

I was appointed Consul to the Papal States in March, 1869, and with my family left New York in April for Rome; but I was given a summer's leave of absence before settling down there, because the State Department at Washington considered the climate of Rome unhealthy during the summer, an impression which I never took any pains to remove. So during the four years of my residence in Rome I had leave of absence in the summers, which we spent in Switzerland, the Austrian Tyrol, the Italian lakes, and Venice. Considering that we travelled with nurses and children, we were rather adventurous. In those days there was no funicular to the hotel on Monte Generoso at Lugano, and I remember our party made an amusing caravan, each trunk on a separate mule, and the nurse on horseback carrying the baby in her arms.

Before going to Rome I wrote to my vice-consul, Pietro Calvi—whom I had inherited from my predecessor Mr. Cushman, the nephew of Charlotte Cushman, the great actress—to engage an apartment and a consular office for me, but when I reached Rome, I found both unsatisfactory. The apartment was at 68 Via Capo le Case, a nice

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situation, but it had no other recommendation—any one who is familiar with Roman furnished apartments will know just what it was like. Our padrone had ransacked the auction-rooms for bits of broken-down furniture, faded gaudy carpets and curtains, chairs and tables with glued-on legs that dropped off when you touched them, and which you were obliged to pay for. This was soon remedied when we began to collect really good old furniture, but the consular office looked like an art gallery crammed with hideous copies of the old masters, and the stairway was lined with them, my landlord calmly informing me that they were all for sale and that I would probably like to dispose of them to my countrymen, but to his despair I promptly ordered them all away.

The next year we moved to the old Palazzo Zuccari, number 64 Via Sistina, which was built by the brothers Zuccaro, well-known artists of the sixteenth century. It stood next to the Tempietto near the top of the Spanish Steps, and was a picturesque old palace, built of a pale reddish brick, originally covered with white stucco which had partly fallen away; and as it had not been painted or repaired since it was built, the whole had mellowed to a beautiful tint of delicate light pinkish-gray, and from the numerous crevices of the walls sprang various plants, tufts of wallflowers and little shrubs. The front door and entrance were on the Via Sistina and the house ran through the block, so that the real front was on the Via Gregoriana. Our padrone was named Zuccaro, a descendant of one of the painters, a shrinking little man who seldom appeared and lived modestly in the basement. The Honorable Mrs. Bruce, lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, lived on the second floor and our apartment was on the third. The arched hall and winding stairway were broad and well lighted and frescoed all the way up by the Zuccari in the Raphael-

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esque manner. Against these old and faded frescoes a slight green lattice had been placed and over it trailed green cactus, covered with scarlet blossoms that bloomed the winter through.

It was a delightful apartment. To be sure, we had only one servants' room; and all the water in the house had to be carried to the second floor from a fountain in the courtyard, but we didn't mind that. It was easy enough to get a man to do that or anything else for one in Rome. If we needed a servant it was only necessary to mention it to a friend and several would immediately appear, only too glad to come for whatever wages we chose to give.

Roman servants are very affectionate, and become attached to a family in a wonderfully short time. I remember returning to Rome, after a trip to Naples during the great eruption of Vesuvius, and being greeted with almost frantic joy by the servants, who rushed out into the street and surrounded our carriage, and began kissing our hands and arms, and anything they could reach. The accounts of the loss of life in the eruption had alarmed them. The cook, whom we hardly knew by sight, was in floods of tears.

From our balcony we looked over the whole of the city, spread out like a map. It was one of the finest views in Rome and wonderful at sunset. There was the yellow Tiber winding through the city, here the Castle of St. Angelo and St. Peter's dome; while far beyond lay the delicately colored Campagna melting into the distant mountains. Our palazzo was such a quaint old place that I used to remark that the flights of rooks liked to settle there, when they flew up from the old half-ruined church-tower below, and chatter together for a while, before they went to roost in the trees of the Villa Ludovisi.

Our drawing-room was called the Camera Giuseppe,

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because its walls were frescoed with scenes from the life of Joseph, by Von Hoffman, a pupil of Overbeck—I believe these pictures have since been removed and sent to Munich. One of them, a desert scene where Joseph was being sold by his brethren, with a train of camels in the foreground, was really fine. They were mentioned in the guide-books and visitors often came to see them. I was once showing them to a party of Americans and one of them, a lady, looked at the picture of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, modestly placed over a door where it would attract the least attention, and remarked naïvely:

“I always thought that Joseph was a great fool.”

Over the front door of the palace was a shield bearing the arms of the United States, and the rooms of the consulate adjoined our apartment. As there was then no representative of the American Government in Rome except myself, I had charge of the Legation and its archives. A fine library belonged to the Legation, so that the large room of my office was lined with books, and this gave it a literary flavor. Calvi, my vice-consul, was a Roman lawyer; he was also a poet and published his verses; and he had practised in the Roman courts, where all the pleadings were then in Latin, so he spoke and wrote Latin fluently and astonished the Romish ecclesiastics, who often came to the office to execute documents, by his rapid writing in Latin. He spoke English well but sometimes turned curious sentences. Once when I was away in the summer, he wrote me of the death of a near relative, at the same time dilating on the extreme heat, and remarked:

“Heat and affliction are very corroding virtues, I experience both in the highest degree.”

Another time he wrote to me, after I had come back to America, that he hoped when I saw Mr. Nevin, the rec-

tor of the American Church, his presence would "awake in me all Roman feelings," and added:

"The American Church in the Via Nazionale is the great religious event of Rome. The Union Church, patronized by Mrs. Gould, and the South Baptist Convention are making strong efforts, but they all feed stomachi coi maccheroni, instead of souls with Gospel."

Unsolicited by me, the government supplied me with a consular clerk, Richard H. Savage, who had lately graduated with distinction from West Point, but who because of failing health had left the army and come to Rome. He wrote French with perfect accuracy, but spoke it with a vile accent, and was not much use to me, as Calvi did all my extra work. In a few months he tired of the job and went off to Egypt, ostensibly to join the Khedive's army, but failing in this returned to Rome for a little while and then drifted away and I never saw him again. He was a good recounter of adventures in California, and was afterward author of several books, among them "My Official Wife." He has been dead for several years.

On my way to Rome in October, 1869, I happened to be stopping in Bologna at the Hotel Brun. I was sitting in the reading-room and near me was a group of Americans discussing American consuls in Europe, much to their disadvantage. Finally one of them remarked:

"What can you expect when they appoint such a person as they have in Rome now! You would think a man like Secretary Hamilton Fish might at least select a gentleman—this Armstrong, who is at Rome, is a sort of a horse-jockey—rides in public races at Jerome Park and all that sort of thing—I call it downright disgraceful! What they ought to have in Rome is some one who is a judge of art and literature, not a sporting man," etc., etc.

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Later I met the speaker and found him to be a very nice fellow, and got to know him well; but I never referred to this conversation and only trust that he revised his first opinion of me—he was a Mr. Stokes Boyd, of Philadelphia.

It was part of my duty as consul in Rome to seal the coffins of Americans who died there, for the city government would not allow them to be removed until they were sealed, and incidentally I learned what exorbitant charges were made to families after a death. It was very expensive to die in Rome, for if any one happened to end his days in a pension or hotel all the rooms had to be papered, painted, and refurnished at the expense of the family. The bankers also had understandings with the undertakers and did not spare their charges, and they usually had an assistant whose special duty was attending to funerals. One of them had a ghoul-like old man, named Ercole, who was sometimes invited to functions other than funerals. On one of these occasions, seeing him in the distance with his arms somewhat extended and with a calculating expression in his eye, Fred Crowninshield said:

“See old Ercole over there, taking time by the forelock and measuring that man for his coffin!”

American consuls are supposed to attend to all sorts of business for their countrymen, whose requests are often unusual and amusing. Among others, I had a letter from a lady who asked me if I could find and send her a pair of rubbers that she had left in the American church the winter before; strange to say they were found and forwarded to her, by Ziegler our faithful sexton, who was equal to almost any emergency. I once got a letter of eighteen pages from a crazy man, and another from a collector of postage stamps in Ohio, asking me to send him Roman stamps. Another time the police sent to me to admonish an Amer-

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ican, who was leading a dissipated life and wasting his money; and I remember being appealed to by some ladies who had been missing things from their apartment for some time, and at last noticed a trap-door in the roof through which they found their landlady was in the habit of coming down at night and walking off with anything she happened to fancy.

During my residence in Rome I introduced several hundred Americans to His Holiness, Pio Nono. These Papal receptions were frequent. The visitor's name had to be sent in a week beforehand, in return came a permit stating when the applicant should appear, and I sent my vice-consul to present him; I never went myself. Although I presented so many Americans to the Pope, I was never actually presented to him myself. I had an appointment for a private interview, but at the last moment was ill and could not go, so I put it off, and then Rome was taken and I was no longer consul to the Papal States, so finally I never went at all.

I frequently saw him walking on the Pincian Hill. He always walked in a hollow square formed by his guard, followed by his gorgeous carriage. All the people fell on their knees as he passed. My little daughter Margaret, about three years old, a pretty child with a bright color and fair hair, was walking there one day with her Italian nurse, who, of course, went down on her knees as the Pope passed; but little Margaret, when she saw this benevolent-looking, handsome old man in his beautiful robes, escaped from her nurse and ran out to him and took his hand. When he caught sight of the little creature close beside him the kind old man stooped down and kissed her and patted her on the head, remarking "E bella, e buona, e cara," and gave her his blessing, and then she trotted back to her nurse,

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who was so alarmed at her audacity, and yet so overwhelmed by pride and joy, that the child never forgot it. A favorite game after that was to dress up in a paper cocked hat and long cloak and play she was a bishop.

Pio Nono was really a beautiful man, if I may use the term, graceful and majestic in his carriage, with a very fair, pink and white complexion, black sparkling eyes and snowy-white, abundant, curling hair. He did not look at all old, in spite of his silvery head, which, far from taking away from his brilliant look, seemed to accentuate it.

The popes must get pretty tired of functions. On Candlemas, Pio Nono was carried about the church on a platform borne on men's shoulders, from which he blessed the people, but it swayed so that he was often seasick and could not have enjoyed it as much as did his faithful subjects. Fortunately he was able to leave the curing of diseased animals to St. Anthony—on the seventeenth of January all the sick cattle and broken-kneed horses in Rome were taken to the church of St. Anthony, where they were sprinkled with holy water by the priests and made whole. Another curious ceremony was on St. Agnes' Day, when two lambs, dressed in red ribbons, were placed on the altar of her church, and then given to the nuns to rear, their wool, when they were shorn, being donated to the Pope to be woven into a pallium for a bishop. It must all be a survival of some ceremony of the Vestal Virgins; I wonder if it is still kept up. In Holy Week two priests in lace vestments appeared in our house, and went through every room, blessing it and expecting a *douceur* in return. Every house in Rome used to be blessed in this way once a year.

From a very good place in St. Peter's I saw the procession at the opening in December, 1869, of the Ecumenical Council, which declared the Infallibility of the Pope. Six

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hundred bishops and cardinals marching along, from the Vatican to St. Peter's, all gorgeously dressed; the Eastern bishops looking more like Arab chiefs than Christian prelates, in gowns of many colors carrying tiaras set with jewels; the Western dignitaries in purple and lace, with white-and-gold vestments, and each with his silk mitre in his hand; the Pope bringing up the rear. They were escorted by a French regiment, the Papal Zouaves, and the Swiss Guard, the latter in brilliant steel helmets and cuirasses, and knee-breeches of red, yellow and black stripes. After the opening ceremonies the doors were closed to the public. The council dragged on for months, several of the old bishops dying before it was over, for many of the clergy were opposed to the doctrine of infallibility. There was a saying that "the bishops came to Rome shepherds and went home sheep." But in the end the Pope won out—it is strange that he should have been given this vast increase in spiritual power just at the time that he was to lose the temporal.

In my intercourse with the Vatican, which was considerable, I often had private interviews with Cardinal Antonelli, who generally received me alone in the evening in a private room. He was always polite and quite willing to talk and be obliging, when he could conveniently do so. He was very shrewd-looking, with piercing black eyes and a pale face, and usually sat behind a desk, with his head bowed and resting on one hand, looking at one from under his black eyebrows in a sort of catlike and watchful way that gave him a rather sinister look. At the time of the opening of the Ecumenical Council, I thought that as I had charge of the American Legation, and there was no American diplomat at Rome, the cardinal might assume that I held a quasi-diplomatic position and give me a seat in the council; but he very politely but firmly declined,

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with many apologies, saying that none but actual diplomatic representatives could be so honored. He wrote me many long letters in his own handwriting, mostly about trifling things. I think that he was fond of letter-writing; indeed, they say that he was one of the most profuse letter-writers in Europe, and consequently his autographs, of which I have kept several, are not as valuable as ordinarily would be those of so distinguished a man.

Père Hyacinthe spent a winter in Rome about this time. It was after he had left the Romish Church—he had been a priest—and was now married and a professor. He was a fine-looking, attractive, and agreeable man. I never heard him preach, but he was said to be a remarkable orator. His wife was a handsome, rather common woman, of about thirty—I think she had been a corset-maker, or something of that sort.

The winter of 1870 was very gay and my wife and I were so busy enjoying ourselves that we had no time to think of the cares and worries of life, but, all the same, we were rather glad when the spring came and we did not have to go out somewhere or other every evening. I remember a very grand ball at the French Embassy, where the diamonds and dresses were gorgeous and the number of princes and princesses quite overpowering. The rooms at the Colonna palace where the ball was given are very fine, and the music and flowers were beautiful, but the Americans, only about a dozen of whom were asked, were astonished to find that the supper consisted of only tea, chocolate, cake, lemonade, and candy.

At last the rush of Holy Week and the splendid Easter ceremonies at St. Peter's were over, followed in the incongruous Roman fashion by fireworks, horse-races, and illuminations. St. Peter's was beautiful, strung all over with

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little lights—although, of course, it was before the day of electricity—so that the outline of the wonderful dome could be seen sparkling for miles away across the Campagna.

Mrs. Armstrong to her mother, Mrs. Neilson, New York

Rome, June 19, 1870.

“ . . . Last Thursday was a great festival here, with a splendid procession around the Square of St. Peter's, monks in white and monks in brown, priests in white and in black, and black with huge red crosses on their breasts, bishops in their white robes and mitres, a band of music, the Pope's guard in splendid uniforms on horseback, cone-shaped canopies representing the greatest churches in Rome—the basilicas—with magnificent crucifixes carried before and after them, and then the Pope, carried on a large platform with a canopy over him. He is supposed to be kneeling at an altar, and his drapery is arranged to look as if his legs came out behind, but in reality he is sitting, as it would be too fatiguing for him to kneel so long. Another day an altar was arranged in the Corso, and as it was just before dusk all the candles shone very prettily in the procession and on the altar.”

The last spree of the season was the Artists' Festival at Cervara. It had been forbidden for the previous ten years, so this time it was gotten up with unusual care. The German artists were the principal performers, though others joined in, making a motley crowd, dressed in every variety of absurd and picturesque costume—Arabs, Druids, Indians, Greeks, Egyptians—some mounted on horses, but the greater part of them astride of donkeys. They assembled at an early hour at one of the gates and marched in procession to the Tor degli Schiavi, that fine ruin on the

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Campagna, where they breakfasted and then went on to Cervara. The caves there are exceedingly picturesque, cut out of the solid rock, and here they danced, acted little plays, and rode most entertaining races—fifty or sixty horses and asses, with gayly decorated riders, speeding up and down a meadow for an hour or so, while the lookers-on dotting the hillsides applauded uproariously. Our party, a jolly crowd of intimate friends, took our lunch under the shadow of a great rock, prolonging it until twilight fell, when an immense dragon crawled heavily out of one of the caverns and was quickly despatched by a nimble St. George, mounted on a stick, whose comic victory brought the pageant to a close. Then home across the lovely Campagna, of which one never tired, its delicate colors ever changing into something even more enchanting.

When all these festivities were over, and spring had really come, most of the bores—the newspaper correspondents, the importunate Americans with their strange demands on the Consulate, and the tourists in general—left Rome and we settled down to two calm months of charming weather and the pleasantest life in the world. It was like June at home, every old ruin draped with flowers and the air so sweet that it reminded me of the Danskammer apple-orchard in full bloom. The longer I lived in Rome the more I loved it!

In the autumn of 1870 the Franco-Prussian War was at its height—the battle of Sedan was on the first of September. It seems strange now to remember that the sympathies of most Americans were with the Prussians, perhaps because it was the French who had declared war, but partly for the reasons implied in the letter from the Reverend Mr. Nevin given below. Mr. Nevin, rector of the American Church in Rome, had tried to join the American Ambulance Corps in France, as he felt it was his duty to do

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so on account of the experience he had had in our Civil War, but, for the same reason, he realized just what such an offer implied in the way of hardships and horrors.

The Reverend Robert J. Nevin to D. M. A.

Geneva, Sept. 13, 1870.

“ . . . The French empire has gone like a dream. No voice to say a word for it. The Papacy goes the same way, at least its temporal power. Both have provoked their fate, and Christianity is the better for it. The world and the Devil went a little too far this year, at both Paris and Rome, and have come to great grief. I shall consider it a blessing to our social life, even if it come in a sharp disguise, if the influence of Paris be so broken that it no longer controls the world's society, and I am willing to sacrifice something in the gayeties, and bonnets, and charming toilettes of our girls. Even if Paris be bombarded I shall not grieve greatly over the vandalism.

They have not called upon me to come to Paris. I expect the chairman of the American Ambulance Corps skedaddled before he got my letter. Communications seem now to be cut, and I breathe freely. I know it would have been bad to do hospital work, before a winter's work in Rome, but I could not help offering to go, so sad were the tales of unrelieved suffering. Now especially, since the maturing of affairs in Rome, I am glad not to be called on. I do not anticipate resistance in Rome and hope to hear in a day or two of its quiet occupation by the Italian forces, which will be the surest safeguard against revolution within.”

My wife had a friend in Paris of whom she was very fond, Miss Gabrielle Goffard, a niece of M. Chez d'est Anges, who had a lovely country place at Ville Neuve St. George, where we once spent a night, as well as a fine house in Paris.

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He was not only a distinguished lawyer, a senator, and a commander of the Legion of Honor, but he was a collector of objets d'art, and his house was crowded with splendid things. When the Goffards returned to Paris after the war was over they found their own house uninjured, but there was little left of Ville Neuve St. George—every bit of furniture, bronzes, pictures, and porcelain was either broken or burned.

When I first visited Italy, in 1859, war was imminent, France and Italy being united against Austria, and as I passed through north Italy I saw troops drilling in every town; in a previous chapter I have spoken of seeing Napoleon in Paris, on his way to the great victories of Magenta and Solferino. But there was to be a different finish to the war of 1870, though Italy was again to come out on top. The temporal power of the Pope, long tottering to its fall, had been sustained only by the artificial prop of the French army, and when Napoleon was obliged to withdraw his troops from Rome to use them against the Prussians every one knew that the end of the Papal States was near.

In August, 1870—a memorable date in the history of Italy—I was staying with my family in Bellagio at the Villa Giulia, a palace on Lake Como belonging to the King of Belgium, at that time used as a hotel. It was a lovely place, surrounded by lawns and gardens, shaded by ancient horse-chestnut trees, and there was such a variety of nice subjects that I spent most of my time sketching. I remember making a study of a group of peasants' cottages, with ears of yellow corn festooned between the windows in their gray stone walls. Over my head, where I sat, a large fig-tree spread its branches and every now and then dropped a luscious purple fig on the pavement beside me, all ready to be eaten—in fact, they almost dropped into my mouth.

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Broad grassy avenues led away from the villa, out to the top of the cliffs overlooking the lake, and at the end of one of these avenues I made another sketch, where two weather-beaten stone posts, flanked by giant cypresses, guarded a flight of stone steps that led down to the water. From this spot there was a divine view, across Como to Cadenabbia and the blue mountains towering above it; but the view from the other end of the avenue was just as lovely. Here was a little Grecian temple, a sort of summer-house, and I was sitting there one peaceful August morning painting a little picture—I have it still, a small steamer ploughing its way across the blue water, leaving a broad wake behind it. I was thinking what a long, pleasant summer lay before me—thinking of anything rather than war—when a telegram was brought to me summoning me to Rome. War had been declared by the Italian Government against the Papal States, troops were marching toward Rome and were about to attack it.

As there was at that time no other official in Rome representing the United States, I felt it my duty to go there at once; so my dreams of a long summer holiday were dashed and I started for Rome, leaving my family at Bellagio.

All went quietly and well until the third morning, when the train stopped at a little station and the passengers—there were but three—were told that the train could go no further, as the tracks had been torn up by the Italians. We found ourselves on the Campagna, about twenty-five miles from Rome; it was a deserted spot and there were no signs of a conveyance of any sort and nothing to be had to eat; but after exploring the neighborhood I found a wretched little hut, inhabited by a ragged old peasant, owner of a rickety box-wagon without springs or seats, drawn by a half-starved horse, whose dilapidated harness

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was tied together with bits of string. As I was at his mercy, I had to promise him an enormous price, I have forgotten what, to induce him to take us to Rome. Then I returned to the train and offered the hospitality of the wagon to my fellow travellers, which they were very glad to accept and cheerfully shared the cost of the wagon with me. They were pleasant young fellows, who proved to be connected with the Austrian Legation at Rome, a little patronizing in their manner, asking me how I expected to get into Rome. I told them that I had my American passport and thought I should have no difficulty, but they seemed doubtful and assured me of their help and protection, as being in the diplomatic service they would certainly have no trouble.

The driver put strips of rough board across the wagon for seats, and we filled the rest of it with our luggage. It was now about ten o'clock and we went on our way. We had had no breakfast except some luscious black and yellow grapes that a boy brought us on the train, so after a while we were glad to see a little "osteria" with a bush over the door, but it proved to have no wine, nor even bread. The only thing they could give us was three of the smallest eggs I have ever eaten, and when I asked for salt they brought it on a vine leaf, perfectly black, just as it had been dug from the soil; so we stood in the road and quickly devoured our little eggs, saltless and breadless. We could not, like Robert Louis Stevenson's amateur emigrant, "line ourselves" very comfortably with these eggs, and we got nothing more to eat that day. It was scorching hot and the long white road was dusty. The Campagna at that season was burned to a uniform tint of light-tan color, with occasionally a strip of green along the water-courses, but it was beautiful as always, the wide yellow plain dissolving into the blue and pink of the distant mountains. When

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at last we reached the old Nomentano bridge we saw Rome, dominated by the dome of St. Peter's, and the Italian army, sixty thousand strong, their tents dotting the hills and regiments of cavalry drilling on the plain.

All was bustle and confusion at the Porta Pia, where we wished to enter. The front of the gateway and the walls on either side of it were piled high with sand-bags, and in front of the gate itself and almost obscuring it was an earth-work also strengthened by sand-bags. After a long altercation with our driver as to the amount of the "*buona mano*," which in Italy no matter how much you pay is never enough, one glance at my passport by the officials assured me of a prompt and polite invitation to enter; but when my Austrian acquaintances presented their passports their reception was quite different, so our relative positions were altered, and much to their chagrin and in spite of my entreaties and assurances they were obliged to remain outside of the walls all night, and when I met them in Rome the next day their patronage of me had ceased. But they were good fellows all the same, and I recall our long day together with pleasure in the retrospect.

Having my apartment all ready at 64 Via Sistina, I felt quite at home. I had my breakfast at the Caffè Greco and my dinner at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and I allowed the keeper of the hotel, as I was his guest, to put up the American flag, which he seemed to think would be a protection from the northern invaders. There were no travellers and few Americans; all the studios were closed; one could not communicate with the outer world at all, either by letter or telegraph, and I did not receive any word from my family for several weeks—Rome was hermetically sealed. It was dull and very quiet, but I rather enjoyed it, for I had plenty of time to sketch; and there was little else to do, except

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to interview stranded Americans who wanted the protection of the American flag; it was surprising how many turned up whom I had never heard of. Among those who asked for protection were the American students at the American College and at the Propaganda, who, of course, had a right to it; and I was as liberal as I could be in according everybody such privileges, but I had to draw the line at the application of an American lady, the wife of a distinguished Roman official, for she was no longer an American citizen. She was very indignant and threatened to complain to Washington.

In the summer in most of the Italian cities the shops are closed nearly all day, except early in the morning and in the evening, and the streets are deserted, save for a few people crawling along the shady side of the street, because the Italians fear the sunshine in summer as much as the shade in winter. But even then Rome was unusually quiet. We supposed, as it proved later, that the people as a whole were in favor of the Italian Government, but there were no demonstrations or disturbance, and although the troops were busy drilling they showed no evidence of excitement.

The day before the attack came, I went to the grounds of the Villa Medici, to the top of a hill where one had a view of the encampment of the whole Italian army. This hill is apparently an artificial one, covered with trees and approached by a long flight of steps from the "Bosco," adjoining the other grounds and gardens of the Villa Medici, which is occupied by the French Academy of Rome; over the door of the academy is this inscription:

"Napoléon le Grand
Les Arts reconnaissant."

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The Bosco is a lovely wild overgrown spot, gay with flowers in spring, especially cyclamen, and giving charming vistas between gnarled ilex trees over the old walls of Rome and the Villa Borghese—the very place where one would expect to see nymphs and satyrs sporting in the shade. Although I never met any such charming creatures, one seldom went there without finding some artist sketching, or posing a model under the trees.

When I arrived at the top of this hill, I found there a number of Papal Zouaves with field-glasses, watching the Italian troops and discussing the result, as they expected an attack soon. The Zouaves were attractive, dashing young fellows, a cosmopolitan lot of all nations, Americans, English, Irish, German, and French, many of them of noble families. These boys chatted very pleasantly, were gay and hopeful and did not seem at all cast down at the prospect of a battle with a great army. Poor fellows, they did not realize what humiliation a day would bring forth for them.

Early next morning at five o'clock, on September 20, 1870, heavy cannonading began. Calvi became much excited, and said that he felt very warlike and that it was grand, and suggested that we should go up on the roof and see the fun; but when we reached there, although the noise was deafening, for the firing was quite near, we could see nothing because of the intervening buildings. In a few minutes something whizzed through the air right between us and he exclaimed:

“What was that?”

I said, “A bullet.”

Whereupon he said he did not feel so much interested after all and suggested that we descend, which we accordingly did, and as we went down through the skylight we saw where a bullet had lodged in the casing through which

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we had just come up. We found later that a shell had burst in the Terrys' apartment and done a good deal of damage.

Calvi and I then walked out through the Via Sistina to the Piazza Barberini, where the ground was strewn with bits of shell, some of which we picked up. The firing by this time had ceased; it lasted in all only about two hours. From the Piazza we walked up toward the Porta Pia and on the way passed the Villa Buonaparte, through the grounds of which the Italians had entered at ten o'clock by a gaping fissure that they had soon made in the old Roman wall, which was not at all prepared for modern artillery. I saw there a Papal Zouave lying dead on his back under an ilex bush near the gate. Nearby was one of those long, narrow, straight, paved streets with a tiny sidewalk and high walls on either side, and this was lined on both sides as far as one could see, perhaps a quarter of a mile, with Italian bersaglieri, in single file, with their rifles grounded. Presently there appeared the Papal Zouaves, without arms, marching two and two, very much dishevelled, among them my acquaintances of the day before; and as they passed the Italians kept shouting, "Viva Italia!" and "Verdi!" which stands for Vittorio Emanuele Re d' Italia, and making a singular rolling sound under their tongues that was like distant thunder, spitting on the Zouaves and thumping the butts of their guns on their toes and offering them every indignity. It was pitiful to see these poor fellows hopping about to avoid the blows; it was shocking and humiliating. Among them was a young man whom I had often seen, Charette, who belonged to a noble family—one lock of his black hair was perfectly white and he was said to be very proud of this, as it had descended in his family as a distinguishing mark for many generations: he, poor fellow, was hopping about and trying to protect his

toes with the rest. The next day the Zouaves were all assembled in the great Square of St. Peter's and expelled from Rome and we never saw them more. The whole affair was very different from the gallant defense of the Quattro Venti of Rome by Garibaldi in 1849.

As soon as it was known that Rome had surrendered, there was a perfect irruption of Italian flags; the colors seemed to float from every window and above every tower—the people had evidently been making and secreting them for a long while. Crowds paraded up and down the streets, mad with joy. The soldiers, looking very friendly and cheerful, were welcomed and embraced, kissed and cheered by every one they met, and the public squares were soon filled with cavalry horses tethered to every projection, and piles of hay and other fodder scattered all over the pavements. It looked like war, although there had been little of a real battle.

The streets soon assumed their normal condition, except that there were no more gorgeous cardinal's carriages or papal processions; but, instead, the Royal Guard of Prince Humbert, mostly Roman nobles, in their gay uniforms and mounted on splendid horses, or troops of bersaglieri, with their great black hats plumed with cocks' feathers, trotting along at double quick—as the old song says:

“Voi altri bersaglieri,
Ch'avete le gambe buone,
Andiamo pigliar Roma!”

Yes, Rome had changed. It had jumped from the middle ages into the present and, alas! lost much of its picturesqueness. But there is no doubt that the people were delighted at the change. The vote for the Italian Government was forty-five thousand for and forty-five against.

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With the advent of the Italians the population was soon increased by sixty thousand and it was difficult to house the newcomers; so much so, that there was a wild speculation in land and building. New shops were opened and remained open on Sunday—Papal Rome was the most moral city, *in appearance*, that I have ever known—indeed, ultimately so many houses were built that the supply outran the demand, land decreased in value, and some of the new buildings were never completed. In this speculation many of the nobility were involved with disastrous results, among them the Borghese, who, I understand, were almost ruined.

Rome was not actually made the capital of Italy until the next summer, and then there were great rejoicings throughout the country. We were in Venice at the time. Flags were hung from every window, meeting and crossing in an archway over the narrow streets, San Marco was wonderfully illuminated, and everywhere little printed bills were stuck up expressing sympathy with Victor Emmanuel. One of these read: "Glory to God for having given such long life to Pius IX that he is able to see Rome made the capital of Italy."

After the taking of Rome the Vatican was closed to sightseers, and only a few permits were given me by Cardinal Antonelli; so few that it made it rather awkward for me having to discriminate among all the Americans who clamored for them.

An old prophecy had foretold the destruction of Rome by an earthquake on the tenth of November, 1870, and a good many people were really anxious until that day had passed with nothing worse than a very bad thunder-storm. Another prophecy declared that no Pope could rule longer than St. Peter's twenty-five years, so although Pio Nono

was Pope much longer than that, they said that it did not really count, as he had lost his temporal power.

King Victor Emmanuel never came to live in Rome, but merely visited it for a short time, when he had an uproariously enthusiastic reception. I saw him drive through the Via Sistina, accompanied by a military guard. He was a very fat, red-faced man, of regal manner, bowing grandly right and left as he passed.

Shortly after Rome was taken, I was promoted from being Consul to the Papal States to be Consul-General for Italy at Rome. This increased my work a great deal, as the consul-general has charge of all communications from the consuls, including the forwarding of all accounts of their offices to the department of state at Washington, and he has to see that all such reports are correct before forwarding them—at least that was the way in my time. Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, resided in Florence and did not come to Rome until the following year; so I still remained in charge of the Legation and attended to any business connected therewith, both with the Vatican and the Italian Government.

One of these extra duties of mine, usually performed by an accredited minister, was presenting Americans to Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita, who had come at once to Rome and established their court at the Quirinal. I presented a great many that winter, and I also continued to present my countrymen to the Pope. Both Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita were simple and gracious at their receptions; she struck me as especially charming— young and handsome, with a most sweet expression.

I had a private audience with Prince Humbert, going one afternoon by appointment to the Quirinal. After registering my name in an anteroom, an attendant took me to

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the prince's library, where the prince was sitting alone; he immediately got up and shook hands with me and asked me to take a seat, and, as he was smoking, offered me a cigar. We talked about twenty minutes before I got up to go, when he walked with me to the open fireplace, where we warmed ourselves and he continued to smoke and talk, and when I left he went ahead of me to the door and opened it himself. It was just like any pleasant call of one American gentleman on another. Outside a single attendant was waiting and walked with me to the gate. I often saw Prince Humbert riding at the Hunt on the Campagna. The horse that he habitually rode was an immense animal, seventeen hands high, that looked as if it could jump anything, but I heard that he was not allowed to take any chances and that he was obliged to ride with circumspection, so royalty has its drawbacks in this as in many other ways.

The opening of the first Parliament in Rome was an important event which many grandees attended. The Emperor of Brazil was present in the royal box. He was a fine-looking man in civilian dress set off by a pair of bright green gloves with immensely long fingers.

Mrs. Armstrong to Her Mother

Rome, April 17, 1871.

" . . . Last Thursday I was presented to the Pope. I went with the Wetherills and took little Margaret. A great many persons were presented; we all waited in a large hall, and the Pope came in and went around the room, saying a few words to each person as their names were told him. He took little Margaret right up in his arms, and then she kissed his hand. Then he went to one end of the room and made a little address and blessed us all, and all the rosaries, crosses, etc., that we had with us, and our

families and our travels. I had a number of rosaries, which the servants at home will value. He is a very fine-looking old man, sweet and pleasant in his manner. His eye is bright and keen still and he does not look at all infirm or broken-down.

The next evening Maitland and I went to a party at the Quirinal. When we first went in we were received by the Princess, and after a little while she led the way, through a handsome suite of rooms, to a pretty little theatre where we had private theatricals, a little Italian play and two in French. The acting was very good indeed, and between the acts ices were handed. When the play was over the Princess went first and we all followed her through some other handsome rooms to the supper-room, an immense place with a table all around three sides, so that we could all sit down. We had a delicious supper, the waiters were all behind the tables and handed everything. After supper the Princess bid good evening and left first, then we all came away.

The other morning, before I was up, Mrs. Wilcoxon rushed over to ask me to come at once to see her baby as it was very ill. I hurried, but before I got there the baby was better. I don't know what they would do if they were to lose that baby."

Mrs. Wilcoxon and Miss Niles were Americans, the daughters of Doctor Niles, who left them an enormous fortune, but only for life unless they had children. Mrs. Wilcoxon had been married for many years when the child of whom my wife speaks was born. If this little heir had not appeared on the scene, the property would have been inherited by a cousin, a young man who was with them in Rome. My wife once laughingly said to Miss Niles: "I

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should think you would be afraid your cousin would want to poison the baby." But she answered quite seriously, "Oh, no, he is *far* too good!"

Miss Niles afterward married General Badeau, and her wedding in New York was a tremendous affair. She and her sister were twins and were supposed to be the originals of the twins in Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew."

The Reverend Robert J. Nevin was appointed rector of the American Church in Rome about the same time that I went there in 1869, and remained there until his death, in 1906. He was about thirty, having lately entered the ministry, his ordination being delayed by his service in the Civil War as captain of a battery in the United States army, where he distinguished himself. He was a charming and interesting gentleman, a gallant, manly fellow, full of enthusiasm and energy.

The Papal government did not allow any Protestant services to be held inside the walls of Rome, except at some of the foreign legations, so the American Chapel was outside the walls, very near the Porta del Popolo and opposite the entrance to the Villa Borghese. It was a large upper room, furnished with chancel and altar, always well filled and in the season thronged with Americans. When the Italian Government came to Rome, Doctor Nevin decided to raise funds to purchase land and build a church within the walls, to be called St. Paul's. There is no church inside the walls of Rome dedicated to St. Paul, and Père Hyacinthe remarked that it was strange that the apostle should have found his way back into the Eternal City "via America." When it came to buying the land in Rome and a site on the Via Nazionale was selected, it was found necessary to buy a much larger plot than was needed for the church alone; so several of the American residents clubbed

together, myself among the number, and took a deed for the rest of the plot. I remained an owner of this bit of the Eternal City for several years, but on leaving Rome I sold my share to William Haseltine, another of the original purchasers. In digging the foundation of the church many interesting objects were discovered, among them some very large amphoræ, one of which was presented to Grace Church, New York, I believe by Miss Wolfe, and now stands in the rectory grounds. It is a curious change of scene for this old jar, that once heard the rumble of Roman chariot wheels and now echoes to the jangling bells of Broadway's cable-cars.

Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe was a liberal friend of St. Paul's and also of Grace Church, when Bishop Henry C. Potter was rector. Doctor Nevin and Doctor Potter were very intimate and in Rome were seen together constantly. The Romans nicknamed them "Romulus and Remus," because they were both "suckled by a Wolf."

I held every position in the American Church at Rome except that of rector. I was clerk of the vestry, treasurer, senior warden, and vestryman, and in Doctor Nevin's absence had to hunt up stray clergymen to officiate in his place.

Nevin had hosts of warm friends and a large acquaintance among distinguished people throughout Europe. Not only was he celebrated for his genial hospitality—always giving his guests the choicest vintages, for he was one of the best judges of wine in Italy—but no man was ever more kind-hearted and generous to the poor of all denominations. There was a great deal of typhoid one winter in Rome and Mr. Nevin spent night after night sitting up with sick people, for we had no trained nurses in those days; not long after this, he raised some money to get trained nurses in Rome, such as they already had in England.

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He was a discriminating collector of objects of art in a large way, making the most of the great opportunities he had during his long residence in Italy, which he knew from end to end, and bringing together many fine pictures of the primitive school, as well as books, marbles, china, glass—anything that caught his fancy. I believe that for a Bellini of his, inherited by a relation in America, he was offered two hundred thousand dollars. He was a fine horseman and together we explored the Campagna pretty thoroughly, but he did not think it expedient for a clergyman to ride at the hunt and never did so. He was a mighty hunter and traveller throughout Europe, in India, and the wilds of America and Mexico, spending several vacations hunting grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains. In South Africa he knew Cecil Rhodes, who gave him every facility for hunting big game, and one fine summer he spent in the Olympic Mountains with Waldo Story. As a result his collection of heads and hunting trophies was nearly unequalled.

I have many pleasant associations with Doctor Nevin. One summer we took a long walk, with Henry Van Schaick of New York, through the mountains from Ischl, starting at daylight and getting back to Ischl at eleven at night, having accomplished forty-two miles. We visited the beautiful Königssee together, and saw a chamois far up the mountainside, and we went to Munich and Augsburg and picked up some nice bits of old stained glass. The Franco-Prussian War was just breaking out and we found all the pictures and statues in the art galleries of Munich had been moved away and hidden, for fear that the French would imitate the great Napoleon and carry them off to France—the Germans were not then so sure of the conquest that they afterward achieved.

ROME—CHURCH AND STATE

Doctor Nevin to D. M. A., Rome

New York, June, 1872.

. . . Oh my dear fellow, you cannot imagine how infinitely *flat* N. Y. society is after Rome. No lions, no distinguished literati, artists, or soldiers. All young people who talk about the same things and are apt to give you their impressions of the Rhine and the Colosseum, as a novelty in conversation, if they happen to have been across the Atlantic. Be careful. Do nothing that will precipitate you rashly into this city.

Doctor Nevin to D. M. A., New York

Rome, March, 1874.

“. . . Last Sunday I was forced into a controversial attitude by a series of miserably evasive and disingenuous sermons which M'gr Capel has been preaching. I think I have brought around to their bearings two or three women whom Capel's eyes had been unsettling in their faith, and General McClellan came in to-day to thank me. I met Capel at Mrs. Bruce's that evening—a large party, M'gr Howard, now Archb'p, being present. They being two to one, and Bishops at that, they undertook to put me down, the more so as they were trying to capture two of the guests present. After they got tired of firing bombs at me I felt free to prick them with uncomfortable questions.

As soon as the soup was off, Mrs. Bruce began by saying that she heard M'gr Capel hadn't done much this trip, that it had hardly paid him for coming. But he assured her he had seven persons under instruction, one an important man, a member of the Gov't, and turned to me with:

'I really think, my dear Mr. Nevin, the wisest thing you could do would be to become the eighth.'

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I contented myself with saying that I hoped, in the interests of Christianity, all the seven were Unitarians or Quakers, (in allusion to Mrs. Hicks, who is reported to have entered our Church and to be on the point of marrying Dr. Howland,) which he took perfectly and seemed to enjoy in private, no one else understanding it.

Theodore Roosevelt has promised us \$500. Crowninshield is my staunchest friend; there is something very manly and true about him. Ticknor runs the Union Chapel under Mrs. Gould. No one married here since Miss Crawford, though at one time we had some hopes of Wurts. Miss Annie, that was, is said to be keeping up a perpetual cooing with her young man in a cottage by the sea near Naples."

Via Napoli 58, Rome, March, 1898.

". . . Pierpont Morgan is here and has been with me the last hour. It is wonderful the certainty of his thinking in business matters. He is chairman of our trustees. We have had no meeting for three years, and a lot of questions had come up that perplexed me; he settled everything at sight, hitting instantly conclusions which it had taken me much thinking to reach. It is discouraging. However, I can ride a horse or shoot a rifle better than he can.

Ward is mounting my S. African heads in London, steinbock, roan and sable antelope, hartebeeste, wildebeeste, and giraffe; I foolishly did not bring back any zebra skins. Do come and spend next winter in Rome."

Rome, July 4, 1900.

". . . When the glass was put in Grace Church Dr. — had conceived the idea of having each window by a different artist, and in a different style, 'so as to represent in a Catholic way the art of the ages.' I am afraid he has

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not grown much beyond this; like many great men he sticks to his ideals though they might better be relegated to the past.

I have the Fourth of July dinner—the German Ambassador, the Ministers of England, France, Belgium, etc., and Baron Blanc, the Italian sec. of foreign affairs. I hope they will all keep the peace. The Chinese business has made things very sensitive over here. England begins to see how heavy will be her bill for the Chamberlain raid on the Transvaal, and Russia and Germany are sailing ahead, delighted to see England in a back seat, and awakening mistrust all along the line. Don't invest in foreign securities just now, and keep our Government out of any combined war on China.

Haseltine's death has caused a sad gap here. Give my love to Marshall and cheer him up, and greet all the good 'Centurians.'

Affectionately yours, R. J. NEVIN."

St. Paul's is a fine Gothic edifice, built from Street's designs, the stained glass by Clayton & Bell, and the mosaics by Salviati of Venice from the designs of Burne-Jones—altogether a noble monument to the memory of Doctor Nevin its founder. He died alone in Mexico, where he was travelling when his end came; I do not even know where he is buried. It was sad that he could not lie in Rome, the scene of his long, useful, and happy life, in the lovely spot hallowed by the ashes of Shelley and Keats, under the shadow of the dark cypress trees and the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

CHAPTER IX

SOME ROMAN FRIENDS

E le campane si sentono sonare,
E si sente sonare in cielo e in Roma.

One of my first duties on reaching Rome in October, 1869, was to care for the effects of Thomas H. Hotchkiss, an American artist who had lately died in Sicily. I had never known Hotchkiss but he had many warm friends, among them Coleman and Vedder, who spoke of him with admiration and affection. He was a landscape painter, and his pictures of the Roman Campagna, to which he devoted years of study, are not only true to nature but wonderful in drawing and color and filled with the most delightful feeling and sentiment. Even his important pictures were painted, I believe, entirely out of doors. He was quiet and retiring and but little known, because he was absorbed in study from nature, and he painted few large pictures; indeed, he produced little in that way until a year or two before his death. When he was just on the threshold of fame he died suddenly, leaving literally thousands of sketches. He had a great future before him and was one of the most promising artists America has produced.

I know little of his life and learned that little from the friends who loved him. He was born at Hudson, New York, of very poor and very ignorant parents, and his childhood was not a happy one. Even when very young he showed talent for painting, in which it is needless to say he had no encouragement. He once went to a country fair and

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bought some paints and brushes, but when he took them home his family destroyed them, thinking that they were implements for gambling. He was still a little boy when they put him to work in a brick-yard, and being a delicate child the hard work and exposure, and perhaps insufficient food, planted the seeds of the malady that ultimately caused his death. As soon as he was able to escape from this slavery he fled to New York in opposition to the wishes of his family, who cut him off and never had anything more to do with him. He was friendless, but happening to know the pictures of the late A. B. Durand, he appealed to him, and Mr. Durand befriended him and allowed him to work in his studio. How and why he came to Rome, which thenceforward was his home, I do not know. One of his first-rate things, a view of the *Tor degli Schiavi* in the Campagna, was bought by the late Charles H. Marshall, of New York; and another, a mountain view near Perugia, is owned by William H. Herriman, of Rome. But his chief fame was among artists.

Some of his finest work was done at Taormina, where a favorite subject was that most beautiful ruin in the world, the Greek Theatre. A few of its marble columns are still standing in front of the great amphitheatre, but its chief glory is the wonderful view seen through and beyond its gigantic red brick arches and walls, relieved against the turquoise sea and sky. The lovely coast-line of the straits of Messina winds away for miles; Point Naxos of the Greeks is in the foreground; and beyond lies the broad undulating plain, variegated with the many-tinted verdure of almond orchards and vineyards; and still beyond are the slopes and peaks of Mount Etna, rising ten thousand feet above the sea, shining white with snow like Mont Blanc, with wreaths of smoke from the crater drifting across the sky—

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altogether, one of the most entrancing and romantic views on earth, never the same, always changing, always beautiful.

It was here that Hotchkiss was spending the summer of 1869 with John Rollin Tilton, the artist, when he died of a hemorrhage of the lungs. It was at night, Tilton heard a slight sound and went to him, and he died in a few moments in his arms. When I was in Taormina a few years ago I asked the old "custode" if he remembered Thomas Hotchkiss. His face lighted when he said that he well remembered "Signor Tommaso," and also "il signor inglese," meaning Tilton. Saying, "I will show you where he lived and died," he led me to a small stone house that stands on the highest point of the theatre, and showed me the room, now used as a museum for art objects found in the place and filled with delicate broken bas-reliefs, fragments of statues and marbles, jars and other ancient bits—all quiet and peaceful, the windows looking out over the wide landscape that he knew so well, a fit setting for the spot where that fine soul passed away. He fills a nameless grave at Messina, for it was never marked by a stone and the earthquake has probably obliterated the cemetery, but his body has mingled with the soil of the Italy that he loved and depicted so beautifully. He was a great painter and it is pathetic that so few know anything about him, not even his name.

When I came to look into his affairs I found that he had some debts in Rome, so I had an auction sale to which all the artists flocked, for he had collected many valuable things during his long residence in Rome. The prices obtained were so high that a sufficient sum was soon realized to pay all his debts, and the rest of his things were sent to New York and sold by the public administrator. As Hotch-

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kiss was little known there, they sold for trifling sums, but this made no difference, as I believe his family felt so bitterly toward his memory that they declined to receive the money and it went to the State.

Among his effects were two most interesting pictures, attributed to Piero di Cosimo. The National Gallery had offered Hotchkiss a large price for them, which he had refused, and when his sale was held in Rome many of the artists hoped to buy them, and were much disappointed to find that they were to be sent to New York. I wrote to my friend Robert Gordon to look out for them and buy them, which he did, and presented them to the Metropolitan Museum. This was during the reign of General di Cesnola, who appreciated them so little that he put them in the cellar, where they remained for more than thirty years entirely forgotten, until about ten years ago, when they were discovered and brought to light, being heralded as a remarkable discovery and making quite a sensation. No one knew where they had come from. As I was familiar with them—they had hung in my office in Rome for nearly a year—I wrote an account of them in the *New York Times*, and they were pronounced by experts to be certainly by Piero di Cosimo. They may now be seen in the Museum, and are in excellent preservation, never having been restored. They are painted on wooden panels each about eight feet long; one a woodland scene, with satyrs and monkeys, and the other a rocky shore, with figures landing from galleys. Browning lived in the Palazzo Barberini when Hotchkiss had his studio there, so that he doubtless knew Hotchkiss, and I have amused myself by thinking that his poem, "Over the sea our galleys went," might have been inspired by one of these interesting pictures.

Among other valuable things in Hotchkiss's studio were

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several very large and beautiful Etruscan vases, which had been acquired by him in a curious way. He happened to be sketching on the Campagna one day, near where some men were digging out an old tomb, looking for buried treasure. When they left in the evening, he entered the tomb and chanced to lean against the wall, which gave way and disclosed another chamber containing these magnificent vases. He immediately returned to Rome, got a cab, drove out there and secured them. These vases were also sent to New York and what became of them I do not know; they were probably bought by some one who did not realize their value, which was a pity, as they were museum pieces.

Speaking of the Metropolitan Museum reminds me of a peaceful Sunday morning in Rome, when I was sitting in the garden of the Palazzo Zuccari, my little children playing about me—a garden surrounded by high moss-grown walls, over which hung orange trees covered with fruit, with beds of purple violets under them. From the garden some steps led down into the Via Gregoriana, through a green door set in the open mouth of a huge rococo head; any one familiar with Rome will remember it.

I had been thinking for some time that an art museum in New York was a sorely needed thing, and on this lovely morning the idea came to me that it would be a good plan to write to Robert Gordon, in New York, and tell him what I thought a museum ought to be and urge him to take the matter up; so I inflicted on him about twenty pages. Not long after, I heard from him that the good work was really to be begun, and when I returned to New York I found the Museum already established in the old Douglas Cruger house in Fourteenth Street. Of course, when I wrote to Gordon the project was already in the air, but it is a pleasure to feel that I was one of the first to suggest it.

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It was a pity that a scheme I had at that time could not have been carried out. I suggested that a room in the new Museum should be decorated and furnished like a real "cinque cento" room, where various articles of that period could be arranged as if they were actually in use. As I wrote to Mr. Gordon: "The ordinary museum displays its treasures in a white-walled room, with huge windows letting in a blaze of light; here in a row of prosaic glass cases the poor antiques lie and shine like flowers torn up by the roots."

Such rooms as I had in mind, showing the every-day life of a period, are to be seen in many museums now; but if the Metropolitan had taken up my idea then, and bought the necessary fittings, such as woodwork, stained glass, tapestry, etc., many rare and wonderful things could have been secured—such objets d'art were cheap fifty years ago.

Mr. Gordon was one of the founders of the Metropolitan Museum and the treasurer for many years. He is one of my oldest friends. In a letter I got from him two or three years ago, he mentions that "the first dollar ever given to the Museum" had been given by him. Not long ago he gave the Museum a fine picture by Wyant, at the same time presenting a beautiful picture by Sanford Gifford to the Century Club, of which he is a member. Mr. Gordon, Joseph H. Choate, and Theodore Weston are the only ones left of the original founders of the Museum.

In 1869, Rome was the Mecca of American artists and there was a large colony of them there, many of whom were very successful, as American art was then the fashion. Among the painters were Elihu Vedder, Charles Caryl Coleman, William Haseltine, Charles Dix, George H. Yewell, George Inness, T. Buchanan Read, Frederick Crowninshield, William Graham, William Gedney Bunce, John

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Rollin Tilton, George Healy, and Messrs. Freeman, Terry, and Chapman, about most of whom I shall have something to say in detail. The two last named were members of the old Sketch Club of New York, out of which grew the Century Club.

Healy painted a nice portrait of my little Margaret in Rome, more successful than his portraits of children usually were, though he painted men well. She did not mind sitting, for he kept her amused in all sorts of funny ways, such as wearing a pen-wiper in the shape of a doll on top of his head all the time he was painting. Healy painted any number of celebrities, among others Pio Nono. I got Mrs. Freeman to take a cast of little Margaret's hand in plaster and I have it still—a dear little hand.

The sculptors included William W. Story, Randolph Rogers, Franklin Simmons, Miss Harriet Hosmer, and many others—the late lamented Rhinehart being the most promising and talented of them all. In fact, there were so many of them that we thought there was to be a great revival of sculpture in America, but none of it came to much. Mozier, the American sculptor, who lived in Rome for about twenty years, died while he was crossing the St. Gothard Pass and was buried in Rome while I was there.

Miss Hosmer was a pupil of Gibson, the famous English sculptor. In 1859 I went to his studio in Rome to see his "Tinted Venus," that everybody was talking about. It was making a great sensation in the art world and as I was too young not to be influenced by the general opinion I was much impressed. It was colored so like life that when the man took off the cloth the creature really seemed to be alive—it must have been an awful thing! Gibson, I fancy, made stacks of money out of it, for he charged seven hundred pounds for cutting a copy.

Randolph Rogers was in his glory in 1869, a handsome,

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shaggy man with a leonine head. He had lately made a statue of Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii, which had a great popular success, particularly among Americans, who ordered many replicas for their houses. She was depicted as listening intently, groping her way with a staff. I once went to his studio and saw seven Nydias, all in a row, all listening, all groping, and seven Italian marble-cutters at work cutting them out. It was a gruesome sight.

But Rogers's most profitable trade was in soldiers' monuments; after the Civil War he had orders from towns all over the United States. These monuments were all pretty much alike, usually consisting of a shaft in the centre with realistic military figures at the four corners, and as they were situated far apart and were not likely to be compared with one another the figures also were generally "much of a muchness," but could always be distinguished from each other by the weapons they carried. Infantry, for instance, was armed with a rifle; cavalry with a sabre; artillery with a rammer; while a naval hero was supported by an anchor, or some other nautical emblem. It was part of my duty, when a monument was finished, to examine it and give a consular certificate, stating that it was the work of an American artist resident abroad, in order that it might pass through the United States Custom House free of duty. So Rogers would show me the work and give me the necessary description; but even he himself was sometimes confused as to the rank or calling of the various figures, particularly if they were not yet armed with their distinctive weapons. I remember his once being in doubt and calling to his attendant, "Giuseppe, what is this?" Whereupon Giuseppe promptly supplied the vacant hand with a rammer and Rogers said: "Ah, I see, it is artillery, it is all right."

But he was a good fellow, perfectly frank and straight-

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forward about his work, with so many pleasant qualities that one readily pardoned him for treating his work rather as a trade than an art. He was, I think, entirely devoid of artistic feeling in regard to antique things and freely expressed his pity for all of us who were wasting our time and money in collecting such "objets d'art." I remember once showing him a fifteenth century plaque, decorated with a graceful little figure, beautifully posed and freely drawn by some old painter, and he criticised it mercilessly, seeing no beauty in it.

"Look at that leg!" he said. "How badly drawn it is!"—and, in a way, he was right, but to one with the eye of an artist it was charming.

Once at Perugia, where Rogers was spending the summer with a little colony of American artists, Coleman, Yewell, Vedder, and others, all of whom were enthusiastic collectors of "roba antica," he and George Inness picked up what they considered the most hideous piece of old pottery imaginable and with much formality presented it, as a joke, to one of the ladies of the party; but it turned out quite the other way—she was delighted to have it.

Many of my friends had studios in the Via Margutta, a little street running along the foot of the Pincian Hill, where there was a settlement of artists from all parts of the world. I painted at times in the studios of Coleman and Vedder and worked in the evenings in the life school, called "Gigi's Academy," which was a good-sized, semi-circular amphitheatre, seating about a hundred students. Gigi was the proprietor—I never knew his surname—but all he did was to exact his fee each month and provide a good light, heat, and a model, and also—for two soldi—large hunks of coarse bread, called "mouluka," for rubbing out marks. The model was sometimes a young woman

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clothed only in a mask, or sometimes without it; sometimes a naked Arab, or a peasant boy. We had no regular artistic criticism, but worked out our own salvation as best we could, except that we profited by the very frank opinions of our neighbors, usually more wholesome than complimentary. We had, however, the very real advantage of seeing the work of others, some of it very fine. Many great painters had worked there, among them Fortuny and Villegas. Fred Crowninshield was usually my companion on these occasions; he would stop at my house in the evening and we would go off to Gigi's together. I remember a pleasant party that Mrs. Crowninshield gave one winter, with a puppet show and "Jarley's Waxworks," in which the part of Mrs. Jarley was taken by Miss Louisa Alcott, who made most amusing impromptu speeches about the different characters. Crowninshield was Director of the American Academy in Rome for some years.

Elihu Vedder, whose studio was at 33 Via Margutta, was then as always a most delightful companion—witty, unusual, and interesting. When an American visitor to his studio was guilty of the usual trite remark, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," Vedder replied, "So do the beasts that perish!" Mrs. Vedder was an exceedingly nice woman and they were a devoted couple, she being very capable and taking excellent care of his affairs, but at the same time giving him the utmost freedom of action. When he visited New York he sometimes left his family in Rome, and he told me that once when he was about to leave for America his wife said:

"Now, Ved, you are going to New York; do just as you like there, but please don't come home and *boast* about it!"

In New York his headquarters were always at the Cen-

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tury Club and almost any evening he could be seen there, surrounded by a circle of friends far into the night. Someone asked him to have a drink—his answer was a conundrum, "Why am I like a Kleinert's dress-shield? Because I am always dry and absorbent."

Charles Caryl Coleman with his curling hair and handsome face, was a striking figure. He was a good friend, always generous to any one ill or in trouble. His brother Caryl belonged for a year or two to the Trappists, that strictest of orders that lives in perpetual silence.

As Charles Coleman was a great collector of "*oggetti di antichità*," his studio was a perfect museum of beautiful things—tapestries, rich stuffs, china, carved furniture, Roman and Grecian glass, rare marbles, and old pictures. They said that if he sold a picture for a thousand dollars, on the strength of it he immediately sallied out to an antiquity shop, where he had already coveted some object or other, and spent two thousand dollars on account of the one he had on hand. His studio was also in the Via Margutta, high up, with an outdoor gallery leading to it and with windows on the one side looking out on the Pincian Hill, with its lovely umbrella pines and its winding marble steps and balustrades, the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo and the Porta del Popolo, designed by Michael Angelo; while from the other there was the lovely distant view of the Campagna, gay with poppies and pink almond trees, interspersed with picturesque bits of ruin.

I was one day sketching one of these ruins, a small temple or tomb, the stucco a delicious yellowish tint, with a bright spot of white in the centre of the apse-like top. An almond-tree in bloom hung over it, and beyond was a jumble of delicate flowers and a touch of tender blue sky. I was busily absorbed when I looked up and saw George

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Inness and T. Buchanan Read. They had just finished lunching together and were in good spirits. Inness remarked, "Your high light in the arch is not bright enough." So, handing him my palette and brush, I said, "Do it yourself then," and without taking off his kid gloves he took the brush, mixed up some Naples-yellow and white, steadied himself and gave one dab just in the right spot. I sold that sketch later for a hundred dollars, but whether it was because of Inness's master touch I never knew. He was a small, nervous man, with ragged hair and beard, and a vivacious, intense manner, an excellent talker and much occupied with theories and methods of painting, and also of religion. I once met him in the White Mountains and we spent several hours talking together, or rather he talked and I listened, about a theory he had of color intertwined in a most ingenious way with Swedenborgianism, in which he was a devout believer. Toward the latter part of the evening I became quite dizzy, and which was color and which religion I could hardly tell! But, on the whole, he was an interesting man and undoubtedly one of the first of American painters. Unlike many great artists he was amenable to criticism, and when some friend suggested that he might change a sky he would promptly scrape out a gray one and try a blue. Crowninshield said that when Inness painted according to his theories the result was sometimes queer, but when he trusted altogether to his feeling his work was wonderfully fine.

T. Buchanan Read, the "painter poet," author of "Sheridan's Ride," was another picturesque figure who led a gay and varied Roman life and amused himself by doing a good many unusual things; for instance, on Queen Victoria's birthday he sent her a long congratulatory telegram in poetical language, and received a gracious acknowl-

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edgment from the master of her household, who of course did not know T. B. R., but wanted to be on the safe side. Another time he was fishing with a gay party at Tivoli and sent Prince Humbert a basket of trout, for which he got the same sort of royal thanks.

Read had painted a portrait of General Sheridan on his black charger, and when the general, accompanied by Colonel Forsythe, visited Rome we gave them a dinner which was attended by most of the Americans in Rome and several English army officers. General Sheridan was a man of few words but they were brisk and to the point. He had grown stout and rather breathless; indeed, his clothes seemed too tight for him. Forsythe was a fine, dashy fellow and made quite an amusing speech at the dinner. After complimenting the British officers, he spoke of being once stationed on the Canadian frontier near a British outpost. "Their officers," he said, "would come to see us and we would give them mint juleps and knock 'em higher than a kite; then we would go over to them and they would give us double-headed ale and brandy mixed and knock us higher than a kite. It was grand!"

General Sherman also came to Rome while I was there, with Fred Grant, General Grant's son, who had lately graduated at West Point. I invited Grant to go to the hunt and offered him a horse, but he asked what sort of saddle he would have to ride and when I told him that we only had English saddles, he suggested that he might ride bareback. I said that I didn't think it would do for the son of the President of the United States to appear in that bucolic fashion. It seemed strange to me that a West Point man had not been trained to ride on *any* kind of saddle.

We saw a good deal of General Sherman, a fine old fellow and very charming in a bluff, quaint way; he often

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came to our house. Augustus Saint Gaudens had a favorite story about the general. When he was modelling the general's bust he was also making a bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson, and he told the general that he would like to introduce him, whereupon the general asked:

"Was he one of my boys?"

"No," said Saint Gaudens; "he is a celebrated writer, the author of 'Jekyll and Hyde.'"

"Oh!" said the general, "he's no fool then; I'd like to meet him," and when Stevenson came in he shook him warmly by the hand and said: "Glad to meet you, sir! Were you one of my boys?"

General Robert Anderson, "the hero of Fort Sumter," was another military celebrity who was in Rome one winter with his family. The general was declining rapidly in health, but I saw a good deal of him and found him a most lovable man, simple, honest, and straightforward. I went to the railway station to bid him good-by and that was the last I saw of him, as he died shortly afterward. Among the many fine things that he did for his country, and not the least, was the founding of the Soldiers' Home in Washington, which was chiefly due to his efforts.

One of the best books that have ever been written about the every-day life of Rome is the "Roba di Roma" of William Wetmore Story, giving as it does the history of many ancient customs, festivals, and traits of the people which were still prevalent in the Rome of his day and mine, but which have now entirely disappeared. He was a man of varied talents, none of them buried in a napkin. His statue of Cleopatra may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum; he was a painter and a poet; but he had begun life as a lawyer and wrote law books that are still quoted as authority, and I have heard that he was once a disciple of

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transcendental philosophy at Brook Farm. To be sure, if one spoke to a sculptor about Story's work, he was apt to praise his writing or painting, while if you mentioned his verse to a poet he fought shy of the subject and talked of his sculpture instead—but taking him all in all, he was undoubtedly a many-sided man of talent, though I think that his fame will rest more on the admirable "Roba di Roma" than on all his other works. I remember, many years after the time of which I am writing, I was in Paris and happened to be calling on Mrs. McCormick—a very charming woman, by the way, the wife of the McCormick of reaper fame—when Cabanel came in. He had painted a portrait of Mr. McCormick, who had subsequently been decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honor, so the portrait had been sent to Paris from America in order that the artist might paint the red ribbon in the buttonhole of the coat. Cabanel was now calling to discuss the matter with Mrs. McCormick. By way of making conversation, she told Cabanel that her distinguished countryman, Mr. W. W. Story, was then in Paris and asked if he had met him. Cabanel, with many apologies, was compelled to acknowledge that he had never heard of him.

"Not heard of him!" exclaimed Mrs. McCormick. "Why he is a wonderful sculptor, a great painter, a poet, a lawyer of distinction!" etc., etc.

Cabanel listened attentively until she had closed her panegyric, then throwing up both hands exclaimed, "Trop de choses, madame, trop de choses!"

George Butler was a good painter of portraits—and, incidentally, of cats. An athletic fellow, with a beautiful figure and handsome face, he was a remarkably fine fencer, although he had lost his right arm at Gettysburg. He used to fence in some resort frequented by Italian officers and

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was generally regarded as one of the best swordsmen in Rome. Now it happened that his friend, Charles Caryl Coleman, had an enemy—why, I need not mention—and this enemy and his friends formed a conspiracy against Coleman, planning to get him involved in a duel so that they might take his life. One evening Coleman and Butler were at the opera with some ladies and, in leaving, the man jostled Coleman in an insulting way. Coleman said to him:

“I cannot see you now, as I am with ladies, but I will see you later.”

After taking the ladies home, Butler and Coleman went to the Caffè di Roma, on the Corso, and the enemy was there. As they left the caffè he followed and they turned and met him. It was a dark night, and mistaking Butler for Coleman he slapped his face, whereupon Butler immediately knocked him down. The fellow jumped up and demanded satisfaction, but when they got into the light and he saw his mistake, and found that he had to deal with the best fencer in Rome, he wanted to apologize and get out of it, but Butler said:

“No, you don’t! I have received a deadly insult, and we must fight; our weapons are swords.”

So they fought. Butler soon saw that he had his antagonist at his mercy, but he did not want to kill him, and as the man wore glasses he thought it would be a good idea to pick them off without hurting him; but in doing this he did not quite calculate his distance and almost ran his sword through his opponent’s skull, though it did not wound him mortally. Coleman was troubled no more.

One time in Paris Butler was insulted in some way by a Frenchman, and in the row which followed he was arrested and taken to court. As soon as the judge saw this

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splendid-looking man, before he allowed the complainant to offer any evidence whatever, he said to him:

"Sir, I see that you have lost your arm—how did it happen?"

"In battle," replied Butler.

"That is enough, sir," the judge said. "You are discharged, honorably discharged. The case is closed."

Butler had great ability as a portrait-painter, but it was difficult to pin him down to work; though he began a portrait with much enthusiasm, he seldom finished it. On one occasion he went to paint a gentleman's portrait at his country place and the summer passed very pleasantly, but the picture was never done.

He married a Capri girl, a dark beauty. They came to America and settled on a farm in Westchester County, where they made Italian cheese; and I am told that Butler was to be seen there, pottering about the place, followed by a large brood of handsome black-eyed children. He became a Romanist, to please his wife I suppose; resigned from all his clubs, including the Century, and from the Academy of Design; gave up painting, and retired to his farm.

He once stayed with us at Danskammer, my place on the Hudson; he arrived without any baggage; he had not been shaved for a week, and wore a yellow flannel shirt. We enjoyed his society immensely, for he was most entertaining, and his absence of luggage did not embarrass him in the least—I provided him with a razor, a night-shirt, and a tooth-brush, and he was perfectly content. In short, he was a real Bohemian and entirely irresponsible, and if one hinted at any want of forethought on his part he was so amused, and looked at one with such a frank and sweet expression on his handsome face, that one could

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not but forgive him at once. Every one liked George Butler.

It was in the winter of 1871 that I first heard the name of Augustus Saint Gaudens, to my mind the greatest of American sculptors; he was then very young and quite unknown. I shall tell in another chapter of our first meeting and our lifelong friendship.

John Rollin Tilton was one of the best-known painters in Rome at that time. He was an admirer of Turner and his pictures reminded one of that great artist's manner, that has been irreverently described as

"A foreground all of golden dirt,
The sunshine painted with a squirt."

Tilton's pictures were very popular and he admired them greatly himself.

"Why," he said to me, "my pictures are so luminous that they shine in the dark," and I think that he really believed it. Meeting him in the street on his return from Egypt, I asked him what it was like. "Do you love cream?" he asked—I confessed that I did. "Then you know what Egypt is," he said, "it is like cream!"

His studio, overlooking the beautiful Villa Ludovisi, had windows opening on a long veranda through which the passers-by could see into his studio. Some visitors happened to glance in and spied Tilton with his coat off, looking rather dishevelled, sweeping out his room. They knocked at the door, there was a perceptible pause and a "Come in," and there he was, lying on a sofa, dressed in a velvet coat and reading a volume of Browning.

Once during the carnival, Arthur Dexter, of Boston, a good deal of a wag and a delightful man, disguised him-

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self in domino and mask and, accompanied by a lady well known in Rome and also masked, paid several surprise visits to his friends. One of these friends was Tilton, whose apartment in the Palazzo Barberini was on an upper floor and reached by a beautiful broad, winding marble stairway, that seemed almost endless, and with steps so low that it was nearly an inclined plane. Dexter rang the bell at the door and Tilton opened it, clothed only in dressing-gown and slippers, but without a word they seized him, one on each side, and rushed him like lightning all the way down the winding stairs and left him shivering in the cold courtyard. He did not recognize them and never knew who they were.

Like several other European rivers, the Tiber has a bad habit of overflowing its banks, and flooding all the lower part of the city with its yellow tide. One of the worst floods that ever visited Rome was in the last days of 1870, just after Christmas.

Mrs. Armstrong to her mother, Mrs. Neilson, New York

Rome, December 28, 1870.

“ . . . We have had a great deal of rain and the day before yesterday the Tiber rose and began to overflow the Ripetta, the street that lies right on the shore of the river, and today the Corso and the Via Condotti look like streets in Venice. All day the line of water has been creeping nearer to the Piazza di Spagna. The Piazza del Popolo is an immense lake, the water must be eight feet deep, and the plain about the city is all covered with water. We are fortunate in being high and dry, and as our street door is on a level with the tops of the houses at the foot of the hill we are in no danger, even if the Piazza di Spagna should

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be covered up. This morning it is storming again! We have bought meat for today and tomorrow, and as much macaroni, rice and potatoes as we could get, and we can live on that for a few days, but the suffering in the lower part of the city is dreadful. The poor people shut up in their houses are crying at the windows, and boats are going about carrying food for them from the Government. In some places the water is up to the second stories, and they say many persons have been drowned. Nearly all the shops are ruined,—imagine Broadway with six feet of water in it and all the shops soaked! The American gentlemen, Maitland, Mr. Nevin and others, are raising money and forming a committee for immediate relief. The road between Rome and Florence is broken up and poor Henrietta King, who was on her way here to make a visit to Mrs. Van Schaick, has I suppose had to go back to Florence. The priests are in a great state of exultation, and tell the people it is a judgment for the King having taken the city."

The lions that crouch at the base of the Egyptian obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo, spouting water in long streams from their mouths into the basins beneath, looked comical during the flood, for the spouting streams fell into the surrounding waste of water only a few inches below their mouths. Some friends of ours—I think they were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Morris, she was Sally Post,—staying at the Hôtel de Russie which fronted on the Piazza del Popolo, came to lunch with us and when they returned to their hotel the water had risen so high that they were unable to enter the front door, but had to get ladders and go in from the slope of the Pincian Hill through the rear windows.

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Mrs. Armstrong to Her Mother

Rome, January 2, 1871.

“ . . . A great event happened last week, the King has actually made his entry into Rome. He came down without preparation or ceremony, and brought a large sum, I believe two hundred thousand francs, for the sufferers from the flood. His coming at this time produced a very good impression on the people, showing as it did his sympathy and interest in them. He arrived on Saturday morning and returned that same night to Florence. He drove through the streets and went to church. We had an excellent view of him, but the procession was very little, only his body-guard on horseback and a few carriages; but the historical event is a great one, and he is the first crowned head I have ever seen. He is even uglier than his pictures make him.—I was interrupted by a visit from Prince George of Sohms, who although a prince is in no other way different from any other fat amiable Dutchman.

The city is in the most dreadful state you can imagine, with an immense quantity of mud all over the streets. In the Ghetto several houses fell, and nearly everything there is destroyed. In Doctor Valery's house the water came up seven steps of the stairs—you know the front door here is on a level with the pavement and the hall and stairs are almost like the street. The Americans have contributed nearly twelve thousand francs for the sufferers. Bessie Field, a daughter of Hickson Field, who married an Italian, had a baby born on the day of the flood. They live in a palace on the Corso and it was with great difficulty that Dr. Valery could get there, taking a boat first from his own house and then a cart to reach her. The nurse would

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not go to her. It was an inconvenient time, was it not, for the little stranger to make its appearance in the world! Our washerwoman's assistant was shut in her house for two days without food, the children crying for bread. The water came into their rooms in the night and they had only time to escape up-stairs. Everything they had was destroyed.

We had a pleasant New Year's Eve, though not like our delightful old ones at home, with the dining room table covered with presents. We dined at Mrs. Haseltine's, a party of fourteen, and Dr. Nevin came in afterwards. We had a very elegant dinner which lasted late, and we all waited to see the old year out. Just before twelve hot punch was handed and we all stood glass in hand until the stroke of midnight, when we all drank our punch and wished each other a Happy New Year.

You speak of the three old ladies, Mrs. Anthon, Mrs. Baker, and Aunt Helen Stuyvesant coming upstairs to see Lillie, what would you think of going up to the fourth story to see a friend! Mrs. Haseltine, for instance, lives on the fourth story, up a hundred and four steps, and Mrs. Tilton up a hundred and fifty, on a large circular stairway, and Mrs. Chapman has about ninety.

General Sheridan called here the other day, and we went to a reception given for him. A number of American gentlemen are to give him a dinner this week at the club. Poor Mr. Coleman, the artist, has smallpox. Little Margaret has named her new rocking horse Umberto, after Prince Humbert."

In order to help the Relief Fund for which I was treasurer, we decided to give a fancy ball, the tickets to be sold and the proceeds to go to the fund. A committee

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was formed to manage the ball, and I was made chairman. The other managers were Frederick Crowninshield, Charles Caryl Coleman, Captain Danyell, an ex-British officer, and another Englishman whose name I cannot recall.

A certain Count Ajasso and his lady had lately come to Rome, and had made themselves conspicuous in unpleasant ways. He was reported to be a professional duellist and a great bully, who had been engaged in many "affairs of honor," and had killed his man more than once. His wife and he were not "*personæ gratae*" in society and as several American ladies who were going to the ball did not wish to meet these people, they asked the managers to decline to give them tickets if they applied.

Now Count Ajasso had stated that he was an intimate friend of Prince Humbert, and that at a certain entertainment he had walked arm in arm with the prince; but we investigated these statements and found them false, so we thought this would be a sufficient *ostensible* reason to give for refusing the tickets. Though the man was undoubtedly a bounder, the *real* reason was the reputation of the countess; but although every one knew this, of course, we were debarred from mentioning her at all, so the situation was a rather delicate one for the committee. We hoped that the Ajassos would not want to come to the ball, but in any case we decided not to give them tickets, although we foresaw that there might be trouble.

There was another person in Rome that winter who was also supposed to be objectionable, and whom we were asked not to favor; this was an Englishman named Oliver, whose wife was said to be a daughter of Madame Tussaud—a large showy young man, handsome in a common way, of very pronounced style and extravagantly dressed. He had curling black hair and a ruddy countenance, height-

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ened by rouge, and such a very thin waist and effeminate figure that the rumor that he wore corsets had every appearance of truth. He hunted and was conspicuous at the hunts because he rode what is known in circus parlance as a "calico horse," that is, a black horse with large white blotches on him, four white legs, and a white blaze on his nose. Altogether, Mr. Oliver was *very* conspicuous. I never heard that there was anything against the character of either Mr. or Mrs. Oliver—we simply did not want them.

So it was settled that these two groups were to be eliminated.

It was decided to have the ball at the Sala Dante and we all set about preparing our costumes.

A few days before the great event, Count Ajasso appeared at my apartment and asked me for tickets for himself and his lady. He was a tall, gaunt, saturnine individual, very sure of himself in manner, and was decidedly taken aback when I declined to give him the tickets. He demanded my reason for this action and I told him that I did not feel obliged to give any reason; so he departed. That evening he called, accompanied by Captain Danyell, a member of our committee, who came as his friend and urged me to give him the tickets. Danyell did this on his own hook and without authority from the other members of our committee, and in thus appearing and espousing Ajasso's cause he was let out of all responsibility. As the other Englishman on the committee also backed squarely out, Coleman, Crowninshield, and I had to shoulder the whole affair; but we agreed to stand together.

When Danyell and Ajasso came to see me, they both exhausted arguments and appeals. The count assured me that every one knew he intended to go to the ball, and

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that if we declined to have him the insult would ruin his position in society. Indeed, he begged me with tears in his eyes not to deny him, but I was firm in declining and they left, and I thought that the incident was closed; but the next day three gorgeous visiting-cards, bearing the titles and coronets of well-known Italian officers, were handed to me with a letter, and I went into my parlor to see the gentlemen. They told me that they were Count Ajasso's seconds and that they were instructed to inform me that he felt I had insulted him and demanded satisfaction, unless I would either apologize, give him the tickets, or explain the reason for my action. As I declined all three propositions, they said that they had no alternative but to demand satisfaction and asked me to name my seconds, so that they might arrange preliminaries. This also I declined and told them that a duel was quite out of the question—that I was the sole representative of my government in Rome, that duelling was not only against the law and custom of my country, but if I engaged in one I should expose myself to ridicule and disgrace. Getting no satisfaction, they retired.

Danyell and our other English associates, having made themselves safe, were out of it; so Ajasso turned his attention to Coleman and Crowninshield, but without much success. The seconds first called on Coleman at his studio, who declined to talk the matter over or discuss it in any way, ridiculed the idea of fighting a duel about it, firmly upheld my action in the matter, and, in short, declined all tickets, explanations, or duels. Crowninshield's studio was next door to Coleman's, so the trio then applied there, and as soon as he learned their mission he slammed his door, without any remark, in their faces.

By this time every gossip in Rome was busy with the

affair, and that evening some of Ajasso's friends met Crowninshield at the opera and told him that if Count Ajasso could not get satisfaction otherwise, he would cane Mr. Armstrong in the street, and asked what Mr. Armstrong would do in that event. Crowninshield replied that if Mr. Armstrong were attacked he would doubtless defend himself "in the usual American fashion." This cryptic answer they did not relish, as it contained a dark and sinister suggestion of revolvers and bowie knives, popularly supposed to be the usual American weapons of defense. Thus the matter rested for some time.

As far as Mr. Oliver was concerned, the affair was easily settled. He came clattering up to my door one day, on his calico horse, and when he was announced asked for tickets for the ball. I declined as politely as possible, without giving any reason and without his demanding any. Not long afterward I met him in the barber's shop where he was getting shaved and he said to me:

"What an ass that fellow Ajasso made of himself about those tickets—every one in Rome knows about it after the advertising he's done! I had more sense. I haven't mentioned it to a soul and no one knows I was turned down!"

Well, we had our ball—without the Ajassos and Olivers—and it was a great success. There were many really fine costumes. Among the most beautiful American women were Mrs. Frederick Crowninshield and Mrs. Edward Boyt of Boston. All the artists were there in force. Vedder wore a fifteenth century dress—a scarlet doublet and tights—and his fine figure combined with his wonderful dancing was very effective. I wore a Venetian dress, copied from a figure in one of Carpaccio's pictures in Venice—"The English Ambassadors visiting the Doge"—a doublet of stamped

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yellow Genoese velvet, scarlet tights, with an old embroidered coat-of-arms on my breast and another on the calf of my leg, and a jewelled girdle in which I carried an ivory-handled poniard said to have belonged to Vittoria Colonna. I have worn the same array since at the Twelfth Night celebrations at the Century Club. My wife wore an Italian dress of the fifteenth century. The ball was successful financially and yielded a good sum to the Relief Fund.

The ball was over, but I still heard rumors that Ajasso was going to cane me in the street and I was determined, if he tried it, to do my best to thrash him in the "American fashion." From my boyhood I had been interested in sparring, and I had been taking lots of exercise, riding and hunting every day, so I was really rather disappointed that nothing had happened. Finally I met Ajasso one day on the Spanish Steps. I was walking home after a ride and had started up the left flight of steps when, glancing up, I saw Ajasso at the top on the right. So I retraced my steps and went up the right side. I hoped that the caning was about to begin, as he had a stick in his hand, and I shifted my riding-crop from my left hand to my right and swung it thoughtfully. But it was not to be—and a glare was his only revenge. A year later he was killed in a duel.

CHAPTER X

THE CAMPAGNA

“The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome’s ghost since her decease.”

—BROWNING.

Some of the pleasantest days of my life were spent in the Campagna, where the endless variety of subjects lured one to an endless number of sketches. I would often take my lunch with me and stay all day, going in a cab as far out as I wanted, and then walking about the fields until I found a picturesque bit. Once I struck out through a lonely valley and when I had gone some distance I met a fox. A little later, having settled down to my work, I saw approaching a tall, rough-looking peasant, with a long flintlock gun, who came and stood behind me watching me sketch. I did not like his looks much and, to use the expression of a Cape Codder, the captain of the *Celestia*, I “kept my eye well skinned back.” To make conversation, I told him that I had seen a fox.

“Didn’t you have anything to shoot it with?” he asked.

“Well,” I said, “nothing but this,” and I reached back and took from my pistol-pocket a Smith and Wesson revolver and cocked it.

“Ah!” he said, “buon giorno!” and stalked away. I think, if I had not been so brisk with my pistol, he might have put his old gun at my head and made me hold up my

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hands and relieved me of my watch and pocketbook. Almost any one of these peasants would, on occasion, lapse into a bandit, for the trade of highwayman is not one that they dislike, in fact it rather excites their admiration. In 1859 when I drove from Rome to Lake Thrasymentis, the danger from brigands was very real. Only the week before our trip, the diligence had been stopped on the road up Monte Somma and every one had been robbed, even the ladies being despoiled of their dresses. In those days the banditti came in large bands and resistance was useless, especially on the long hills, where oxen had to be harnessed to the carriages and progress was necessarily slow.

I was once sketching the Tor degli Schiavi and there were several men excavating for treasure near me all day. They dug a long trench right in front of the tower, in which they found a lot of vipers, but also some bits of old jars, iridescent glass, etc., which they turned over to me. They dug one hole about twelve feet square and six feet deep, about one hundred feet from the Tor degli Schiavi, on the side toward Rome, and uncovered part of a fine Roman pavement, in perfect condition, decorated with white peacocks on a black ground. I asked the men what they were going to do with it, and they said it was no use to them, so they filled it up and went away. I remember the exact spot, and I have often thought that I should like to revisit it and dig up the pavement.

Beggars abounded in Rome, indeed theirs was a well-organized trade. At the top of the Spanish Steps a favorite of ours used to sit, a handsome, black-eyed, friendly youth, who held out his hat with such an engaging and appealing smile that you could not help putting something into it. He had but one leg and carried a crutch, but he could skip around on it with great facility. I once saw him chasing

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a rival who had trespassed on his preserve, whom he finally overtook and beat over the head with his crutch. Every beggar has his own hunting-ground and woe to any other who invades it. On the occasion of any festival on the Campagna, or the meet of the hunt, on every hill where the carriages had to go slowly the beggars gathered in swarms, and the lame, the halt, and the blind would way-lay us, with piteous cries of "*Carità per amor di Dio!*" holding out their withered hands or exposing their other deformities in a most harrowing way.

They had a curious custom in the shops in Rome. Every Saturday one would see a long row of coppers laid out on the counter near the door. Each shop evidently had its special clientèle of beggars; a member would appear, open the door, pick up a single copper, no more, murmur, "*Grazie!*" and depart without further remark. The beggars had a funny way of addressing or speaking of each other, as "*quel gobbo,*" "*quel cieco,*" or "*quella vecchia*" as the case might be. But then, all Italians more often use nicknames for each other than real names.

In those days Roman society consisted chiefly of the nobility, or members of the diplomatic corps, and hardly any one else was admitted. There were literally only two exceptions—Volpicelli, the son of a professor, and Guglielmo Grant, a partner in the firm of Maquay, Hooker, and Company, the American bankers. They were both charming and agreeable young men, but there were many others just as much so that did not figure in the best society, so called. At a ball at the Palazzo Doria I once saw Grant dancing with the Princess Margherita, an honor which was accorded to few young men. He was fond of rowing, so he and Fred Crowninshield, who had been on the crew at Harvard, sent to America for a race-boat, a

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four-oared shell, and were often to be seen darting up and down the Tiber at racing speed, an unusual sight in sleepy Rome. Of course, the American women who had married distinguished Romans were naturally in society, and in addition there were a number of other Americans, among them Mrs. Charles King and her family. Her son Rufus King had been American Minister there, which gave them a diplomatic position. From their long residence in Rome they knew all the Italians, and they entertained very pleasantly; five o'clock tea, a new institution in those days, was delightful at their house, particularly on Saturdays when one met lots of agreeable people there—Romans, Americans, and English.

Among the nice young Roman friends of the Kings was Guido Bourbon, Marchese del Monte, a scion of the noble house of Bourbon, a handsome young man and a member of the Pope's Noble Guard—at a salary, if I remember rightly, of some six hundred francs a year, but nevertheless he was always beautifully dressed and apparently enjoyed the best of everything. It is customary for the cadets of noble families in Rome to be supported by their rich relations, at whose tables they always have a seat and to whom they may send their tailor's bills. In fact, as it is not allowable for them to engage in any business whatever without losing caste, they really cannot support themselves. They may be in the diplomatic or military service, but almost everything else is beneath their dignity. Well, this young man was of that class—he had nothing whatever to do, and the Kings were sorry for him and fond of him, and were sufficiently intimate—at least they thought so—to give him some advice; so they suggested that he should give up his life in Rome and go to New York, where they would give him letters to friends with whom he could go into the

banking business, and where with his undoubted abilities he might make a fortune. But far from being grateful for their offer, he was furious and felt deeply insulted at the idea that a del Monte would degrade himself so far as to go into trade. Indeed, he was so mortally offended that they did not see him for a long while, though he did finally consent to forgive them. (By the way, the Roman princes are not above marrying a rich American girl and living on her money!)

I think it was that same winter that Prince Pignatelli became very devoted to Miss Pussy Strong, afterward Mrs. Wellman. Mrs. Strong, however, did not fancy an Italian suitor, nor was he approved by their stern American maid; in fact, everybody said that it was she who drove him away in the end, always avowing whenever he came to call: "No, prince, Miss Pussy can't see you." I remember hearing an American declare, speaking of a beautiful countrywoman of his who had married a Cenci, that the husband was a *lineal* descendant of Beatrice Cenci!

Mrs. Terry, and her daughters, the Crawfords, were very pleasant people, living in the Palazzo Odescalchi. The son, Marion Crawford, was a shy gawky boy, who gave no promise of any sort of genius, and was rather kept in the background by his family. Somehow or other Doctor Nevin found that he had a talent for writing and encouraged him to take up literature as a profession. I fancy his novel, "The Three Fates," describes something of his own experience with his first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," which had a most extraordinary success for an unknown author. It sold by thousands, and was even parodied in a little volume with the same cover only very small, called "Dr. Jacobs." His sister, Mimoli Crawford, afterward Mrs. Hugh Fraser, is also a good novelist.

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In 1870, J. Bloomfield Wetherill, a cousin of mine through the Macombs, was Doctor Nevin's curate. While he was in Rome he inherited a large fortune from his father, Doctor Wetherill, of Philadelphia, who left no will. For many years Doctor Wetherill had done nothing for his family, leaving his wife, who was a fine woman, to bring up their fifteen children. In fact, some of his children did not know him by sight, though Bloomfield said he knew his father slightly and sometimes met him in the street and had a little chat. Bloomfield had always been dependent on his salary as a clergyman, and you may imagine how surprised and pleased he was at receiving this large fortune. He married a sister of Mrs. Stanford White and Mrs. Prescott Hall Butler.

I think it was that winter that we knew the Connollys in Rome. Young Connolly was a sculptor. His father was a convert to Roman Catholicism, and after inducing his wife also to change her faith, he became a priest and she went into a convent. A little later he changed his mind again and gave up his new beliefs and wanted his wife to come back to him, but she was either less volatile, or less constant, than he, as you choose to look at it, and would not consent to desert her convent for her home. So in the shuffle he lost her altogether.

Doctor Valery was the fashionable doctor in Rome in those days; he was a dear old man and we all loved him. His English, although he spoke it fluently, was decidedly peculiar. I remember his asking one of the children, when he came to vaccinate her, to "kindly discover your arm." When he visited Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who was just recovering after a long illness, she told my wife that he said: "You may sit by the fire and suckle a pear," and she added: "What a charming domestic scene the words call up!"

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The Astors and Van Schaicks went on an excursion to Paestum together, and as there were a good many brigands about there at that time and they thought some rumor of the Astors' wealth might have preceded them, they took a guard of two soldiers, which would not have been of much use if they had been attacked by a couple of hundred brigands, as was common enough in those days. A party of English people had been killed by brigands in Greece only a short time before, so our friends had something of a shock when they suddenly saw a band of men approaching across the plain; however, they proved to be only surveyors. Willie Astor had a turn for sculpture and studied with Tadolini that winter. His statue of "The Wounded Amazon" showed some promise.

Doctor Valery once told me that it was safe to sleep in Rome with one's window open provided that it was forty feet above the street, as the malaria did not rise above that point. The real reason was, I suppose, that mosquitoes did not usually fly up to that height. That the mosquitoes were responsible for malaria was not then recognized, although, I believe, the Italians were the first to study them from the standpoint of disease. The scientific people pursued their investigations by sleeping in the Pontine Marshes with and without mosquito nets—a pretty sure way of finding out, I should think.

Some of the old theories whereby men tried to account for the poisoning of the Campagna by malaria are exceedingly interesting. Every one was agreed that it had not always been so; that when the Campagna was a highly cultivated country, dotted by the villas and gardens of wealthy Romans, it had not been unhealthy—indeed it was known to have had a perfect climate—and it was believed that if the marshes could be drained the malaria

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would disappear. In 1867 a doctor got pretty close to the mosquito theory. He thought malaria came from a minute fungus, propagated in the swamps, which got into the human system, particularly at night; for he had observed that a thin veil over a sleeping person was sufficient protection.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Herriman, of New York, great friends of ours, have lived in Rome from about 1865 to the present time. They exercised a quiet and generous hospitality in their delightful apartment, and were among the best friends the American artists had, for they bought their pictures, befriended them in their need, nursed them in sickness, and lent them money when they were hard up. Mr. Herriman was a wise collector, not only of pictures but of all sorts of rare objects of art.

I once took a pleasant trip as his guest through the hill towns back of Tivoli, together with Vedder and Griswold, another artist, driving in a carriage holding four. We began by lunching at Tivoli in the little pavilion on the hill above the waterfalls, then wandered about making sketches of an old mediæval tower below, and spent the first night at Saracenesca. The Saracen type, strongly marked among all the inhabitants there, is particularly noticeable among the beautiful women. I was once sitting with my wife in a pleasant leafy valley near Albano, in May, when a woman of this type came and stood near us silently watching the sketch I was making. She had a child in her arms and balanced on her head was a tall, slim, green-and-white water jar. She stood perfectly motionless for a long while and I have never seen a lovelier group, posed in such sweet surroundings.

After Saracenesca we spent a night at Subiaco, with its monastery overhung by a great rock. There is a tradi-

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tion, I believe, that some day the rock will fall and overwhelm the wonderful old subterranean church with its fine frescoes, but the monks dwell there undisturbed. Our next stop was at Olevano, most beautifully situated overlooking a vast view of the Campagna—from all these hills Rome is visible, the dome of St. Peter's shining white and dominating the distance. Everything was primitive at Olevano. Most of the houses had outside steps and the little black pigs were to be seen walking up them, even to the second stories, seeming quite at home. In the deep valley below the village there was a fountain, whence in the evenings long files of women carried water to their homes on the hill, in brightly polished copper vessels and gayly painted jars. Here they all wore the fine old Roman costume, so rapidly disappearing elsewhere—the beautifully embroidered aprons, waists, and jackets, with folded white napkins on their heads on which to balance the jars. The entrance to the hotel at Olevano is by a long, straight path, and as we walked up this we were confronted by a little girl, about ten years old, who did not have on a stitch of clothing but who seemed not in the least embarrassed. At the hotel we met William and Mary Howitt, a charming elderly couple, interesting to talk to.

It was altogether a delightful trip with but one drawback, the ever-present drawback in Italy—the fleas. We were well prepared for them with a good stock of Persian insect powder, and at night we took all the coverings off the beds, replaced a sheet, saw that all fleas were outside, put a wall of insect powder all around the outer edges, and then stepped carefully over this barrier and covered ourselves with the clothing that had been well searched in advance; but even then we were not immune.

Ostia was the objective of another pleasant trip taken

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by Crowninshield, Haseltine, and myself. It was expressly a sketching trip, for the carnival season was approaching, and we had all seen as much as we wanted of other carnivals. A better choice for a contrast could not have been made. There is a well-preserved mediæval castle at Ostia, built by Pope Julius II, and its courtyard is the unusual site chosen for a quaint little stone-paved inn. The fireplace was so huge that there was room for seats all around the inside of the chimneypiece and space still left between for an immense fire, and the only furniture was an enormous table on a raised platform which occupied the whole of one side of the room. At the courtyard door was tethered a mule, that at intervals dragged in logs and branching trunks and gnarled roots of trees, wherewith to replenish the fire, which was always kept gayly burning. Here in the evening the peasants would gather and partake of their nightly meal of macaroni, which was served in vessels the size of wash-basins, unaccompanied by forks. It was marvellous how much they could eat. Each one had his bottle of red wine, and after the macaroni was gone they sat in a long row behind their dining-table and smoked their pipes. Every now and then one of their number would stoop to the fire, fill his horny hand with live, glowing embers, and beginning at one end of the row each man would light his pipe and pass the coal to his neighbor.

In my bedroom on the second floor, the window and only light was an uncovered loophole in the wall, evidently made for gun-fire in the middle ages; the floor was of stone and the only furniture a tiny bedstead and a small three-legged wash-stand with a pitcher and basin, the latter much smaller than those used down-stairs for the macaroni. There were no chairs; one was supposed to sit on the bed.

In the picturesque castle, shaded by an enormous stone-

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pine, everything was just as it had been in the fifteenth century. As it was surrounded by marshes and wild waste lands, the principal occupation was hunting—though now it may be cultivated for all I know. In the evening the hunters brought in strings of wild duck; when their talk was not of eating or money, the usual topics of a peasant, it was of exploits and adventures in shooting. Close around the castle and running down to the sea were open fields, parts of which had once been cultivated; while in other parts the site of the ancient city of Ostia was indicated by mounds covering its former streets and palaces. What a place for excavating! Walking along the trace of one of these buried streets, I picked up an old Roman coin—

“All passes. ART alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,
The Coin Tiberius.”

The neighborhood is very paintable, with its great groves of stone-pines, and its ancient château and towers along the sea, built for protection against pirates. One morning I was seated in a field not far from the road when I was hailed from a carriage filled with masked figures—you must remember that it was carnival time. One of the ladies jumped out of the carriage, came over to me, and started a series of remarks, in a high, squeaky carnival voice, very derogatory to me and my sketch, followed by impertinent questions, which I answered as best I could. Finally I said:

“You are doubtless a charming creature, but I *wish* you would go away!”

Whereupon she took off her mask and behold it was my wife! She was accompanied by a party of friends, among

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them Mrs. Haseltine and Nevin. As they had brought a basket of excellent lunch, we adjourned to the top of the round tower of the castle and had a delightful time.

We had a little club in Rome to which most of us belonged, a pleasant meeting-place for residents and visitors, where cigars and spirituous refreshments were to be had but no food. One of the frequenters was a man whom we will call X——, who sometimes stayed rather late and was apt to be hilarious. He was a slight, feeble, little person, but his wife was robust and handsome. One evening she called at the club, went in without ceremony although ladies were not admitted, took her husband by the ear, and led him forth. Their apartment was in the Vicolo San Nicolo da Tolentino—I give its full name because it amuses me—just opposite that of the Crowninshields. Crowninshield happened to glance across the way and, much to his astonishment, he saw little X—— prostrate on the floor and Mrs. X—— pounding him on the head! Except among the visitors, the consumption of strong drink, however, was not usual in Rome; indeed, I scarcely ever saw a drunken native Italian in the whole of Italy while I lived there, although they all drink wine and feed it copiously to the babies.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Howard, died in Providence while we were in Rome, and I found in an old letter the account of a curious dream that my wife had at the time—only a coincidence, of course, but striking nevertheless. About ten days before he died, my wife told me one morning that she had dreamed she had taken up a newspaper and seen Howard's death in it, aged fifty-two. We talked about it a little, for we did not know his exact age. In the next mail from home we heard of his death, aged fifty-two, and strangely enough my wife read of it first in the paper, not in a letter.

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Governor Fenton, ex-Governor of New York, came to Rome one winter with his handsome daughter, and, of course, I had to be polite to them and show them around. Happening to learn the amount of my salary as consul, the governor averred that it ought to be raised and volunteered to use his influence with the government to that end. Of course I expressed myself as grateful to him. A few days afterward I showed him a book of mine, "From Rome to Thrasymentum," and he said he would take it home to look it over. After keeping it for some time, he asked me if I intended to make him a present of it. I told him that unfortunately I had already given it to my brother; but still the book did not come back, and it was only after a good deal of difficulty and delay that he finally reluctantly returned it. I concluded he needed a little watching.

Later on he told me he would like to buy a copy of the Young Augustus in bronze, so I took him to some of the shops and found a statuette that he liked. He asked me if I advised him to buy it, and I said I did; but nothing happened, though he kept on talking about it. By the time he left Rome I had about made up my mind that he expected me to present it to him (which, of course, I could not do) and that his influence would be used in proportion to what he got out of me. Even after he left Rome, the old fox wrote to me and said that if I still thought that bronze would look well on his library table at home to buy it.

Some years later I was in the banking house of Monroe and Company in Paris, and Governor Fenton was sitting there, also two Englishmen. Some friend of the governor came in and said to him:

"Good morning, governor. I'm glad it's a fine day at last!" or something of the sort.

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"So be I! So be I!" replied the governor.

One of the Englishmen, hearing this bucolic phrase, turned to his friend and whispered in an awe-struck voice:

"He called him *governor*!"

"From Rome to Thrasymentum," the book which the governor took a fancy to, was in manuscript, the account of a trip I had taken during my first visit to Italy, which I copied and illustrated in the winter evenings at Danskammer. It is beautifully bound, and the neatness of the handwriting fills me with astonishment, but neither text nor drawing is good—particularly the decorative drawings are not at all such as I do now, or should like to have considered samples of my work—and at times I have been tempted to burn the old thing. But then I have remembered those pleasant winter evenings, with my brothers alive and young, sitting there reading or chatting, the dogs curled up before the cosy open fire, the shining mahogany table covered with my drawing things—life, too, spread out all before me. When I realize that all these things are passed away never to return, and no one living can recall them except myself, then I refrain from putting the book in the fire, and let it go for what it is worth, as the fruit of early youth.

The hunt was a delightful feature of the winter life in Rome. The club was chiefly made up from the Roman nobility, who controlled it; but foreigners were allowed to subscribe and enjoy all its privileges. The Romans were most of them handsome young men and rode fine English horses. The Marquis Calabrinetti was master of the hunt, and among the usual riders whose names I remember were the two Princes Grazioli, Prince Doria, and Prince Marc Antonio Colonna; the latter was dark, with beautiful features, while the Dorias and Graziolis were ruddy-faced,

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light-haired men, more like English than Italians—the Dorias are half English anyway, and take after their English ancestors in appearance.

The club owned a fine pack of hounds that had to be frequently recruited from England, because, strange to say, the hounds bred in Italy lose their scent and are of no use. There was always a tent pitched at the meet, where we went when the run was over for a collation and to talk over the events of the day. The meets were usually at a considerable distance from Rome, in any and every part of the Campagna, and the long rides gave a fine chance to study the country, for one went to all sorts of out-of-the-way spots which the ordinary traveller would never discover. In this way I often saw beautiful subjects for sketching, which I afterward went back to paint, and this part of the hunting I enjoyed as much as the riding.

One of the favorite meets was on the high ground at the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way. All the jumps there are over stone walls, and one day I calculated that I had taken my horse over at least fifty walls. On the high ground the obstacles are usually stone, but in the lower part of the Campagna you meet rail fences, five or six feet high, spiked together firmly in order to keep in the herds of buffalo and long-horned oxen. Unless one has a good horse, they are difficult to negotiate. The walls are much safer riding and there are few falls, as a horse soon learns that he can strike a wall as he jumps and knock off a few stones with safety, but they do not like the fences, because if they hit a fence and the rails do not break they either stick there and the rider goes over his horse's head or both horse and rider go headlong together. And then, for some reason, a horse is apt to be more afraid of something he can see through than he is of a solid obstacle like

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a wall. The Campagna provides all sorts of pitfalls for the unwary horseman—unfathomable ditches, old wells and broken ruins everywhere. Needless to say, there were lots of chances in Roman hunting, as the country was generally one you had never seen before and you never knew what was ahead of you. They told of a man coming to a very bad spot and dismounting to lead his horse, when he felt a pull on the reins and turned to see his horse slide out of sight into a deep hidden excavation, from which he never reappeared alive.

Another popular meet was at the Tor degli Schiavi, beyond the Porta Maggiore, the old tower that was either an ancient Roman temple or a tomb, as there are niches in the walls that might have held either statues or vases for the ashes of the dead. Built of very rich red brick, one side has been shattered by an explosion and reveals the brilliant white cement of the inner arched ceiling, but except for this huge rent it is almost as perfect as when it was built, although mellowed by time to a soft and delightful beauty. It stands on an elevation backed by the rolling Campagna and the blue Alban hills, and of course I made sketches of it, as every artist does who goes to Rome. Here the Campagna was varied by hills and valleys, brooks and watercourses, broken rocky hillsides studded with olives, and gorges filled with knotted ilex-trees. Occasionally the hunt would go over one of the broad fields of green winter wheat—then the owner was paid for any damage that had been done. It was a perfect delight to ride through this country on delicious winter days, following the hounds speckled over the landscape making music dear to every hunter's heart, the red coats giving spots of color and gayety to the scene.

The hunt was always accompanied by a man on a

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shaggy horse, armed with an axe, and after the huntsmen and best riders had jumped the intact fence, if they had not in so doing broken a rail or two, he would chop down some more bars and let the timid riders think that they were really hunting when they scrambled over the reduced obstacles.

Some of the best riders were women, among them Miss Antoinette Polk, daughter of Bishop Polk, who was afterward the wife of General Charette of the Pope's Noble Guard. She was a beautiful woman, as well as a beautiful rider, with an abundance of lovely brown hair that did not need a switch—a hair switch, I mean—but it was the custom to wear these articles and one day, much to her mortification, her switch dropped off and one of the Roman princes leaped to the ground to restore it to her. The Misses King, daughters of Charles King, were also first-rate riders. (One of them became Mrs. Eugene Schuyler; and the youngest, afterward Madame Waddington, wife of the premier and minister of foreign affairs in Paris, has written some interesting reminiscences of her life in various courts of Europe.) Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, rode in fine style on a tall brown horse and jumped everything in sight. One year in the steeplechases on the Campagna after Easter, Miss Hosmer's horse won. As her jockey was dressed in the "Stars and Stripes," the Americans felt it a great national triumph.

A Doctor Burrage, the American dentist in Rome, was among those who rode to hounds. His Italian was sketchy, and once when his horse had had a hard day and was very warm he said to his groom: "*Rubate bene!*" meaning "*Rub him well!*" which the groom answered cheerfully with a broad grin and a quick "*Sì, signore! Sì, signore!*" for *rubate* is the imperative of *rubare*, to rob, and the groom

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was more than willing to carry out his master's instructions.

The beautiful young Austrian Empress rode in Rome for two winters; she was a graceful rider, mounted on the best of horses, and always at the front. I remember one meet we had at the tomb of Cecilia Metella, when the Empress was riding; in addition to the usual tent where there were refreshments for all the hunt, a special place was set apart for her and her suite and decorated with flowers. Every one in Rome drove out there that day—there must have been a hundred and fifty riders, and although it rained a little in the morning it was very gay. The Empress rode all day; she had a pretty horse belonging to the Queen of Naples and wore a black habit, a little round cap, and *black* stockings, which covered a very neat ankle—black stockings were considered very odd in those days, when women all wore white. On account of the rain, the ground was slippery and there were a good many falls, but no one was hurt.

Red coats were for the most part confined to the Romans, but there were occasionally English or Americans who sported red, and all wore high hats, which were a protection if you happened to fall on your head, as I did once in riding through a field where low bushes covered the obstacles underneath. We came to two ditches lying side by side, and my horse cleared the first, but not seeing the second landed in the middle of it and actually stood on his head, so that his forehead was covered with mud. I followed suit and stood on my head, or rather on my high hat, which was split in two and driven down over my eyes, and my neck was so stiff afterward that I could hardly move it for some time. Had it not been for my high hat I should probably have broken my neck. This and one

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other were the only falls I had in Rome during all my hunting experience. I was very fortunate.

My exemption from accidents was chiefly due to my horse, Lungarino, which was one of the best and most reliable animals I have ever known. He was probably of Arab blood, beautifully turned, brown, fifteen hands high and clean-limbed, with a long neck, small head, sloping shoulders, and large liquid soft eyes. An old vet, who for many years attended the four hundred horses of Barnum's circus, once told me that in examining a horse he always looked first at his "countenance," as he expressed it, particularly his eye, "because no good horse ever had a bad eye." Lungarino had been raised on the rough ground of the Campagna, and was the most sure-footed beast I have ever ridden. I never had him refuse a jump of any sort, and although my light weight was a help to him in this—I once rode a race at Jerome Park, a mile in 1.48, weighing, with my saddle, one hundred and fifteen pounds—the real reason, beyond his great agility, was that we had mutual confidence in each other, and when I turned his head to a fence he knew that I intended him to jump it, and he never disappointed me. There was a Spaniard named Heredia who was one of our best riders and had an excellent horse something like mine. Wherever he went I always followed, or if I led he followed me. We made this a rule, and although I say it, who should not, we were always among the first in the field. One day the hounds were thrown out and we were all riding across a big open field, with a high rail fence in front of us and a gate further up, through which the whole hunt filed. I kept on alone, however, and jumped my horse over the fence. Pretty soon we rode back again and all went through the gate except myself, for I thought that I might as well take the fence again, so I put Lun-

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garino at it, but he swerved a little just before he reached it and jumped right over the gate-post itself—it must have been more than six feet. When Calabrini, the M. F. H., saw it, he said to one of his friends, "That young man will break his neck some time!"

Another time there was a large gathering at the hunt—I never saw so many, perhaps two hundred—and we had one or two short runs. One fox took to a cane-brake and was killed, after which we had a long run across a level sort of country with a great many rail fences. F. Augustus Schermerhorn on his brown horse Barone, Baring of the British Legation, and I were riding side by side; presently we noticed that there was no one else in sight. The hounds were running right in front of us, when they suddenly stopped and began baying around the ruins of some old buildings where the fox had evidently run to earth. We were there several minutes before any others of the hunt came up—Schermerhorn remarked that it spoke pretty well for America and England.

Lungarino was such a wonderful little horse that I must be forgiven if I recall some trifling incidents just to show what a catlike creature he was and how level-headed. I was alone following Miss Hosmer, on her tall brown horse, and she crossed a ditch which I tried in another place lower down. At the edge, hidden by low bushes, I struck a round-topped rock, just large enough to hold my horse's feet; he touched it lightly, sprang from it across a deep muddy brook, landed on another rock, and then scrambled up an almost perpendicular broken bank on the other side—all in the time that it takes to tell about it.

Another time, having been thrown out of the hunt, I found myself entirely alone, with no one in sight, riding along a sloping stony hillside sparsely clothed with olive-

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trees. I was galloping pretty fast, as it was late and I wanted to catch up to the others, when suddenly under our noses I saw one of those Roman watercourses edged with brick on both sides, so I spoke to Lungarino and he took it in his stride—it looked very wide and deep as I glimpsed it below me in passing and I thanked my stars when I was over. I never would have taken it deliberately, because if Lungarino had not jumped it clean, or had trodden on either edge, we should have been done for, horse and all, for no one would ever have found us in that lonely spot.

A dashing rider at the hunt whom I have not mentioned before was Miss Elizabeth Balch, a famous beauty. She went abroad with us to visit relations in Rome; we realized that her chaperonage though only for the journey was something of a responsibility. Lizzie, as she was usually called, was not only exceedingly pretty, but she had a sympathetic and highly cultivated voice and was a fearless rider. Her father, Doctor Balch, had been at one time canon of the cathedral in Montreal, but when we first knew them the Balches were living in Newport, near the second beach at Purgatory. Lizzie's admirers were legion. They had begun with the British officers stationed at Montreal when she was living there, and with one of these, Lord George Hamilton, a charming man and very handsome, we all went to tea at his house in London. In Rome she was supposed to be engaged to the Marquis of Bute—that would have been a brilliant match—and another winter the Spanish ambassador, who lived in the Villa Farnesina, was very attentive. She was living with her uncle, Mr. Mobray, who had an apartment in the Via Sistina just across the way from us, and we used often to see the ambassador's fine equipage, with its smart cobs, drawn up in front of her door for hours.

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But in spite of all this admiration, she never married—she had a quick tongue and perhaps this had something to do with it. At one time the Prince of Wales was a great friend of hers, and used to call on her often in London. She once said to him:

“How’s your wife?”

“Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales is very well,” he answered stiffly.

“Well, she is your wife, isn’t she?” she remarked, a pleasantry which he liked so little that, I believe, he never called on her again—he drew the line at jokes about the princess.

Among my pleasantest companions at the hunt was Theodore Roosevelt, father of T. R., who was spending the winter in Rome with his family. Mrs. Roosevelt was charming, and he an agreeable man and an enthusiastic horseman. We had many delightful rides together, not only at the hunt, but exploring many out-of-the-way places in the Campagna, he mounted on his fine horse that we always called the Gallant Gray and I on Lungarino.

Theodore Roosevelt to D. M. A. Rome

94 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Sept., 1870.

“. . . I have taken a place at Riverdale for the summer, but there is no Campagna, with its lovely ruins, surrounded by snow clad mountains and interspersed by those charming stone fences. I cannot say so much for the wooden fences, as they brought my nice old gray horse so sadly to grief. I have a good saddle horse but am reduced to nothing but style now. The four horses that I drive might as well be oxen, they are nearly seventeen hands high, hold up their heads and tails and go with their feet just like machines, and as you may imagine give me no pleasure, though

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I suppose the boys I pass on the road feel I am much to be envied. An Englishman the other day had the coolness to congratulate me on their training.

At the rate at which Europe is travelling, before this reaches you you will probably be consul to a defunct government, much to the delight of the American people; their sympathies were at first with Prussia, and now they do not know whether or not they should desert her for a French Republic."

There were plenty of foxes on the Campagna, so we never had to resort to drag hunts; indeed, there were sometimes too many, as the pack would then divide and take up a fresh scent of some other fox who had crossed the trail of the first one. I was once riding close to the hounds and we came to cross-roads where two foxes were sitting, apparently talking to each other. As we surprised them, one took the right hand and the other the left and the pack separated, one-half of them after each fox.

I trust that I may be pardoned for telling so much about my riding. I really do not do it from vanity, but because I remember those days so vividly, so pleasantly, that they insist on being recorded. Riding has been one of the chief delights of a long life—indeed, as I have already told you, the most thrilling of all my early recollections is my first ride on Commodore Salter's large bay horse, in the orchard at Danskammer.

I have been told by Englishmen that the hunting in Rome is much rougher and more dangerous than that over the average English country, being more like that of Ireland. Occasionally there were accidents. One very sad one in 1870, though not in hunting, was that of Hartmann Kuhn, of Philadelphia, an awfully nice fellow, handsome

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and dashing. He hunted and had several fine horses, but though a fair rider had a bad habit of checking his horse just as he was rising to a jump, which was dangerous, as it threw the horse out of his stride. He was trying to correct this habit and went out on the Campagna with his groom to practise, but he pulled on his horse so suddenly that it fell on him and injured him internally. The Emperor's doctor happened to be in Rome and went to see him, but said there was no hope, and Kuhn died in a few days. He left a wife, who had been a Miss Cary of New York, and a little child. After the accident it was remembered that at a party at the Terrys' the evening before he had talked a great deal about a recent hunting disaster in England, remarking that to have a horse fall on you was the worst thing that could happen. I was riding with him the evening before his accident. We dismounted at the Porta Pia, and while walking home through the Via Babuino we got talking about the various floods caused by the overflowing of the Tiber, and he showed me a wall in a little side street on which the height of floods in Rome was marked.

Everybody knows the tradition about the fountain of Trevi—how if you drink of its waters the night before your departure you will surely return once more to the Eternal City before you die. So the evening before I left I went to the fountain, and kneeling at its basin I took a draught. I don't remember whether or no I uttered a prayer that I might return, but I certainly had a strong hope that the prophecy might be fulfilled. Alas! it never has been—and now there is no probability that it ever will be. Twice since I left I have been back to Italy, as near to Rome as Naples. But to Rome I have never returned. My wife went there in 1906, but thirty-four years of absence had so changed

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everything that it made her very sad and homesick. Most of her old friends were dead, and when she went to look at our old house in the Via Sistina she found that the ancient walls had been refinished like a modern French apartment-house and not a vestige remained of the former beauty wrought by three centuries of time and decay.

CHAPTER XI

VENICE

“Star-crowned citadels, golden isles in a violet sea.”

—PALGRAVE.

One should always arrive in Venice in the early morning, as I did that summer day in 1872, when I stepped out of the stuffy train, and saw the gondolas swimming on the lagoon in the flush of dawn, all so gay and beautiful. A few days before, my wife had sailed for America with my two little children and a Roman nurse, and after seeing them off at Havre I started on the Fourth of July to spend the summer in Venice. Just after my family left me, I went through a pretty “bad quarter of an hour,” for there came a report that a French liner had been lost, and for some time I could not be sure that it was not the ship that carried all I had in the world.

But after that, everything was perfect, except the mosquitoes—“zanzari” as the Italians aptly call them. Everywhere were signs, “Try our Fidibus!” a pastile one burned in the room at night, paralyzing to the mosquito but to humans almost as noxious as the pest himself. My wife lamented the heat I should have to endure, but it proved nothing to what America went through that summer. I never saw the thermometer higher than eighty-three, and at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, where she was, it went up to a hundred and stayed there. The bathing at the Lido was delightful, especially the return across the water in the cool of the evening. I agree with the Italians in thinking

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Venice an ideal watering-place—except for fleas and mosquitoes.

They said in Venice that Phillips Brooks, Willie McVickar—both afterward bishops—and Richardson the architect, all enormously tall men, once went to the Lido together to bathe. Beginning with Richardson, one after the other applied to the bathing-house man for bathing suits; he managed to squeeze Richardson into one of the little garments adapted to his Italian customers, but was appalled when Phillips Brooks made the same demand, and actually turned tail and ran away in horror when the giant McVickar appeared before his astonished eyes. Willie McVickar was the biggest man I ever saw out of a circus.

I stayed at Venturini's, a small hotel overlooking the harbor near the Bridge of Sighs, where I had stopped the summer before with my family. Venturini was a persistent, bustling little man—much like one of his own mosquitoes—who lighted on you whenever he got a chance and buzzed you to death with the glories of his hotel. Distinguished visitors are the breath of life to Italian landlords and they delight in spreading their names and titles on the bulletin board in the front hall, so of course I figured as "Console Generale degli Stati Uniti d'America," and when my brother Gouverneur came we were amused to find him posted as Signor Armstrong "Gouvernatore de New York."

The Haseltines were at Venturini's, and so was George Yewell, who was painting a fine interior of the ducal palace. Later on Yewell painted a good deal in Egypt. When he first worked there, he got rather discouraged—he couldn't seem to get the right effect of atmosphere. He was complaining of this one day to several other painters, when he was interrupted by a stranger wearing a fez, who turned out to be the brother of Edouard Frère. "You must re-

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member," he said, "that you have never before painted in a country that is absolutely dry. In Europe on a bright day the air is clean, here it is full of dust. Never forget that the sunshine here is always thickened with dust." Yewell found this advice was just what he needed.

Another friend at Venturini's was John Bunney, an Englishman who made most delightful water-colors, beautiful in drawing, and in color minutely true to nature. He was a charming man as well as an enthusiastic painter; so pleasant was our friendship that it lived through a correspondence of years. The illustrations for "The Stones of Venice" were his work, and at this time he was occupied with some more drawings for Ruskin, whom he knew intimately. I remember once speaking of Ruskin's advice to young draftsmen, "Always have in your pocket a well-sharpened pencil in a sheath, ready for any emergency," and I asked Bunney if Ruskin practised his own precept.

"On the contrary," he said, "he never had *any* pencil or paper with him and always borrowed mine!"

Bunney's many years in Venice had shown him every nook and corner; no street was too tortuous, no palazzo or picture too out of the way, for him to discover. He and I would sally out very early on delicious summer Sunday mornings, just as the church doors were opening for early service, and after a cup of coffee at a neighboring trattoria we would take a long ramble. Our favorite haunts were the old courtyards, surrounded by gray palace walls, with their wonderful marble wells, the sculptured curbs furrowed inside by the ropes and chains of countless years and bearing on their sides the coat of arms of the former knightly owner. The wrought-iron gratings which covered them, works of art in themselves, used to be kept locked, as the water-supply was limited in those days, and we never tired

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of the busy scene in the early morning when the wells were opened, the flocks of women hurrying to get water and carrying it away on their heads in beautiful old jars and copper repoussé vessels, gesticulating, gossiping, and clamoring, in gayly colored groups.

Sundays were Bunney's holidays, but all the weekdays he painted industriously, usually keeping four different subjects going at the same time, for the four different periods of the day. Bystanders bothered him intensely while he worked in the streets, so he contrived an ingenious device, a raised platform, just above the height of an onlooker's eye; standing this out in the square, he would mount it by some little folding steps that he would draw up after him, and there he would sit secure from annoyance. Bunney's palette was very limited. Even in representing gold he confined himself to yellow ochre, and eschewed cadmium because, he said, it would fade in time. Vedder remarked when I mentioned this: "That's all very well, but what would he do if he had to paint a fellow perfectly covered with cadmium?"

I know another painter who says that he uses only white, black, vermilion, and yellow ochre, and avers that he can paint anything with these colors. Some one asked him what he would do if a sitter insisted on wearing a blue coat.

"Why, I suppose," he said with a shudder, "I should have to get some blue!"

"What kind of blue would you use?"

"I don't know, I'd ask the color man."

Bunney and I went out to Murano to see the cathedral and were shocked to find that it had recently been restored. The fine old carved woodwork was gone; the stone walls, mellowed and stained by time, refinished to a glaring newness; the whole thing put in excellent repair, and simply

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ruined! It looked like a perfectly modern building. Almost all restoration works havoc with beauty, but of all such sinners modern Italians are the worst.

It goes without saying that I spent most of my summer in painting. San Marco absorbed me for a month, a miraculous old place—indeed, it is hard to believe that great cathedrals like San Marco have been made with hands; they seem rather like great trees to have grown more beautiful year by year. In San Marco the artists were privileged; we could sit and paint wherever we pleased, no one ever interfering with us; we were allowed to store our easels and canvases in the sacristy—there were so many of them that it looked more like a studio than the robing-room of a church—and liberal fees for caring for our things made the sacristans our good friends. Never was there a more delightful place to work in. Not an hour passed without its picturesque incident—a procession of monks with banners and crucifixes chanting the litany of the saints; boys with swinging censers, the pale smoke rising among the porphyry columns and statues, and half veiling the giant gold mosaic figures of saints and prophets on the walls above; or perhaps, in a side chapel, a baby being christened and anointed with the holy oil. One day I saw two little girls playing hide and seek for a long time in the confessional boxes along each side of the nave. Nobody interfered, for the kneeling people in Italian churches are usually ready for a little outside diversion, and after a while they went into one of the boxes and confessed to an old white-haired priest.

Among the painters in San Marco, B. C. Porter was my particular friend. His color was rich and fine, but, strange to say, he was color-blind, and often had to ask me whether the mosaic saint he was painting was garbed

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in red or green. But when he put it on his canvas it was all right. Sanford Gifford was also color-blind, but he did not attempt strongly contrasted colors in his beautiful landscapes, but rather took refuge in monotonous.

William Gedney Bunce was a man of whom we were all very fond, so fond that we geyed him a good deal, always calling him "Old Bunce," why I don't know, for even now he is still vigorous and cheerful. His painting is full of feeling and beautiful in color, but his drawing has always been his weak point. We were breakfasting one day in a little café near the Bridge of Sighs when some one began chaffing Bunce about this.

"Why don't you *learn* to draw, Bunce?" he said.

"Well, you see it's this way," he answered: "the trouble with my learning to draw is that as soon as I begin to draw any object it straightway begins to *wiggle*! Now if I were really to try to draw that anchor," pointing to an old rusty anchor lying on the quay, "it would immediately begin to wiggle, and before I knew it would be off in a seasick whirl!"

At this time Bunce was having a great success with his pictures in England, for Queen Victoria had set the fashion by buying several of them. Bunce told me he met Ziem in Venice that same summer, but didn't recognize him. In talking over various artists, Bunce remarked that, after all, there was only one man who had ever painted the true Venice—that man he said was Ziem. Whereupon Ziem smote his breast delightedly and shouted: "*C'est moi—c'est moi. Je suis le Ziem!*"

Eugene Benson painted an interesting picture in Venice that year. The scene is laid in a corner of the Doge's Palace, in the gray light of very early morning. Some revellers—clowns, harlequins, and other gay masques—returning

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from a ball, come suddenly upon a corpse laid out for burial. It is a gruesome but dramatic subject, treated with skill. Benson was the stepfather of Miss Dudu Fletcher, the author of "Kismet," a well-known novel in its day, but I tried to read it over again not long ago and found it pretty dull. I fancy most "best sellers" grow flat in forty years.

About this time William Graham, an American painter whom I had known very well in Rome, married his Italian landlady and settled in Venice, in a little house on a canal near the church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, in front of which stands one of the grandest statues in the world, Verrocchio's Colleone. Graham's things were fine in feeling and color, but he painted few finished pictures, contenting himself with making numberless careful sketches from nature which he was never concerned about selling. He was so modest and retiring that he let clients hunt him up, and was therefore more appreciated among his fellow artists than by the general public. He had such a hard time getting along that his friends were much pleased when he married the lady, as she was well-to-do, an excellent cook, and made him very comfortable. They thought he was well provided for for life. But, alas! she only lived for a few years and "poor old Graham," as everybody affectionately called him, was again drifting about. During the régime of his efficient wife he became trim and well set up, with neat collars and cuffs and well-brushed clothes, but he soon lapsed into his old threadbare ways. He was a tall, thin, solemn-looking man, with a dry sense of humor. Before he became a painter he had been in the gold diggings of California, a "forty-niner," and kept a grocery store at one end of a little village. At the other end of the street lived a jealous enemy, a rival grocer, who threatened to shoot him on sight. Graham had a headstrong mule, that sometimes ran away

and was generally unruly. One day as he mounted his mule, it took the bit between its teeth and ran with him pell-mell, right through the village and straight into his rival's shop. His startled enemy, revolver in hand, was about to shoot, when Graham with great presence of mind thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out a dollar, and said: "Give me a pound of sugar!" When the enemy found a rival transformed into a customer before his eyes, his wrath was appeased and they became firm friends.

When Graham started out from Rome on a sketching tour for the summer, he never decided beforehand where he was going, but would board a train and whenever they stopped he would take a look at the landscape, and if it seemed paintable he would get out and perhaps spend the whole summer there. In the course of time he turned up in New York and brought with him all his art accumulations of many years—pictures, tapestries, rugs, and what not, all for sale. He had many good things, among them a small and excellent example of Tiepolo, who was just then being discovered by connoisseurs, after a long sleep, and becoming the fashion. As I wanted to help Graham along, I told him that I might find him a purchaser for this picture, for which he asked a hundred dollars. I mentioned it to Francis Lathrop and told him that Graham would take two hundred and fifty for it. Lathrop was delighted with it, thought it very cheap, and took it at that price; so I felt I had done pretty well for Graham. C. C. Coleman bought one of his rugs for a small price and sold it for thousands, but with his usual generosity he shared his profit with Graham.

Having sold his "roba," Graham could no longer keep away from Italy. The last I heard of him was in Capri, where his old friends Vedder and Coleman looked out for

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him at the last. He was a dear old fellow, gentle as a child. Fortunately his lovable qualities endeared him to his friends, who never failed him in hard places, and he floated through life, as Disraeli says, "like lilies on the stream." He had few wants, and if he had enough of painting from nature he cared for nothing more. He had a happy life.

Venice is filled with little stands for the sale of fruit and miscellaneous articles, one favorite dish being strips of fried pumpkin. Snails are also in demand, not the large snail of commerce which we all know, but a little thing the size of a small pea, which I have never seen except in Venice. They are very cheap, a centime buying a quantity. When a purchaser buys a handful, they are handed out to him on a large vine-leaf with a small piece of wood like a toothpick, with which he extracts them from their shells and consumes them as he idles along the street. While I was sitting painting one day, I observed two wayfarers stop at one of these stands. One spent a centime for a vine-leaf of snails. He did not offer any to his friend, who watched him feast with hungry eyes until they were almost gone, when he could stand it no longer and timidly asked for *one*, but the glutton declined—it seemed to me about the meanest thing I had ever seen. Centimes were used in Venice a great deal because of the extreme poverty of the people. You know, at every landing-place for gondolas there is always an old fellow bearing a hooked stick to hold the gondola in place, who helps the passenger to alight and, of course, expects a gratuity, usually a ten-centime piece, equal to one cent of our money. I once meanly dropped a centime in the old man's cap, and he felt so insulted at the smallness of the gift that he turned his cap over and dropped the coin into the water; but I think it was only bluff—no one in Venice would throw away even

a centime, and I am certain that when I had gone he dived in after it.

Haseltine and I spent a great deal of time in the antiquity shops, very keen about finding good things cheap. And what splendid chances for picking up "*roba antica*" there were in those days! Not once have I regretted anything that I bought, saving all my regrets for not buying many things that I coveted but did not think I could afford. The dealers always asked much more than they were willing to take, often three or four times as much, and they despised you for a green "*forestiere*," if you immediately gave them their price. Brass plates of the fifteenth century were much prized and were plentiful in those days, when few people except artists were collectors of *bric-à-brac*. Whenever one of their numerous *festas* came along, all the people took a holiday and thronged the streets in their best clothes; booths would be erected along the pavement, decorated with green boughs; those for the sale of fried fish invariably displayed a row of these brightly polished brass plates, about eighteen inches across, usually with a scriptural subject in the middle and Gothic lettering around the edge. Most of them were cheap modern imitations, but among them would generally be one or two choice old ones which were always for sale at some price or other, generally about twenty-five francs. I acquired several on these occasions, and Haseltine bought two or three dozen for his fine palazzo in Rome. One of Haseltine's most cherished possessions was a splendid tapestry that he had bought from the great Fortuny. I happened to learn that it was probably one of a set belonging to the Spanish royal family, one of which was missing and was supposed to have been stolen. Haseltine was a good deal disturbed by this report, fearing that it might be claimed, but I don't think it ever was.

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In Venice, the summer before, I heard of some old tapestries in a private house; the owner threw them down from an upper-story window into a courtyard and spread them out there for me to see. I was fascinated by one of the smaller ones showing a pretty garden scene, with many small figures, charming little knights and ladies, strolling about under the trees—always designated by its owner, who spoke broken English, as the one with the “small fidgers.” I liked it immensely, but the price was six thousand francs, so I did not consider it.

When I came back the following summer, the owner would turn up every now and then when I was painting in the streets and ask me how much I would give for the tapestry with the “small fidgers.” He always refused my offers, but finally, when the summer had passed and “forestieri” were few, he began reducing his price and at last came down to three thousand francs. A few days before I left, I told him that it was his last chance, and offered him five hundred francs, which to my surprise he promptly accepted and threw the tapestry down to me out of the window. I have it now and have refused a good price for it.

It was in Venice that I bought, for a hundred francs, one of my best things, a very fine marriage chest carved with a lovely design in low relief. There is an exact duplicate of it in Perugia, the design attributed to Perugino. It had dolphins at the corners, but as their heads were gone I had a little Roman wood-carver make some heads which matched the old work exactly. This man in the Via Capo le Case had a genius for imitating the old carving. With a few rude tools—a saw, a chisel, and a mallet—not following any design, he cut things right from his own head that were really fine—not the sandpapered stuff glued on a flat back-

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ground that the carvers do in Florence, but solid work, the design melting into the flat surface but showing the sharp marks of the chisel, like the modelling of the Italian sculptors of the fifteenth century or the work of Augustus Saint Gaudens.

I was once driving in a cab in the outskirts of Paris with Saint Gaudens when we espied in a little shop two old Gothic carved oak panels. We immediately jumped out and bought them for a trifle, each of us taking one. Afterward in New York, I lent mine to McKim and he used it as a motive and as a model for the carver, in the style of cutting, for the panels of the beautiful pulpit in the Church of the Ascension which he designed and had carried out under his own eye. It was also in Paris, in a carpenter's shop, that I discovered a splendid chest, covered with pigskin and profusely studded with ornamental copper nails in intricate designs, with bronze handles and lock in the form of lovely dolphins. It is of about the time of Louis XIV, and may have belonged to the Dauphin. Stanford White admired it so much that he took a rubbing of it for some leather work which he was then doing. It was in another carpenter's shop, this one on the Via Sistina in Rome, that I found two small bronze portrait medallions of the fifteenth century, and worthy of the period, of which I have never seen any reproductions.

A terra-cotta bas-relief for a shrine, which I discovered in Florence in 1872, is of the time of Donatello, a Madonna and Child, most delicately colored and with lovely faces. There is one in Turin by Donatello with figures exactly like mine, but where mine has a flat background with a sort of arabesque or tapestry design, that in Turin has two wreaths interlaced. I bought this for thirty-five francs.

One of the best antiquity dealers in Venice had his shop

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in a splendid old palace on the Grand Canal, its ceilings covered with fine old faded frescoes and everything about it just as it had been in the fifteenth century. Strange to relate, though he was quite up on all phases of ancient art, he had another and very different calling—he was a butcher! It is hard to understand how he could reconcile himself to occupations so incongruous. His daughter usually sat in the shop and did the selling, and as I wanted badly a repoussé brass plate which they had, I would offer her twenty-five francs for it whenever I happened in, but she always declined. The day before I left Venice I walked in—the daughter was sitting there—I put down twenty-five francs on the counter and walked off with the plate under my arm. She threw up both hands and exclaimed:

“Mano di Dio! Mano di Dio!”

I also bought in Venice a very unusual marriage-chest front, of the fourteenth century. It is made of walnut, carved in low relief with figures of huntsmen and horses returning from a boar-hunt, black with age, but brightened with the remains of gilding in spots here and there. Deciding to treat it as a shelf, I got the Capo le Case wood-carver to add a grotesque head at each end and a shelf above, and later I had it built into a mantelpiece at Danskammer with good effect.

One day, wandering into an ancient Venetian palazzo, I saw hanging in the hall an etching by Albert Dürer—the horse with a mailed figure walking by its side—and bought it for ten francs. I don't know whether it is an original or not but it is good enough to be. Perhaps it is by Marc Antonio, who engraved Dürer's things in Venice. I remember in Padua asking an antiquity dealer if he had any old books. He said, yes, that he would show me a few, and took me to an old palace where the garret was

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filled with at least a thousand volumes, most of them of very early printing, with vellum bindings and many with metal clasps. He told me I could help myself to any book in the collection at a franc each, but I had no means of carrying them. I bought only one, a treatise on some Latin particle, with a stamped leather binding, classic heads and ornaments, and brass clasps.

When I went to a new place in travelling, I often sought out the antiquity shops before I visited the great sights, and now when I look at my little collection at home each object has a history and recalls some delightful hunt in out-of-the-way corners of many an old city. But I must not let my love for "roba antica" run away with me, although I am mentioning all these acquisitions partly to show how cheaply in those days one could pick up really good things. What treasures I could have secured for the Metropolitan Museum if they had let me buy for them!

I once had an adventure in an antiquity shop that might have been more serious than amusing. One afternoon I visited Innocenti's, in the Via Frattina in Rome, and examined some coins that Innocenti himself showed me, one of them gold, about the size of a twenty-dollar gold piece. I thought that I returned it to him, but the next morning while shaving I took up my waistcoat and to my horror found this coin in the pocket! With the lather still on my face I hurried into my coat and rushed down to Innocenti's and found him just taking down his shutters, for it was not yet eight o'clock. I gave him the coin with breathless apologies. He was not disturbed—he said that he had seen me put it in my pocket, but knew that it would be all right.

That summer in Venice most of the artists and writers would meet at Florian's celebrated restaurant under the

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colonnade of the Square of San Marco, and there, grouped around little tables, we would listen to the band, eat ices, drink coffee, and consume "caramelli" that men brought around on trays—candied fruits of every description, grapes, plums, and apricots, speared on bits of wood like tooth-picks. In those days, living in Venice was extraordinarily cheap, and two people could dine at a good restaurant for sixty cents. The doors of Florian's were never closed day or night—had not been, it is said, in a hundred years. Alas, they are closed to-day, in 1917!

When the Austrians were in possession in 1869, their smart light-blue and white uniforms were everywhere, and I thought these elaborately gotten-up officers were the handsomest men I had ever seen. And when I first sat under the arches at Florian's listening to the music, it was the Austrian band that played for us. But in 1872 they had given way to the Italians. The strains of the band floated across to us from the opposite corner of the square, bathed in silver moonlight; every hour the two Moors on the clock-tower would beat out the time with clanging strokes; flower-girls would saunter by and pin little bouquets in our buttonholes. We had pleasant times at Florian's, under the arches.

There was a foolish little game we used to play at Florian's—some one would throw a half-smoked cigar out on the pavement and we would proceed to bet as to whether a passer-by from the right or from the left would pick it up; the loser would pay for the ices or caramelli. Haseltine liked more substantial fodder than ices, however, and he would often slip away for half an hour and adjourn to the Hotel Baur for one of their famous beefsteaks, and come back to us redolent of onions.

Henry James was one of the most interesting of the

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men one met at Florian's. My first acquaintance with him was at a picture gallery in Bologna in 1869, where we fraternized in discussing the pictures, and he was then a handsome young man, not yet famous. At this time in Venice he had "arrived," and had already done much of his best work. Another literary man I met in Venice was T. Adolphus Trollope, accompanied by his lovely daughter Beatrice. He looked a good deal like his brother Anthony, a bluff, hearty man, rather stout and red.

You never paint in the streets of Venice without something amusing happening. As I was making a sketch one day of a marble column with a cross on the top and steps around the base, I casually put in the figure of a pretty young girl who happened to sit knitting on one of the steps. I had just got her in to my satisfaction when she strolled round behind me, and reaching deftly forward, before I could stop her, with one sweep of her thumb wiped the whole figure out of the picture. Like the Indians in the West, the peasants hate to be sketched, thinking it subjects them to the power of the evil eye. Another time I was painting the window of a church from a gondola moored quietly under the wall; in the stern lay the gondolier, stretched flat on his back with his mouth wide open, enjoying the usual siesta. Suddenly, without warning, a pailful of slops was cast from an upper window, directly into his peaceful face. He was deluged. With a shriek the poor fellow dived headlong into the canal, clothes and all.

I wonder if the fishing-boats in Venice are still as beautiful as they were in those days: their colored sails, usually a rich amber, adorned with some device—the more ambitious with a Madonna, a crucifix, or some such religious emblem—the nets a warm brown, strung up to dry on the masts and rigging and hanging in graceful folds; the black

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hulls painted on the prow with quaint names, such as "Honora Fatica" or "Rene di Mari." The time to see them in their glory was the early morning, when they returned in great fleets with their catch of the night before to their chief rendezvous, the quay back of the Public Garden. I spent many happy mornings in the comfortable seat of a gondola, painting these charming little vessels grouped along the shore or dotting a distant lagoon. Those were ideal days!

John W. Bunney to D. M. A., New York

Fondamenta San Biagio, Venice. Jan., 1874.

"... I have not forgotten the pleasant companionship we had in Venice. I heard from Graham that you had gone in for art at last and set up a studio in New York. May your fullest hopes and liveliest anticipations be fully realized, and when love is the foundation-stone can one desire a better wish for a fellow worker!

Last summer we had cholera from June to October, close quarantine by way of the sea, and no bathers. I could look across from my balcony to the Salute and the Giudecca and not see a single vessel. Nearly all the gaiety in Venice was confined to the artists, who kept up a constant run of dissipation in the way of dancing at the Lido and picnics at Sant' Elena. Some of them admitted to me that they felt no disposition to work, and thought it might be the scirocco or the bad air of Venice, at which I grinned and said nothing! Yewell was here and worked hard; he went to Cadore for a month and the sketches he did there pleased me much. His things in the church here have in them such a look of marble and truth of colour that I feel he is going on fast, by steady indomitable courage in not turning aside either to fashion on the one hand or tricks of clever

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execution on the other. Graham showed me a delicious bit outside one of the gates of Rome, such sweet feeling and quiet subdued colour, not naturalistic, but very poetic, such a picture as one could turn to in anxious irritable moments and get peace and strength. Then we had some Spaniards from Paris, whose work gave me food for thought; I don't say they were entirely satisfactory, but they had a fascination that was not only attractive but satisfactory.

Well, about my own work—I think, or rather I know, that I can do things now that I could not when you were here. But it is a hard fight to keep pace with clever execution on the one hand, and French feeling on the other,—not that I despise clever execution or French feeling. I look on with a great desire, when I see how freely men do that which I cannot, how much they get with scarcely any effort or means; and my reverence is great for that lovely feeling which the French and Spaniards get into their work.

Now when are you coming back to Italy and Venice? We often talk of you all, and Maggie and Pippo would be glad to see their pretty little golden-haired playfellow again."

Every morning for years after I left Italy, with my first waking thoughts I would begin to plan how I could return, and often I regretted that because of the inadequate salary I had resigned my position as consul-general. But as I look back now I am satisfied. I am glad that my children were brought up Americans.

CHAPTER XII

SAINT GAUDENS AND OTHERS

“Youth is a house that has no stairs at all,
And like a ship at sea is manhood’s prime.”

The Falcone was an ancient Roman trattoria, opening its hospitable doors just back of the Pantheon on one of the crooked streets that tie themselves into a dozen bow-knots in an effort to wriggle somehow into a respectable part of town. To those familiar with modern Rome the vicinity of the Pantheon will seem an unexpected spot in which to discover a favorite café, but in the early seventies the Falcone was much patronized by the artistic fraternity. The billowy primitive stone floor and the tables furrowed and black with age could not detract a whit from the fragrance of the macaroni sizzling in the next room, while the heads of old wine-casks that studded the walls but reminded us that there still remained much chianti to be met and conquered. The American and English artists who enjoyed the Falcone’s savory meals were not always famous, but they satisfactorily enough made up for the lack of appreciation in others by at any rate unreservedly admitting to each other that they were far and away the best.

Here it was that the sculptor Rhinehart (or “Rhiny,” as he was known to his fellows, a man “of infinite wit”) was host at a jolly dinner one sultry July night in 1872—the 3d of the month it was, for I remember how patriotic we became as morning drew near. And it had drawn disgracefully near before all the tales were told and all the

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songs sung by the convivial crowd, among whom I remember Vedder and Coleman. At the long table also sat George Simmons, the English sculptor whose "Falconer" adorns a rocky knoll in Central Park. The name of my next neighbor was Augustus Saint Gaudens. His personality strongly impressed me, and there and then began a friendship destined to last till the day of his death.

When my new-found friend and I sallied out after dinner, we came upon Vedder sitting on one of the large stones at the corner of the Via Frattina and the Piazza di Spagna, gazing with solemn attention at the moon as it hung in quiet glory over the Pincian Hill. Dawn was just touching the skies and the chill of early morning was in the air. But from that position not all the expostulations of Saint Gaudens and myself could budge Vedder, and after a time we forbore and left him still sitting on his stone in silent contemplation. The next day I departed for Venice, and a year passed before I could renew my acquaintance with Saint Gaudens.

The end of a year saw us both on this side of the Atlantic, and many were the experiences we had in New York in the old building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. It still is occupied by the German Savings Bank, but in those days there were a number of vacant up-stairs rooms used as studios. We each rented one of these, and for several years I saw him almost daily; discouraging and depressing years they were for him, although maybe not really so hard as the earlier ones he had spent as a student at the Beaux Arts.

Saint Gaudens had been working for some time on a small recumbent female figure, which was finally cast in plaster and sent to the Academy of Design. It was rejected. He had also before this, in Rome, made a marble

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figure of "Silence" for a Masonic temple, but the Masons, knowing little of art, didn't like it and were prevailed upon to accept it only after he had spent weary weeks at work, himself cutting and chipping the marble after it was already in place. They now congratulate themselves, it is said, on having known enough to secure the work of a great sculptor!

The father of Saint Gaudens was a shoemaker who kept his shop next to the old Academy of Design in Fourth Avenue. I often met him. He was an erect old Frenchman with a fine leonine head, an aristocratic bearing, and good blood in his veins, I am sure. Saint Gaudens had no regular education to speak of, though his active mind readily acquired bits of knowledge, and later on in life he was a very well-educated man. At the time of which I speak, however, he was innocent of even an acquaintance with many of the masterpieces of literature. He once asked me where he could find an accurate story of Moses. Rather amused, I lent him the obvious book. Late that night he came back into my studio in a great state of excitement, carrying in his hand the Bible I had lent him.

"I've never read this before," he exclaimed. "It's the most remarkable thing I have ever seen."

Saint Gaudens often told me of the trials he had suffered as an apprentice to a cameo-cutter, a Frenchman, who spent his holidays and Sundays in shooting snipe on the Weehawken Flats. The young craftsman was compelled to walk all day, lugging his master's game-bag and running after the snipe he shot. Never would he admit, even in confidence, that the bag was a heavy one, so loath was he to give "that fellow" credit for anything; but there is not much hazard in the guess that snipe were then in a more flourishing condition on the "Flats" than is the case to-day, and that the sport was pretty good—for the master.

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Cameo-cutting was soon abandoned, but not before Saint Gaudens had become very skilful at the trade. This training I have no doubt greatly influenced his whole artistic career. Upon returning to America after his first trip abroad he was desperately poor, and during most of one winter he and the sculptor Palmer slept in a storeroom on the same floor as our studios, using as beds the great empty packing-boxes of some furniture that had come to me from Italy.

In those days Mr. Robert Gordon's house was a rendezvous of artists and their friends, and every winter Mr. Gordon gave a large reception, with a splendid spread, to which the artists considered it quite the thing to be invited. Entirely different from any of the present-day functions, they were a distinct feature of New York life, and were looked forward to from year to year. To one of these I obtained an invitation for Saint Gaudens, and while we were there introduced him to Doctor Noyes, the famous surgeon and oculist. The conversation having turned upon hospitals, Saint Gaudens related to Doctor Noyes how once as a child, while playing in his father's workshop, he had cut a long gash in his arm and as a result had been carried to a hospital near by. Pulling up his sleeve, he showed the scar. Doctor Noyes said: "I remember the wound as distinctly as I do the brave little boy. I was the doctor who sewed it up!"

In his younger days Saint Gaudens was shy and avoided somewhat the company of the great, and he described to me as one of his early trials his modelling of a bust of a distinguished diplomat. This gentleman's doctor had ordered him to soak his feet, so when he posed for my friend he sat wrapped up in a blanket on a high chair, his feet stuck in a tub of water which it was part of Saint Gaudens's

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duty to keep hot. When the bust was well under way, Saint Gaudens noticed that the distinguished diplomat kept bringing the conversation around to Socrates and Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and Plato. The reason for this was not long obscure.

"I find," said the D. D., "after a careful examination, that all these distinguished men had very broad foreheads—just broaden mine a bit." So Saint Gaudens, afraid to object, meekly complied. Repeated urgings and the resultant broadenings brought the forehead finally to the point where it seemed to be affected with some dreadful swelling disease. But this did not bring complete satisfaction to the heart of the sitter. He suggested that these same great forerunners of his were also notable for having had very deep-set eyes. So poor Saint Gaudens was forced to bore and bore, deeper and deeper, until he almost pierced through to the back. He told me this story with great excitement, interspersing in the narrative many uncomplimentary remarks on celebrities in general, and illustrating it all by puffing out his cheeks and making violent boring gestures with his forefinger. He said he'd give anything to get hold of that bust and smash it to atoms.

By nature modest and retiring, nothing bored him more than to be thrust forward, especially if the particular kind of torture happened to be public speaking. His literary style was terse and vivid, and he showed it to advantage in his letters, frequently illustrating them, too, with humorous scraps of drawings and using for signature a caricature of his own long profile. His manners were always most attractive, but he cared little for dress and despised all its affectations. I remember that he bore a particular grudge against the pointed shoes that used to be fashionable, and was continually making fun of mine. But this lack of in-

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terest in clothes did not hinder him from admirably depicting them, as witness the Farragut and Lincoln statues. La Farge told me he thought Saint Gaudens in his Lincoln had obtained the most successful result that he had ever seen in the struggle of dealing artistically with the problem of modern dress.

In 1877 I found that Mrs. Edward King thought of erecting a monument at Newport in memory of her husband, and it occurred to me that Saint Gaudens and La Farge would be an excellent pair to execute the work, so I introduced my two friends to each other with this in view, and spoke of them to Mrs. King. They were promptly engaged, and this was the first really successful order secured by Saint Gaudens. Soon after their first meeting, La Farge asked Saint Gaudens and me to dine with him in his studio in the old Tenth Street building, and the beautiful King monument resulted from their discussion that evening. Another of the joint work of these two friends of mine was the reredos in St. Thomas's Church, afterward destroyed by fire, of which I shall speak when I set down my impressions of La Farge. Saint Gaudens alludes to both the monument and the angels in the following letter, in which he also speaks of the bas-relief he had made of me while we were together in New York. This was the first of the interesting medallions he afterward often made. The letter is signed, as was his custom, with an outline of his own most characteristic profile.

Augustus Saint Gaudens to D. M. A., Danskammer

Rome, 18-8.

"... Such a time I had as you never saw. I did it because Dr. Morgan gave me to understand that La Farge would be ready in time. I was sure he would not be, but

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as I did not care to bear the responsibility of the delay, I did the work. That was last October, La Farge has not yet finished! I regret very much he did not tell me he would not be ready for then I would have passed a great deal more time, studied up the Renaissance and produced a better thing. It was not a money affair, I spent more than I got for it, and I regret I was not allowed at least to do as well as I could. 'J'ai pris mon parti,' as they say in French. I said something has got to be sacrificed so I'll go in for the general character.

After that was over I finished the tomb, and within a week or so it will be on its way to America. On New Year's day I left Paris for Rome. We had a splendid trip, stopping tho' only at Pisa. Do you know I believe my stay in America has done me no harm. I appreciate all the grand works more than ever. On arriving in Rome I had a hard time getting a studio, but am finally settled in Simmons', the Englishman's studio. I have half of it and am hard at work; the shawls are hung on the wall, and on them the colored medallions as of old, the reclining figure in front as usual, and on a piece of wood hung on the shawl, a small medallion in bronze which is the portrait of one of my best friends of whom I have the fondest recollections; I modelled it in New York just before I left. Rather a short man, a heavy moustache, an open eye—Mr. La Farge said that his face looked in parts as if it was 'tied up in a knot'—notwithstanding that he's a pretty good kind of a fellow. I have sent that medallion in a box, with a plaster bust of Admiral Farragut, both of which are to be exhibited at Kurtz gallery in March. When the exhibition is over, Mr. Walter Shirlaw, the President of the Association, will according to my authorization, remit the medallion to Signor Bracciaforte in English—*Bracciaforte* in English, not

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the medallion—The gentleman I mean is not two steps from where you now stand, and I give it to him as a slight token of esteem and friendship. I hope it will be exhibited and delivered in the way I sent it, on a plain piece of oiled walnut, held on by six tacks, with a screw nail to hang it on the wall, so—[drawing by St. G.]

Vedder is still here and complaining somewhat. He has a great deal of talent. Coleman I have visited but have not seen his work. I like some of Graham's work a great deal,—after this year he is going to live in Venice. Griswold is still the same. All complain more or less, but say this year has been a little better than the last two or three. My brother Louis who disappeared from Paris in June '76 wrote me a letter a few days ago and you can imagine my joy. I had almost given him up. Simmons, in whose studio I am, has left Rome indefinitely, married a young American lady and is now settled in London. There, I am at the end of my news for you. I have told you a lot about myself, knowing it would interest you. I trust you will do likewise, but much as I would like to hear from you, yet I want you to feel that if I don't get news I won't feel a bit neglected. I have never thought that a person's friendship could be measured by the regularity of his correspondence.

I suppose by this time that you are settled down in Newburgh and that you have been painting away hard without any interruption. That—interruption, I mean—is the bane of cities. So as to work I have to lock my door and answer no one. I hope Mrs. Armstrong is well; also your little ones. Please give her my kindest regards and with best wishes from Mrs. St. Gaudens, believe me sincerely your friend. Aug. St. Gaudens. If you desire anything here '*je suis à vos ordres.*' Mr. MacMillan the Consul

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seems to be a great favorite. I have not seen him yet, but to-day Mrs. St. G. goes there."

Saint Gaudens finished the King monument in Paris, whither I went in the spring of 1878 just in time to see him giving it the final touches. I had been appointed Director of American Fine Arts at the Exposition of that year, and during the time it lasted I lived in the Saint Gaudens apartment at 3 Rue Herschel, in the Latin Quarter.

His studio was close by in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in a huge old dance-hall, and high up in the gallery there a couple of other artists and I often painted, much amused by the alternate waves of exultation and despair that swept over Saint Gaudens as he worked. That summer Augustus started his brother Louis at work, and it was in the old dance-hall that the latter modelled his first head. Saint Gaudens made for me a bas-relief portrait of my little daughter Helen, besides finishing some other small pieces of work, but his best efforts that summer were spent on the Farragut statue, which kept him busy for some time to come.

His Farragut working model was set up in the centre of the room, while the rest of us painted in the gallery, once occupied, I suppose, by the orchestra. Thence at odd times were wafted snatches of song that might have startled even the waltzing Parisians of the old days; from one corner would resound a mellow bass:

"You secure the old man;
I'll bind the gur-r-l."

And the couplet would be completed antiphonally from another remote quarter:

"Once aboard the lugger she is mine."

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Saint Gaudens always made it "lubber," and we could not laugh him out of this unnautical substitution.

One of our lively circle was young Bloomer, always amusing and very talkative. He insisted upon singing whenever he painted—and he painted steadily. One day somebody called out, "I'm all through. Come on, fellows: let's go out to Fontainebleau and hear Bloomer paint." Various bets were chalked up as to whether or not we should find Bloomer performing to his usual accompaniment; of course he was.

I asked Saint Gaudens to help me hang the American pictures in the Exposition, and had him appointed by the commissioner-general. This work, as he afterward described it, was "something like a battle." A large number of these pictures had been selected in New York by a distinguished committee of American connoisseurs. All these gentlemen, being amateurs and patrons of art but none of them actual painters, wanted only pictures by "leading artists." So I, who acted as a sort of adviser and buffer between the artists and the committee, had difficulty in persuading them to accept pictures by some men who had not the reputation they afterward acquired, but who even then unquestionably were worthy of representing the United States at the Paris Exposition—notably Winslow Homer and John La Farge. (The latter's picture, "Paradise Valley," received an honorable mention.) Even at the end, there were still a number of the younger and best artists who were left unrepresented.

The following letter is interesting as showing the work that was admired at the time by a good artist, and recommended for the Exposition.

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R. Swain Gifford to D. M. A., N. Y.

Association Building, N. Y. Feb. 19, 1878.

"... I consider these as good as anything these painters have done. Eastman Johnson, 'The Husking Bee,' owner Sarony; Charles Miller, 'The Sheep-fold,' owner, I think, Robert Gordon; Samuel Colman, 'The Alhambra,' in oil, and his water-color, 'Tower at Florence,' owned by one of the Astors. William Sartain has painted some small figure subjects and some street scenes in Algiers that I think better than any other American painter's. There is a man by the name of *Dewing* in Boston that does charming figure subjects, a new man and little known, but I believe him to be a remarkably fine painter. I am convinced you will not be able to find a representative picture by John La Farge here in New York. The large Newport picture that he considers his best landscape, exhibited at the Academy about three years ago, is owned by a Boston lady. I heartily hope the committee have been able to see Mr. Clark and secure the 'Cedars of New England.'"

Some pictures were selected by Saint Gaudens and myself in Paris, these mainly being the work of the students there. Thus our duties and responsibilities were very mixed and it naturally followed that we got the criticism for all the sins of omission, though in reality we were responsible only for those pictures accepted in Paris and for the hanging. The third man on our committee was Mr. —, always referred to by the newspapers as "The Great American Connoisseur," a name he never afterward succeeded in getting rid of. He soon became rather terrified, I imagine, at having to do anything, and refused to come to the meetings or to countenance any of our actions, saying that we

were too young and too radical—"perfect iconoclasts," as he expressed it.

It must be admitted that we partly earned this title, for when we came to hang the pictures we placed those we considered best on the line and the worst near the ceiling, entirely irrespective of the names or reputations of the various artists concerned; there, Saint Gaudens remarked, the latter would do the least harm. This was unprecedented. Result: we displeased a great many of the artists, for some of the great were "skied." For example, Bloomer, who had never before had a picture exhibited, sent a very nice landscape and we hung it on the line. This sort of thing upset some people, and of course we came in for our share of criticism, but on the whole the exhibit made a good impression, and unprejudiced people, especially foreigners, said it was the best made by the United States up to that time. Later on, Russell Sturgis saw our completed work and expressed his entire approval. But for the purpose of showing that even the ordinary American criticism was not all adverse, the following quotations from an editorial in the *New York Times* seem amusing enough not to be out of place:

"These young persons have struck terror to the heart of the American colony by judging pictures on the ground of artistic merit displayed in them, regarded by such lights as they possess. Carried away by their mistaken enthusiasm for pure art, they have rejected pictures of great size, which show, almost as faithfully as a colored photograph, miles and miles of our unequalled Western landscape. They have failed to appreciate the genius of a man who samples a large tract of country, and condenses his samples into a 'Heart of' or 'Soul of' this or that country. They have made the pitiable mistake of supposing the size of,

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and length of time occupied in the painting of, a picture, has little or nothing to do with its artistic merit. Pride of intellect and vainglory of the artistic temperament can go no further. Their downfall is certain.

“On the other hand, it may be urged that an expurgated show of American art is a novel and refreshing thing, which cannot fail to impress well those Europeans whose good opinion is of value. It may be said that the academical American painter is a nuisance at which the judges in Europe laugh heartily; and also that many absurd pictures are every year admitted to the Salon. But if things are sifted to the bottom, it will readily be seen how hollow all such arguments are.

“What was this committee appointed for? To select and hang a collection of paintings representative of the present state of American art. Mark that word, representative. How have they done it? By neglecting the bad and taking the good. Now, American art is mostly bad. Ergo, the exhibition is not representative of the present state of American art. They ought to be taught that America never puts her best foot forward, and does not want to be represented otherwise than by mediocrities. As it is, we may leave them to the results of their ignorance and temerity. The American colony in Paris has plenty of time on its hands, and will probably make the lives of the committee a burden to them.”

Saint Gaudens was always frank; he made it a point of honor when asked about any work of art to answer exactly as he thought. One day we had been in the Russian gallery, where hung a gaudy and thoroughly bad picture which we both agreed in disliking. As we were coming out, some people whom Saint Gaudens knew slightly but-

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tonholed him and asked him about that particular picture, whether he didn't admire it immensely. He briefly admitted that he did, and escaped.

"Saint Gaudens," I said as we walked along, "you're not living up to your principles. That's a bad picture and you know it."

Turning abruptly around, without a word, he hurried after the people, and called out:

"I beg your pardon, sir, I shouldn't have said that was a good picture: I know for a fact that it's dreadful!"

We had the naming of the juror for the United States on the International Board of Awards, and after some consideration it seemed to us that no man could be better fitted for the place than Frank D. Millet. We accordingly recommended him, and most acceptable he proved to the other jurors because of his engaging personality and varied talents. The chairman of the jury was Sir Frederick Leighton, a handsome and attractive gentleman, well qualified for the difficult position that he held, not only on account of his ability as an artist but also through the wonderful linguistic powers he possessed. I heard that at the meetings he spoke to the jurors of the many different nations each in his own tongue.

One amusing incident connected with the exhibition sticks in my memory. On the day that it opened, all the officials assembled in state before their respective buildings while President MacMahon, accompanied by his magnificent suite, walked down the Avenue of Nations, stopping before the different houses in turn and congratulating the commissioners. Young Captain Rogers, in charge of the United States marines at the exposition, was standing in a brilliant uniform with Commissioner-General McCormick and other American officials in the space before our build-

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ing. To Marshal MacMahon it seemed that Captain Rogers, the only man in uniform, must be by far the most important member of the group, and accordingly it was he whom he greeted elaborately. Every one was quite taken aback and young Rogers stood in silent amazement until the marshal had briefly congratulated him and passed on, wondering to himself, no doubt, at the embarrassment with which the "director" had received his speech of welcome.

About this time Saint Gaudens introduced me to his good friend Bastien-Lepage, with a view to my studying with him, but nothing came of it except a number of interesting conversations with the famous French artist. He once said to me that there was no more mystery about painting a head than about painting a bottle and that this was one trouble with beginners—they never were willing to paint just what they saw. He was then at work on "Joan of Arc," the magnificent picture now in the Metropolitan Museum, and one day the great Gérôme dropped in to see and criticise it. He advised him to put in a distant view behind the little peasant house with which we now are all familiar. Bastien listened politely. Then when Gérôme had gone, Saint Gaudens asked him if he intended to follow the advice. "Not at all," he said. "I know just what I want, and it may take me years, but I'm going to get that and nothing else." No one, now, denies that he did.

Lepage always was immensely, almost extravagantly, admired by Saint Gaudens. But then we must remember that it was one of the latter's characteristics to be extremely generous in his praise of any work that he considered good, no matter by whom or according to what method it was executed. Although he of course always liked best the works of the Italian Renaissance, he never bound himself

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to any one school, liberally praising, I recollect, artists as different as Pelouse, the brilliant Fortuny, Jules Breton, and Daubigny, all of whom had pictures in the Exposition. Among American artists I think Saint Gaudens most admired La Farge; at any rate, he often spoke of him as "a very big man," reiterating how much indebted he was to him for criticisms and suggestions made while they were working together.

Saint Gaudens ranked very high Paul Dubois, one of his student friends in the Beaux Arts days, and he never lost an opportunity of seeing and praising his work. At the Exposition Dubois had a striking monument of General Lamoricière, and of the figure of "Faith" on this Saint Gaudens drew a charming pen-and-ink sketch for an Exposition article in *Scribner's*. This drawing is interesting as being perhaps the only one ever made by him for publication. Mercié was another favorite, Saint Gaudens considering his "David," in the '78 Exposition, one of the most successful of modern sculptural works.

But he was just as unsparing in his condemnation of bad work. Once at an exhibition in New York we together had tried to find a single passably good picture. At last Saint Gaudens burst out in fury with: "Let's get out of this. These pictures are so bad they're positively indecent."

It was Saint Gaudens who introduced me to his dear friend Luc-Olivier Merson, one of the most charming men it has ever been my fortune to know. He was good enough to take me into his studio as his first pupil. While I was painting there, Merson was at work on his "Flight into Egypt," the now familiar picture of the Virgin and Child asleep in the desert between the feet of the Sphinx. Great was the indecision as to whether or not he should put a

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moon in the picture, and he must have changed it a dozen times before he finally decided to finish it without the moon itself but with a charming effect of diffused moonlight.

Merson did not use living models much, but preferred to make miniature wax figures, clothing them in floating garments of vari-tinted tissue-paper. Little angels with paper wings askew, and scantily clothed bambinos, were forever littering his studio. I think I am at liberty by now to relate the story of a beautiful little picture (or rather, the remains of a beautiful little picture) that hung in a closet off this studio. Merson told me how one afternoon in Rome, shortly after he had won the coveted "Prix de Rome," having been at work all day in his studio putting the finishing touches to this picture, in walked Carolus Duran. A friend of Merson's father, the famous art critic, it seems he imagined he ought to show some interest in the young man's work. So he stopped in for a visit. Merson exhibited his little picture and awaited the artist's criticism. With deliberation Duran walked over to the easel, seized a large brush, mixed some colors together, and before the young man could prevent him had rapidly smeared it all over the picture—long yellow and green swipes, horizontally across. Then without a word, he turned slowly and walked out, leaving Merson in doubt whether to be amused or furious. At all events, he kept the remains as a memento of the great artist's first visit, praying only that his humble studio might not be again honored.

At the Exposition, an entire room was in some cases devoted to the works of one artist. One morning Saint Gaudens, Bunce, and I were in the Salle de Jules Breton when the artist himself came in. We were introduced, but for some reason or other Augustus and I were called away

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almost immediately. Knowing the limitations of Bunce's French, I felt, after a time, that I ought to hurry back and rescue him. But on re-entering the gallery I found my anxiety had been needless. Bunce's ingenuity surpassed his linguistic ability. He had picked out Breton's picture of a peasant girl lying asleep under the apple-trees, had folded his hands on the back of the chair, laid his head on them in imitation of the girl, half closed his eyes, and was murmuring between sighs "Très, très joli!" Jules Breton meantime was walking around the room, quite content not to interrupt with mere conversation so intense a contemplation of his work.

With Saint Gaudens I used often to go out to Frank Millet's place at Montmartre, where we were always sure of meeting Maynard or Bunce or some of the others in our little Paris circle. A queer and picturesque place it was and full of oddities, the accumulation of years of travel and adventure. There were innumerable divans and hanging lamps, while quantities of strange weapons and musical instruments cluttered the corners. Foremost I remember, and by no means indistinctly, the weird bashi-bazouk in gorgeous Oriental dress whom Millet stationed as majordomo at his front door, thus succeeding in frightening nearly every one who came to the house for the first time. He had picked him up somewhere during his travels in the East, and had brought him along with the rest of the collection when he returned to Paris.

Saint Gaudens was always in rather poor health as a result of his early hardships. Many times while walking through dingy little streets in the Quarter he pointed out the wretched cabarets where he had been accustomed to get his food during his sojourn in Paris. He said he had never recovered and never expected to recover from the

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effects of the messes he had been forced to eat while a student there.

An especially intimate friend of Saint Gaudens was a French artist named Garnier, a number of whose beautiful enamels on copper are preserved in the Luxembourg. He not merely designed them, but like the enamellers of old he also did the firing, and a heavenly coloring resulted from his thorough workmanship. Garnier had seen service in the Franco-Prussian War, and many and thrilling were his accounts of the time when the French army was shut up in Paris to starve. Cat meat was considered a luxury, and stalking cats came to be his favorite amusement. In particular he told (with vivid French gesticulation) of one moonlight night when, on the outskirts of the city, he went crawling along the dark edge of some deserted houses fringing an open square, on the outlook for a late supper. Suddenly he spied a lone cat scurrying across the desolate square, its long shadow weirdly distorted on the uneven cobblestones. As he softly raised his pistol to take aim, he became aware of another and a bulkier shadow. It was a German intent on the same cat. Simultaneously each recognized the other as an enemy, and turned his weapon upon the bigger game. After an exchange of shots the German was silent, and Garnier could never be sure just what had been his fate. At any rate, when he looked around the cat had fled, and he went supperless back to his barracks.

I never was more surprised in my life than when I found that the French Government was going to give me the decoration of the Legion of Honor for my services at the Exposition. About ten o'clock one night, after I had gone to bed, while I was living with the Saint Gaudenses, a little fellow named Ellis, an artist, came with a message from Mr.

McCormick saying I was expected at one of the Ministries; so I got up and dressed while he waited for me, and we went there together. There had been a lot of wire-pulling for decorations, but it had never entered my head that I was to get one, so it was a complete surprise when on reaching the Ministry, where a number of others were waiting, I found that I was to be decorated. With no ceremony whatever we were all given our red ribbons, crosses, and diplomas. Several other Americans were given decorations for their exhibits, among others Edison for his phonograph. I learned afterward that I owed this honor to Mr. Waddington, the minister of foreign affairs, to whom the names of all those considered eligible for decorations were submitted for approval. He told me that when the list was sent to him my name was there, but that it had been scratched off. He replaced it, and mine was the only person connected with the Exposition for whom he asked a decoration.

Mr. Waddington was a delightful man, an Oxford graduate, and the only man I have ever known who spoke two languages so perfectly that both Frenchmen and Englishmen believed him a compatriot. He was afterward Ambassador to Russia and to England. His wife was Mary Alsop King. As I have said in a previous chapter, my wife and I had known the Kings very well in Rome, and I enjoyed seeing them again the year I was in Paris. Mrs. Charles King was a most lovely old lady and when I came to call I was always pleased that she welcomed me with a kiss as if I had been a son.

It was at a dinner given by the Waddingtons for General Grant that Henrietta King told me that I owed the decoration to Mr. Waddington. This dinner was the grandest affair of the kind I ever went to. There were seventy-eight guests seated in an enormous dining-room, at a table

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about fifteen feet wide, the whole lighted by wax candles in chandeliers and in candelabra along the table, alternating with magnificent vases of flowers. In spite of the number of guests, the dinner was perfectly served. Henrietta King told me before dinner that she had asked if I might take her in, but had been told that I was not nearly swell enough for the sister of madame; so I sat between two Frenchmen and did the best I could with my bad French.

General Grant was at this time on his trip around the world, admired and fêted wherever he went. I am reminded of a little incident in connection with an entertainment, at which I was an inconspicuous guest, given by the minister of agriculture in one of the great palaces belonging to the government. On this occasion we were first entertained by a play given by the company of the Théâtre Français, followed by dancing and a supper. I was handing in my invitation and my visiting card, and writing my name in a book in an anteroom, as we were requested to do, when I heard a voice behind me saying disconsolately in English:

"I've left my invitation at home and I haven't got any visiting-card."

I turned and found that it was General Grant. Of course, as soon as I explained that this was the ex-President of the United States, he was politely invited to enter and we went in together, but at the head of the aisle we were stopped again by two guards and again I had to vouch for my illustrious companion. Instantly, with many obsequious gestures he was snatched away from my side and wafted far away to the very front row of velvet chairs, where he sat next to the Maréchale McMahan, wife of the President of the French Republic, flanked on his other side

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by six Corean Ambassadors, quaintly costumed, with wing-like decorations in their hair.

When I saw the general afterward at supper, he said to me: "I'm not a bit grateful to you for your help. I can't speak a word of French, so I couldn't talk to the duchess or understand a word the actors said, and as for those other fellows they couldn't speak *anything*."

The general came quite often to the Exposition, and when I showed him around he was friendly and cordial, partly because of his great affection and admiration for Mr. Hamilton Fish. He often said how he owed more to his advice and sympathy when he was his secretary of state than to every one else in the cabinet put together. Grant was said to be a reticent, sulky sort of man, but I found him, on the contrary, talkative and kind.

Merson, with whom I was studying, was awfully pleased at my getting the decoration. I remember his exclamation of delight, "*Voilà le pic de rouge!*" when I first went to his studio wearing the ribbon in my buttonhole. I got an amusing letter about it from Picknell, a brother painter whom I had gotten to know very well at Pont Aven, when I went to Brittany to paint that summer, after my part of the Exposition was in order and I could get away from Paris for a while. He and a lot of other good fellows were staying at the Hôtel des Voyageurs, a picturesque old place where the dining-room walls are covered with the sketches of any number of grateful painters who had sojourned there. I believe it has since been overrun by tourists, and I fear the redoubtable Julia is no longer the hostess. I remember her taking some fellow who chanced to offend her by the nape of the neck, and sending him flying through the open door with one turn of her powerful wrist. But to us, her artist friends, she was hospitality itself.

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W. L. Picknell to D. M. A., Paris

Hôtel des Voyageurs, Pont Aven, Finisterre.

Oct. 31, 1878.

“. . . Have pity on the sorrows of a poor old man, and if this paper should be covered with blotches know that they each and every one represent tears, bitter tears, at your departure! You well know, dear friend, how delighted I am at your good fortune and how sincerely I congratulate you. It will be a bitter pill to your enemies, but all the more sweet to yourself and friends. Your letter did indeed have good news for me, for I had begun to feel blue at the prospect of ye frame bills, and the expenses my two large pictures were drawing me into. My picture of the ‘White Road’ is at Goupil’s. They wrote me a flattering letter offering to take my pictures on sale, but I must not lose a moment from my Salon at present. The Garden came out very well and I have sent it to the Dudley and put £500 on it. Hope I may sell.

There has been a glorious addition to our little colony. An English General, wife and two daughters, 21 and 23—figures representing daughters—charming, beautiful and talented. You, knowing the *old chick*, can imagine the feelings of his innermost heart. The Baron still haunts his old haunts and blesses us his children with good advice.

Now when you read the following awe-inspiring confession do not exclaim, ‘What a fool!’ Your humble servant has builded him a house out on ye lande, and yesterday did begin to rub charcoal in a most wonderful manner on to ye canvas. Eight feet by $5\frac{1}{2}$, how is that for size? for cheek? for future headaches? and sleepless nights? Pelouse told me to paint an important picture this year. So thought the best way to get out of the scrape was to

make it important in size. Walked about one thousand miles before finding subject, wore out two pairs of shoes, ten pairs of good nature! Subject once found, got permission to build on ye peasant's land. Had said peasant to dinner, gave him good wine, good cigars, and about ten P. M. he went staggering home, a happy if not a wiser man. Result of dinner, jolly good friends with peasant. He laughs at my jokes in French—very appreciative fellow. Two cartloads of colors sent to château yesterday, 800 doz. brushes, 4 shovels, and small cannon, American flag expected tomorrow, cider bottle hid in one corner. All creation thinking of working in my part of world, the hut appearing to be a good place to leave pictures in. Shall have newspapers, etc. and charge regular London club prices.

Having exhausted your good nature by this tirade, will shut up on that line, 'if it takes all summer.' The Shermans are enjoying their stay at Blois very much. I have Sherman's two pictures well under way. I envy you the glorious opportunity you have of studying the Exposition. I should like to have seen it again but could not afford it as frames for my *Giant* and Royal Academy loom up like a nightmare in the near future. Jones's Salon is getting on well. Swift is going to paint his from the sketch you liked, Bretons loading mast on old boat. Am frightfully tired tonight, having been at work all day on big toile.

My friends all treat me with so much kindness, 'always more than I deserve,' that I hardly know how to thank them. You shall be best man when I come to grief! Please kiss St. Gaudens for me, and remember me most kindly to Mrs. St. Gaudens, and accept a whole flood of good wishes from your Pont Aven friends, and a brother's hearty shake of the hand from your sincere friend,

PICK."

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Picknell was a splendid painter. Robert Gordon bought a beautiful picture of his, a scene on the Concarneau road, and Picknell wrote me afterward a little apologetically that he was going to paint another of the same place—this picture is the “Route de Concarneau” now in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington—and explained that the figures would make the two canvases entirely unlike.

While I was at Pont Aven, I went with Picknell and Sherman to Quimper to stay with Mr. Gourland, a fine old English gentleman who had a wonderful place there with everything in it that heart could desire—a studio for times when he felt like painting, a stable full of good horses and fine hunting dogs in his kennels, seventeen hundred bottles of rare wine in his cellars, and his house crammed with beautiful and interesting bibelots. While we were there a peasant brought him some bronze hatchets that he had dug up among the Druid remains which are strewn about that country, and as Mr. Gourland had a lot of that sort of thing already, he bought a couple for a franc and a half and gave them to me.

Vedder had a charming picture in the Exposition, the “Young Marsyas” playing on his pipes to a group of attentive rabbits. In the following letter he alludes to a strange experience he had with *L'Art*. They asked him for a photograph of the picture to put in the magazine, and he had one taken for the purpose which they published, but abused it frightfully, adding that if the picture had any merit it was owing to the engraver! No wonder Vedder thought it a pretty cheeky performance.

Elibu Vedder to D. M. A., Paris

Villa Ansidei, Perugia. July 23, 1878.

“. . . I am at last back in Perugia and glad to be here after my giro. I must say that each time that I get into

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the cars I vow that it will be the last time except under dire necessity. The small streets of Venice gave me an entirely new conception of heat. Here in Perugia one desiccates gradually in a fine dry heat at least, but in Venice one boils.

Saw Duveneck in Venice, who had painted a good portrait of Bronson, wonderfully touched in the lights, but sinking into bitumen, not color, in the shadows—in fact not really colorist's work. Saw Chase also; he had painted a splendid portrait of Duveneck, or picture rather, the head beautifully painted. Nice fellows both. Saw Bunce, who has become very frank in his criticisms—told Bunny to his face that his painting made him 'sick.' Du-bois looks well but I could not get to see his work. Graham is doing good things as usual. In Florence stopped with Launt Thompson. Had good times but hot. Saw the youthful Louis Lang, hair blacker than ever and he younger.

At home found family all well. Griswold had come up from Rome a few days before, very weak from an attack of fever, sends regards. Yesterday I sent an answer to Mons. A. Ballou of L'Art. Carrie, or in other words Mrs. V., sends best regards. Give my best love to St. Gaudens and wife and of course to yourself I send all that is 'new and gymnastic.'

As ever your very much obliged friend,

ELIHU VEDDER."

The end of the Exposition was a celebration signal for all of us. Especially fondly do I think of the jolly time we had at a little supper I gave at famous old Foyot's to mark the event. Besides Saint Gaudens, at the long table sat McKim, Stanford White, Russell Sturgis, Fred Crowninshield, Alfred Greenough, Frank Millet, and Frank Haseltine. Of all those brilliant souls only Crowninshield is

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still alive to-day, and the deaths of two of them were too tragic for words.

Soon after the Exposition closed, Saint Gaudens and Garnier set off together on a trip to Italy, on which it has always been a regret to me that I was unable to go. While on the trip Saint Gaudens made a small sketch of a street scene in some Italian town which showed beautiful tones of color and was remarkable for the reason that he almost never made sketches from nature. But though I did not see Saint Gaudens I heard from him, for he always kept up a lively correspondence—that it was really lively the following letter, written soon after his return to Paris, proves conclusively:

Augustus Saint Gaudens to D. M. A., New York

49 Rue N. D. des C. Sept. 24, '79.

“Dear Armstrong—I’m going to surprise you by answering so soon, but the only way I can keep my conscience clear in regard to letter-writing now is to answer immediately. When last I wrote you I had two years’ correspondence to clear up. I did so and don’t mean to do it again—so here goes——

Farragut is finished, or nearly so—at least it will be cast on Saturday—and then the enlarging will take but a short time. The weather is simply ‘gorgeous’ for the last 20 days, and it is a relief after the wetting we have had. Mrs. St. G. comes home to-night. Old Fossil D. must be in a showcase in some provincial museum where he belongs, for I never see him; that other friend of ours is such a ‘scallywag’ that whatever he has said has, like Keats, (poor Palmer’s quotation) been as if written in water. On the contrary, I have heard more good of you from the artists, now that the fight is over, than I heard harm while the row was on—truly!

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I'm sorry you don't feel more encouraged with your work, but I guess it's a good sign. I'm completely and thoroughly befuddled and disgusted with Farragut; therefore it must be very good—eh? Hope you saw White. He is one of the 'Biggest Bricks' I ever met. (Slang enough in this letter: it must recall the famous exhibition letter I wrote Cook or Gilder.) Saw a drawing of La Farge's in Harper's, Christ and Nicodemus, that I think is simply 'big.' If Miss Homer goes over soon I'll send that knife, if not I'll bring it in April.

Garnier has made a lovely enamel for you of your daughter, and it's hanging up in my studio waiting for somebody to bring it over to you—if you let me know of someone I'll send it. When it goes he will write you a note. I think C. E. ought to go in a Botanical showcase in the same museum with D. There now it's dark and I must stop.

Your friend,
AUG. ST. GAUDENS."

Always the best of good friends, Saint Gaudens and I yet naturally saw less of each other during the following busy years in America than in the stirring Paris times. He and McKim and Stanford White several times came up together to Danskammer, my place on the Hudson, when we invariably talked over the Exposition and as invariably decided that in a similar case we would do exactly as before—if given the chance!

In the spring of '92 McKim had for some time been slaving at the designs for his buildings at the World's Fair, and so when the work was well under way, collecting a number of his friends, he took us out to Chicago in a special car—Saint Gaudens, Millet, Maynard, La Farge, Richard M. Hunt, George B. Post, William Laffan the editor of the *Sun*, and Mrs. Millet, Mrs. Laffan and Miss Lockwood.

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Numerous artists had been employed on the different buildings, my share of the work consisting in decorating the exterior of Machinery Hall, which I frescoed in the Renaissance style. We were wine and dined by the Chicagoans and had an excellent sight of the skeleton of the Exposition, which opened in all its glory some months later.

Saint Gaudens was always making up little suppers, and on these occasions his manner was as warm and his quiet humor as charming as ever it was the first time I met him at the old Falcone. Above all, I delight in the remembrance of the bachelor dinner that a number of us gave Stanford White on the eve of his marriage. A lot of things happened before that evening ended becomingly with a Spanish dance by Hopkinson Smith and Loyall Farragut, neither of whom could be persuaded to stop until they had entangled themselves and every one else in long wreaths of smilax. Great were the preparations for this dinner, and Saint Gaudens got a great deal of fun out of designing the menu, on which caricatures of White were interspersed with the more important items of the evening. Here was sketched White about to launch forth into one of the after-dinner speeches that he loathed; here we saw him pulling at his eternal moustache; and here appeared nothing but the moustache—but we recognized the likenesses as readily as we should if in these days we saw but a double row of teeth and a pair of spectacles on the cartoon page of a New York newspaper.

The most remarkable and original of all Saint Gaudens's works seems to me to be the Adams monument in Washington. When I went for the first time to look for it in the Rock Creek Cemetery, I made up my mind not to have it shown to me but to find it for myself. It was an afternoon in March, a grayish, sad day. Snow spotted the ground

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here and there, trying to obliterate the first signs of spring. I was alone, and the only sound was a slight rustling or sighing in the pine-trees above the tomb. I sat for a long time on the curved bench facing the figure, and I will not attempt to describe the supernatural effect it had upon me. The impressiveness, the solemnity of this thing, which seemed actually alive, I can never forget.

And here is a part of a letter I got from Saint Gaudens in 1886. It will serve to bring to a close these disjointed recollections of my friend. It brings back even now to me the "thirst for it" that he speaks of—the wish (almost) that we had gone over again in '89:

Augustus Saint Gaudens to D. M. A.

New York, 1886.

". . . Heigh, Ho! We now know that we are both alive. We might as well be in separate planets as be in New York so far as seeing one another goes. Perhaps some day you will go to Europe and I will too, and then we will renew our friendship as of yore. We may go over as commissioners to the '89 exhibit! and make another batch of enemies. Don't you thirst for it? I trust that thee and thine are well and strong; I can say that much for my side.

Ever your friend,

AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS."

CHAPTER XIII

SOME PLEASANT SUMMERS

"I see, far southward, this quiet day, the hills of Newbury rolling away,
Dreamily blending in autumn mist
Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.
And, where north and south the coast lines run,
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun."

—WHITTIER.

It was by the merest chance that we spent one of the pleasantest summers that I remember at Curson's Mills on the Merrimac River. We made no definite plans that spring of 1875 in New York, but simply packed our trunks with such things as we thought we might need during the summer and started off, going first to Newport for a visit to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard, and trusting to luck for what was to come after.

We stayed for a while in Mrs. Howard's cottage on the cliffs, and managed to pick up there a gray kitten that henceforth accompanied us on our voyages. Besides the kitten, we had the three children, Margaret, Helen, and Maitland, and their nurse, Annie Martin. From Newport we made for Gloucester, but somehow we did not fancy it particularly—it smelt so fishy—so with all our impedimenta we took the train for Newburyport. We did not know a soul in Newburyport, and the hotel was poor, but we discovered a nice library founded by George Peabody, and a nice lady librarian to whom we appealed for advice—did she know any pleasant place in the neighborhood where we could spend the summer? She enthusiastically

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recommended Curson's Mills, four miles out in the country; so we immediately hired a trap and drove out there. It seemed attractive and Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie were willing to take us, so we moved out the next day and spent the entire summer.

The old tide-water mill belonging to the Cursons, a quaint old building, stands at the mouth of the Artichoke River where it runs into the Merrimac. The little Artichoke meanders along through a varied expanse of pretty, English-looking country, amid thick woods and wide fields, under an old bridge and out into the broad waters of the Merrimac. Near the mill was the Cursons' house, next door was the Hoxies', and this was the whole of the little settlement.

When we arrived at the Hoxies' with all our bags and baggage, of course the kitten was included, but when Mrs. Hoxie saw it she almost backed out of her bargain, for it seems she had made a vow never to have a cat in her house. However, after some persuasion she consented to accept us, cat and all. We brought so many trunks and other luggage that I dare say Mrs. Hoxie thought that we should turn out to be fashionable and fussy people, but she soon found that we were simple in our tastes and gave her no trouble. There were no other boarders, and everything was very clean, but the food was exceedingly plain; breakfast consisted invariably of coffee, toast, and boiled eggs, while the other meals were of a like simplicity, but as we never asked for any extras and took gratefully whatever was provided we got along very comfortably. I had a nice little room up-stairs with an open fire in it which served for a studio and sitting-room, but as I was out in the fields painting all day long we seldom used it except in rainy weather.

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There was a sort of sand-barren near by, where yellow sand, beautiful in color, had drifted into picturesque lines and banks, varied by scattered clumps of scrub-oak, with the Artichoke running through it and broadening in one corner into a deep and shady swimming-pool. There had been an ancient Indian encampment at this spot, and the arrow-heads and other Indian remains which we often found there were always occasions of great excitement for the children, who played and dug in the sand. There was also a lovely pine grove along the Merrimac, just above the beach where we all used to bathe. Near by, we gathered a profusion of delicious blueberries, and in the autumn the nutting was great fun. Never have I seen more beautiful foliage than we had that fall. I painted out-of-doors every day, my wife usually sitting with me and reading aloud. Among our books was a life of Goethe and some of Darwin's works. The Hoxies had an excellent apple-orchard with quantities of particularly fine Porter apples, a conical yellow summer apple, most delicious. One of the children says she remembers creeping under the orchard fence and eating five of these enormous apples one right after the other, and creeping back feeling rather heavy—she was only five! When we moved back to Danskammer in 1877 I planted two Porter apple-trees that grew and flourished for many years and bore large crops, but they never seemed to me to be quite equal in size, lusciousness, and beauty to the Hoxie fruit. They had a nice poultry-yard of part-colored fowls of no particular breed, but picturesque, and I liked to paint them. For many years there was a sketch of some of these cocks and hens tacked up in Maitland's little room at Danskammer where we used to keep a list of the eggs gathered from our own fowls.

Newburyport is an old town and there are some ancient

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houses in the neighborhood. Happening to hear of one not far away where they had some fine old furniture, and being always interested in such things, I made an excuse to go over there and got the owner to let me see it. She showed me all over it very politely, and I longed to buy some of the lovely old things she had, but there did not seem to be any delicate way of approaching the subject and I had almost made up my mind that it couldn't be done and was coming away without suggesting anything so vulgar as a purchase, when she remarked coyly:

"Folks most usually *buy* something when they come here, just as a sort of souvenir."

I was only too delighted, and immediately acquired a Hepplewhite sideboard, a graceful and charming piece, some pretty little Lowestoft cups and saucers sprigged with roses, and several other nice things. I only paid thirteen dollars for the sideboard, which we have used in our dining-room ever since.

There was a boom in land that year at Newburyport, for silver had been found there in considerable quantities and there was great excitement; mines were started all over; speculators and prospectors thronged the place; shafts were dug in the most unlikely places and farms were sold for marvellous prices. But I think it all came to nothing and a good deal of money was lost, for although silver could be found almost anywhere it was not in sufficient quantities to pay.

Both of the Hoxies had been at Brook Farm, in fact they had first met there and been married in consequence, and they knew all the celebrated members of that transcendental adventure, Hawthorne and all the others, and many of these worthies visited them from time to time. As a result Mr. Hoxie was extremely interesting, besides

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being such a really fine man that he inspired respect. I became much attached to him. He had been a carpenter originally, but he was well educated and agreeable, one of the school trustees of Newburyport and a fine-looking, gray-haired old gentleman of very courteous manners. We became great cronies and in the end real friends.

Mrs. Hoxie was a Miss Curson, of an old and respectable family, and her sister Mrs. Marquand lived in the old Curson house near by, a rather nice country house. Mrs. Hoxie was an educated woman and well-read. But she was an independent person and did most of her own work, dressed in the plainest and ugliest of clothing. She habitually wore a short gown of brownish calico, tied around the waist with a white string; she had a "hermit tooth" and was very plain in every way, but she was a good and interesting talker and would stop at any time in the midst of her housework, with broom and dust-pan in hand, to discuss philosophy, education, "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," or any public question of the day. Her views in general were most advanced and she professed extreme democratic principles; she hated cats and was a prohibitionist of the deepest dye—anything to drink was anathema to her—and in these days I suppose she would have been a suffragist, but at that time this was not a subject of discussion. She and her husband expressed like views as to democracy, but in reality I think she was rather ashamed of his humble origin although she never admitted it; but he had all the ear-marks of an aristocrat while she, in appearance at least, was much the reverse.

William Hunt, the celebrated painter, spent most of that summer in the neighborhood, and so did Saulisbury Tuckerman, Robertson, and J. Appleton Brown, a delightful man who was an inveterate painter of apple-trees. Hunt,

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who had been a favorite pupil of Couture, was an enthusiastic painter and a charming companion. He had a large class of ladies who came out from Boston at intervals and painted from nature. He had a painting van, drawn by a pair of horses, which was arranged with movable sides and curtains so that he could get the light in any way he wished, and fitted up with all the canvases, paints, and other appliances that he needed. In this he travelled all about the country, stopping wherever he found a paintable spot.

Celia Thaxter was a friend of the Hoxies and used to visit them, and Susan Hale stayed most of the summer at Mrs. Marquand's. She was a sister of Edward Everett Hale and of Lucretia Hale, the author of the "Peterkin Papers." Besides being a most agreeable woman and a delightful companion, she was a good water-color painter and gave my little girl Margaret her first painting lessons. As the Marquands had a fine old barn with a swing in it, our children were over there all the time playing with all the little Marquands, the youngest of whom, Greta, afterward married a nephew of Susan Hale. Miss Hale was very fond of swimming, and every morning was to be seen stalking through the pine grove on her way to the shore; dressed in a bathing suit with her black hair streaming down her back, she looked a good deal like an Indian.

I often rowed down the river to Newburyport, in a pretty little light skiff I bought that summer, and made studies of the huge ships which were being built in the shipyards there. These were the yards which were so famous in the War of 1812, when American privateers were fitted out there. I made many studies of the great ships propped up on the stocks before they were launched, intending to make pictures of them, but I never did although they were fine subjects, looking enormous and quite splendid towering above

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one. They could be launched here and, while they were still light, could pass over the bar at the mouth of the harbor on their way to India or some other far-off port, but they never could return to their home again.

Altogether this was one of the pleasantest summers I ever spent, although it was the most simple life possible, entirely devoid of luxury. We all made the Hoxies a little visit in 1876. It was late in the autumn and there had been an early snow while the trees still wore their autumn tints and the effects were wonderful. I kept up a correspondence with Mr. Hoxie for many years, but he has long been dead.

John A. Hoxie to D. M. A.

Warwick, Mass. March, 1886.

“. . . I made a visit last summer to the old home in Newburyport. As I stood upon the old bridge one evening you and Mrs. Armstrong were very forcibly brought to my mind again. It was just such an evening as when we watched the newly risen moon appearing and disappearing behind the strata of clouds and throwing her bright reflections in the peaceful waters of the upper Artichoke. Your absence made me feel quite lonely. I went to Newburyport with my own horse, taking my granddaughter with me, and we had a very pleasant journey. The old place has been altered a good deal, that is, the house and barn. They have quite an elegant barn, and keep several nice horses for riding and driving, but they can't spoil the beautiful views of woods and waters.

I have just returned from attending the funeral of an old neighbor, a man of eighty-five, who was born and always lived in this town. Another old gentleman, well along in the nineties, made an eloquent prayer. I never could be contented to spend so many years in such a town

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as this, and yet it is a healthy town with many intelligent inhabitants; but it is too rough and too much to one side of the attractive places of business and civilization and intelligence for me to spend a whole life in.

I have not been able to do as much work this winter as I did a year ago. I fear that old age is having an effect upon me. I tire when I take hold of any *real* work, and I am becoming forgetful. I can't keep track of my tools, and often the plans that I have formed for the next day vanish with the night. I had a fearful fright in the woods one day. I was sawing up a tree that had been turned over by the roots, and the top had all been cut away but one twelve foot log which was attached to the root. As I was sawing that off and had got it nearly cut through—with a light or cut saw, which I could use alone—the root began to settle into its place, which raised the end of the log where I was cutting. I thought it would break off and drop in place, and turned to step away from it, caught my foot and fell on my hands, and as I did so caught sight of the log directly over my head about ten feet above me, and thought it was falling upon me, imagine the sensation! But it was only for a breath of time, and it fell beyond me, full 32 feet from where it originally lay. Old choppers here say they never saw such an instance in all their experience. But I did not think it would take so much space to relate this little affair.

I think I shall have to give up peaches here, the trees grow well, but late or early frosts kill the buds or fruit. I have good plums. I get the upper hand of cuculios by jarring them off on sheets and killing them. Write when you can."

While we were at Newburyport I took a little trip to Bar Harbor and liked it so much that we all went there

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the next summer. The journey to Mount Desert was not an easy one in 1876, as you had to take a steamer either from Rockland or Portland, and they were both wretched old tubs. The *Lewiston* plied between Bar Harbor and Portland, but I once came back the Rockland way in the *Ulysses*—the *Useless*, as she was commonly called—through a dense fog that lasted till we neared Rockland, when the fog lifted just in time for us to see the countless islands all about us. But, fog or no fog, the captain, according to his custom, ran his boat full speed all the morning as if we were in open water; he did not appear to regard the islands at all, but steered partly by the echo that came from them and partly by instinct; it was extraordinary that he could do it without accident. At Rockland, where we made the connection with the railroad, we were supposed to get lunch at the station, but I found that the meal in the waiting-room consisted entirely of pies and cakes—we had reached what Charles Dudley Warner calls “the region of perpetual pie.” I asked the waitress if I could have some bread and cheese; she said I might, but added: “You can’t eat it here, you’ll have to eat it in the kitchen.” So I retired to the kitchen with my vulgar fare.

In those days Bar Harbor was still pretty primitive, though there were several large hotels, Rodick’s being the most important, and a few cottages, but there were only two real country places—the Lyons’ and the Gouverneur Ogdens’. The Atlantic House was the next in importance to Rodick’s and we rented a small cottage near by and took our meals there—“mealers” we were called by the natives. Living was delightfully inexpensive then. I remember that lobsters cost three cents apiece in the village. There was not much to be bought in the village store, for the proprietor did not often renew his stock, remarking

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in a grumbling tone that it wasn't any use, "because as soon as he got anything somebody came and bought it." Along the road between Rodick's and the country school there were a few scattered cottages, and there was a saw-mill near the turn of the road that led to Mount Kebo, but there were no important dwellings, only a farmhouse or so.

There were a lot of lovely young girls at the Atlantic—I remember a cheerful song of theirs, "Oh that bell, that Sunday morning bell!"—and there were any number of pleasant people in the little colony, but the life was very simple, entirely different from what it is now. Gayety, such as it was, was chiefly to be found at Rodick's. Mr. and Mrs. George Rives stayed there; she was his first wife, Miss Carrie Kean, rather an impulsive sort of girl. I remember we were all standing talking one Sunday morning around the little fountain at Rodick's. Little Barclay Rives was running around and climbing about, in such imminent danger of falling into the water that at last his mother picked him up and ducked him in—white suit, silk stockings and all—and then handed him to his nurse to be dried. The Miss Severs from Boston, whom we liked immensely, had a cottage, and so did the Minots. Miss Sever was very fond of poetry and shared my enthusiasm for "The Golden Treasury," which she knew from end to end; but oddly enough she could not recite a single poem word for word; she had such a poetical ear that she could not help putting in any word that sounded all right, and often her substitutes were an improvement on the original.

We had a good deal of fun getting up a play, "Poor Pillicoddy," which finally was produced with great excitement in the schoolhouse, the only place at that time for any performance of the kind. Frank Haseltine and I

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painted the scenery and used up pounds of our best oil colors and most of our other painting materials. I painted quite an effective seed store, Pillicoddy being a seedsman. Miss Mary Beach, Rufus King, Frank Macauley, Doctor Richée, and my wife were in the cast, and it went off very well. "Poor Pillicoddy" was a favorite play at that time. The Beeches gave it at their house in Second Avenue in New York—Henry Satterlee, afterward the bishop, was one of the performers—and my wife took part in it another time at the Waterburys' place in Westchester.

I spent most of my time at Bar Harbor painting with Frank Haseltine, who was a cousin of the Haseltines in Rome. We became great friends—he used to stay with us afterward at Danskammer. One of our favorite subjects was the Bar, where the fish-nets for catching herring, a great industry in those days, were picturesque; and there were paintable bits about the Indian encampment close by. Haseltine and I also amused ourselves painting "plaques," as it was the fashion to call them—the æsthetic revival was just beginning. We used to buy yellow earthenware pie-dishes in the village and decorate them in oil with irises and large full moons, and such poetic things, and hang them on the walls of our cottage, much to our satisfaction and the astonishment of the natives. Haseltine afterward became seriously interested in china painting, a revived art in those days, particularly in underglaze and majolica.

Charles Howe was another pleasant man. I remember giving him some mushrooms which we had picked, but he had no faith in our mushroom lore and suspected them of being toadstools; so although he bravely determined to eat them he first wrote a farewell note to his sister, telling her he was doubtful as to the result of the rash meal, but

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hoped for the best. We knew all about mushrooms, so his fears were groundless.

We stayed at Bar Harbor until late into the autumn. When we left in October every one had gone except Charles Howe; he came down to see us off and the last we saw of him was his figure crouched on the dock, completely covered by his umbrella. I have never seen him since.

This was the year of the Centennial, so from Bar Harbor we went for a few weeks to Chestnut Hill near Philadelphia, stopping on our way at Curson's Mills. The Centennial Exhibition was a splendid thing for the country, a vast contribution to its development, and on the whole we enjoyed it, especially the Japanese exhibit; perhaps we should have been more thrilled if we had never been abroad. The crowd was terrific and sometimes amusing. The country people were forever losing each other. I remember being asked by a distracted man whether I had seen anything of his family.

"First I lost my wife," he cried, "then I lost my child, and now I've lost my mother-in-law—not that I mind *that* so much!"

It was amusing, too, to see the people gaping at most ordinary things. A statue made out of butter was a favorite sight—every one was crazy to see the "Butter Woman." I remember hearing a woman asking what "chickarroo" was; she meant "chiar' oscuro." And looking over the shoulder of a girl who was busily taking notes of the Russian exhibit of malachite. I saw she had written, "Something Green."

A pleasant interlude in the summer of 1880 was an unusual sort of trip I took, with a lot of other artists, in a boat on the Erie Canal. The expedition was planned by Mr. W. J. Arkell, of Canajoharie, who invited the Artists' Fund

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Society to be his guests from start to finish—twenty of us in all, among them Wordsworth Thompson, Clarence Luce, A. T. Bricher, Herbert McCord, and Edward Gay.

The *Chauncey Vibbard* took us as far as Albany, where we spent a not unprofitable morning looking at William Hunt's mural paintings in the Capitol, and then got under way for Schenectady in a pretty steam-launch that Mr. Arkell had chartered for the occasion. From there we made our pleasant way along the canal to Lockport. Steamboats were not usually allowed in the canal, as they washed the banks, but Mr. Arkell had a special dispensation. The boat was a delightful lodging—comfortable cabins below; awnings shading the deck, where a string band discoursed sweet music and signalled our arrivals and departures from important places with lively airs. We lunched on board, but hotels and private houses along the way provided our breakfasts and dinners, and as our advent had been heralded abroad we were welcomed with enthusiastic hospitality. I must confess that this may have been due to Mr. Arkell, who was an expert advertiser, not disposed to hide his light under a bushel. Be that as it may, the kind public apparently saw hovering over our heads an æsthetic halo never perceived by our friends at home.

At Schenectady some of the Union professors showed us about the college; and at Canajoharie Mr. Arkell's father, an agreeable man, laid himself out to entertain us, not only by initiating us into the mysteries of paper-bag making in his up-to-date factory, but treating us to a picnic in a lovely wood, where we found a lot of pretty girls and all the élite of the neighborhood gathered to do us honor. There were some picturesque old mills there which we enjoyed sketching. The good people of Rochester gave us a big evening reception, with dancing at the town hall, where

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we were presented to all the leading citizens—together we came in for any number of pleasant little affairs as we made our triumphal progress along the canal.

But all this junketing was really a side issue. It was the delightful scenery of the Mohawk Valley, the picturesque locks set in a cluster of old houses and flanked by the inevitable country store, often a picture in itself, that was the chief charm of our journey. Every turn of the blue canal brought us something new, and whenever we saw a paintable bit we would hail the captain and he would tie up to the shore. In a moment, like mushrooms, the meadows would be dotted with the white tops of our sketching umbrellas. Indeed, we accumulated so many sketches that we were able to make several exhibitions of sorts at the towns along the way. The canal-boats were a characteristic feature of the landscape, the old horses ambling along the tow-path with small urchins perched on their broad backs. The barges were often nicely furnished and shaded by gay colored awnings, and we passed happy families swaying to and fro in their rocking-chairs around their well-spread dinner-tables, or cooking at their portable stoves and sending appetizing odors and slender trails of delicate smoke across the water; laughing children played about the decks, and altogether everybody seemed to be having a pleasant time, watching the green meadows slip by them as they made their quiet progress through the long summer days. It was an ideal life—if you did not happen to be in a hurry.

But the canal men were extraordinarily expert in profanity. I have never heard anything to equal it. Whenever they were at a loss for a word they filled in with something expressive. Sketching one day near two men who were shovelling manure, I heard one say to the other:

“Are you going by the cars?”

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"No," he answered quietly, "I'm going by G—— by boat," leaving one uncertain as to whether the transportation was to be by an earthly or a celestial conveyance.

Utica did us honor, entertaining us at Bagg's Hotel; then we took in Trenton Falls, and wound up with two pleasant days at Niagara before returning to New York. It was a fine trip, the artists were a lot of good fellows, and we enjoyed every minute.

The only one of the party who did not seem to have a good time was a little old German (I don't remember his name), who had a studio at 51 West Tenth Street. We wondered why he had come. He never sketched, hardly ever spoke, and never appeared to notice the beautiful country we were passing through. Only once was he roused to enthusiasm. Turning to me, he pointed to a weather-vane, a little wooden hen, on the roof of a bare rectangular barn, and remarked with a slow smile:

"Zat is pretty."

After we got back, each of us painted a picture for Mr. Arkell as a souvenir, and the lot made an interesting little collection. Mine was done from a sketch of one of the locks and an old house adjoining it, a woman with a baby in her arms looking out of the door and a flock of pigeons on the roof. In the foreground I put a pair of waiting horses, from a study I made of our own old farm horses, Norman and Nelly.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CENTURY CLUB

“O, the comrades that gossiped and painted and sung!
Centuria!”

—STEDMAN.

I doubt if there is another club in the world with as many pleasant men in it as the Century. Some of my happiest memories are connected with the evenings I have spent there and my many good old friends. Thackeray's remark that the Century was the nicest club he had ever been in has had an echo in the hearts of many less distinguished people. The chafing-dish Thackeray used when he was our guest was for years a valued relic of the club, but somehow or other it disappeared a few years ago, much to our distress.

I was already a member of the Century when I went to Paris, in '78, having been elected in 1874, nominated by Robert Gordon and seconded by Rutherford Stuyvesant—luckily for me, as it was some time before Saint Gaudens and I were forgiven for our zeal at the Exposition. In fact, Saint Gaudens didn't get in when he was proposed the following year, because of the enemies he had made in my company; though, of course, a year or so later the club welcomed him with open arms.

It was really only the old fogies that objected to the way Saint Gaudens and I had hung the pictures at the Exposition. The younger men were perfectly satisfied—for instance, La Farge, whose beautiful “Paradise Valley”

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got an honorable mention, as I have said, and was greatly admired by the French painters. It shows one of those long valleys near the second beach at Newport looking down on the ocean, a fresh-water pond with rocks rising on each side, and clumps of gnarled cedar-trees, a wide meadow in the foreground.

La Farge was painting in this same neighborhood when I first met him many years ago. This occurred about 1865, while I was staying at my brother-in-law John Neilson's house at Purgatory, and he was boarding at Peckham's near by and working on some of his best landscapes. La Farge used to come over to John Neilson's a good deal that summer to play croquet. John was the best croquet player I have ever seen—it was a scientific game in those days—and La Farge was absolutely the worst. We used to call him "Johnny Croquet." Old Peckham, a regular Down East Yankee, long, thin, with an inimitable drawl and a lot of dry humor, used to take La Farge and John Neilson out fishing. John, who liked a good story, said that one day when they were fishing with drop lines and sport was dull, as La Farge's line floated close to Peckham—La Farge all the time intent upon some distant effect of atmosphere or light—Peckham gave the line a tremendous pull. Suddenly recalled to mundane things, La Farge pulled in his line in great excitement and could not understand why there was nothing on it. John said that for years after La Farge used to speak of that whale he almost caught.

We once stayed at Newport for a few weeks at Peckham's old house, soon after we came home from abroad. One day the children were playing by the gate when Miss Charlotte Cushman, the great actress, happened to pass by and talked to them very sweetly in Italian until my wife came out and Miss Cushman found out who she was. Ap-

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parently she thought I was to blame for having succeeded her nephew as Consul at Rome, for she drew herself up to her full height and uttering the words "Maitland Armstrong" in a terrible "Meg Merrilies" voice, she made a most magnificent exit worthy of a better cue.

Although La Farge was such a great artist, he was most inept with his hands. One Varnishing Day at the Academy I saw him trying to fasten a small gilt label with a couple of tacks to the frame of a picture. He hammered away, bruising his fingers and getting the label in an awful state, and at last gave it up in despair.

La Farge was highly educated, I don't know where, but I think by private masters, chiefly abroad: he spoke French like a native. He studied painting with Couture, who doubtless influenced La Farge's color; and color was his strong point, particularly his blues, for he drew with difficulty—though he produced some fine drawings, notably those engraved on wood by Marsh for "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and a beautiful one called "Silence" for "Enoch Arden," which I believe was a study of Mrs. La Farge. Marsh's engravings of drawings by La Farge, Mary Halleck Foote and Helena de Kay, afterward Mrs. Gilder, were exhibited at Paris in 1878 and were highly thought of; he was one of our best engravers.

La Farge's father was a man of fortune, a Frenchman who came to America, I believe, as an agent for Louis Philippe. He owned the La Farge House on Broadway, between Bleecker and Amity Streets where the Broadway Central Hotel is now, a site formerly occupied by the Winter Garden—I once saw Booth there as Shylock. This property sold for a large price and La Farge inherited a good deal of money; but he never could keep money, and though he received large sums for his paintings and stained glass he

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died poor. But he always lived well, you never saw him on foot, and he kept cabs waiting in front of his studio or the glass shop for hours at a time. Awoki, his valet, a nice little fellow, I believe of good position in Japan, was his devoted servant for years and his faithful nurse in sickness. When La Farge died, he seemed to feel lost without him. La Farge told very amusing stories of his experiences in Japan, where he once found himself required by etiquette to take a bath in the courtyard of a Japanese house, while all the family politely stood around in a circle patiently waiting until he was through, only hoping that the water would not be entirely cold. I think it was that same year that he went to Samoa, and called on the Robert Louis Stevenson family: Mrs. Stevenson welcomed him clad only in a "holiko"—a large piece of cloth with a hole for the neck to go through, and the lunch consisted solely of bananas—La Farge was accustomed to better lunches than that!

He was not only a great painter but a remarkable writer. A charming article on Japanese art which he wrote for a book of Pumpelly's, a trip around the world, was done after the book was set up in type, so that La Farge was restricted to an exact space, no more and no less. It is short but admirable.

The reredos in old St. Thomas's Church, the work of La Farge and Saint Gaudens, was one of the finest things of the kind in the country, and it was a tragedy that it should have been destroyed when the church was burned, though of course in every other way Mr. Cram's beautiful new church is a vast improvement on the old. Saint Gaudens finished modelling his part of the work—a cross in the centre with adoring angels on either side—while we were in Paris together, in 1878. La Farge had, of course,

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the artist's usual struggle with the clerical point of view—you know the clergy often appear to think that they receive a special knowledge of art together with the other gifts of ordination—the worthy rector condemning the figure of Mary Magdalen as too ascetic and suggesting “a trifle more rotundity.” It is hardly necessary to say that the advice was not followed and the saint was portrayed with the exquisite religious feeling and refinement always found in La Farge's earlier work, which often had a wonderful solemnity as well.

The rector of St. Thomas's must have considered himself an expert on Mary Magdalen. Saint Gaudens told me he was once wandering around the church, trying to decide some knotty point by studying his work from different angles, while the doctor was preaching on “coporeal delights,” with this saint as his text. Saint Gaudens said that as he went from gallery to gallery—the old church had any number of them—the resounding warning against “coporeal delights” came to him again and again in sonorous tones, and that he left the edifice with “co-po-real de-lights” still ringing in his ears.

La Farge's “Ascension” above the reredos in the Church of the Ascension at Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street is, to my mind, the finest mural painting in America. He worked on it for several years; in fact, Stanford White, who was the architect of the reredos, got in perfect despair over it; it seemed as if La Farge would never get it done, and naturally Doctor Donald, the rector, wanted to have the work finished and the scaffolding taken down. As White said to Donald one day:

“This delay is perfectly hellish!”

To which Donald answered, “I am a clergyman, White, but you exactly express my sentiments.”

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However, the reredos was finished at last. Louis Saint Gaudens made some lovely angels for it and I did the mosaics.

Louis Saint Gaudens was a strange fellow, none of your Greenwich Village bohemians, but a true example of the artistic temperament, and with very nearly as much genius as his famous brother. He was never bound by any convention as such. Saint Gaudens told me that once he turned up after a long absence, and remarked:

"Gus, I'm married." Saint Gaudens looked at him in astonishment, but before he could speak, Louis added:

"She's dead." And that was all Augustus ever knew about it.

When Doctor E. Winchester Donald became rector of the Ascension, it was one of the ugliest churches inside that were to be found in New York, which is saying a good deal, but Doctor Donald had a great love of beauty, and he raised the money and chose the artists who made it what it is to-day. He found it not only extremely shabby, with holes in the carpet and stains on the walls, but everything about it was ugly—the imitation chancel window with its quarries of crude glass set slap up against the wall so that no light came through it, the dreary wooden "Tables of the Law" over the altar, the square platform with a railing round it that they called a pulpit, no stained glass worthy the name in any of the windows, and all architectural effect marred by the clumsy galleries at either side of the nave. As I said, when speaking of Bishop Eastburn in another chapter, Upjohn the architect had not been allowed to design a proper chancel when he built the church, and White considered for some time whether it would be possible to put in a Gothic chancel, but this would have involved so much that he finally decided to treat the wall simply as a space for decoration.

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The first stained-glass window to be put in the Ascension was La Farge's "Christ and Nicodemus," one of the finest things he ever did. Mine next to it, the "Annunciation," was almost my first figure window. At that time La Farge and Louis Tiffany were still making interesting experiments in the manufacture of opal glass and there was far more variety to be had then than now, when the manufacture of the actual glass itself is reduced to a formula. There are bits in both these windows that could not be found in any glass shop to-day.

Another very fine altar-piece of La Farge's is the painting in the Church of the Incarnation on Madison Avenue. It is unfortunate that when the church was redecorated a few years ago so little regard was paid to the effect on this picture, which should have influenced the entire color scheme. The dazzle of white paint which has brought the church to so immaculate a cleanliness, but not, to my mind, to godliness, has sucked all the life out of La Farge's color and dulled it to a muddy shadow of its former self. It would have been quite possible to redecorate the interior and change the former rather ugly coloring, and yet keep it in harmony with the picture. How seldom people seem to realize that color is chiefly beautiful in its relation to other color—to surround La Farge's wonderful coloring with dead white was as presumptuous as to alter a note in any other great harmony. If La Farge had painted his picture for a *white* church, he would have made it entirely different.

When Boldini was in this country, La Farge told me that he said to him:

"How does it happen, Mr. La Farge, that you are the president of so many societies—American Artists, Architectural League, Society of Mural Painters, etc., etc.?"

La Farge replied, "Oh, well, you see there are not enough *old men* to go round."

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He once told me an amusing anecdote of Manet. It seems a young artist, a flagrant imitator of Manet's style, came into Manet's studio in Paris when La Farge was there, bringing some sketches he wanted criticised. Manet said to him:

"My young friend, do you see nature in this way?"

"Yes," said the young man, "I do."

"No, you do not!" said Manet. "*I* see nature in that way but nobody else does."

*John La Farge to Theodore Marburg,
The Municipal Art Society of Baltimore*

51 West Tenth Street. May 31st, 1906.

". . . The list of French painters, of any triumphant superiority in mural painting, is small. There are many good men whose forte is not that of mural decoration, and who are more properly easel painters; so that their work on walls or ceilings does not do them justice, and is usually rather unpleasant to look at, however meritorious in knowledge. We cannot command at will the poetic feeling which illustrates Puvis de Chavannes or my friend, Mr. Besnard.

"You seem to wish only French painters, but if you desire to make cosmopolitan representation, are you not abandoning some respectable artists in Belgium, in Germany, in Spain, also in England? I do not know the artists of Holland or of Northern Europe, nor am I sufficiently acquainted with the Italians who have, of late, developed enormously.

"But I should not wish to have my name in any way associated with the idea of bringing over foreign artists, unless their superiority was so marked that we could not afford to do without them. I should prefer to see at any time, an American, of moderate capacity—provided he

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were properly a mural painter—do the work in preference to a foreigner of no greater rank. I should even go further, I should go very far in encouraging American Art. My reasons would be based on the experience of Europe. The French have developed their work by asking Frenchmen to do it, and in-so-far as each nationality has followed this rule, they have developed the Art of their country.

“This seems to me a fundamental law, and if there have been a few exceptions, they have usually occurred at such times as the Civil Wars in France, when every form of Art suffered, when manufactures were absolutely wiped out, and when Rubens was called in of necessity. I have always admired the action of Louis XIV of France, in his decision to return even the illustrious Bernini to Italy, and to give to famous Frenchmen the work which should illustrate his reign.

“I should even disagree with regard to the influence upon our development here of such noble work as that of Puvis. No one that I know is old enough to have admired him as long as I have, so that I can speak with a degree of confidence quite as great as that of any Frenchman.

“You allow with your usual intelligent frankness, which I fully appreciate, that the course you speak of takes away a commission from some American artist. Well, this I regret. I should like to see more of Mr. Turner’s work in Baltimore, and the same for Mr. Blashfield. They will be honors to us all, and there are half a dozen Americans besides who are quite capable of such efforts.

“I believe that our American artists should have work in our buildings in preference to the foreigner under almost any circumstances and I believe that when that view is firmly anchored in the minds of our architects and lovers of Art, we shall be launched into the full sea of American

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mural painting. We already see the advantage of this in sculpture. The American architect does not bring over even the excellent French sculptors who are there at hand. And the American architect is, in so far, right.

“Finally, please understand that I appreciate entirely your point of view, that of an educational influence. But I consider my own view the better, from long experience and, I believe, an adequate acquaintance with the art of a great part of Europe and that of our own men.”

No doubt La Farge is right in his convictions expressed in the letter above and yet I have always regretted that there was none of my friend Merson's beautiful work to be seen in this country. He and I kept in touch with each other for some time. The following letter—interesting because he expresses a feeling shared by all decorators that too wide a scope is as bad as too small a one—was written just after Doctor Nevin had decided not to employ him, as I had suggested, to decorate the new church in Rome, and when I was hoping to get him an order here.

Luc Olivier Merson to D. M. A., New York

119 Boulevard St. Michel, Paris.

4 Septembre, 1881.

“Mon cher ami, En revenant d'une petite excursion au bord de la mer, je trouve votre aimable lettre et je m'empresse de vous répondre. Et d'abord excusez-moi de ne pas vous avoir répondu plus tôt au sujet de la visite que m'a faite le Dr. Nevin. Je vous suis très reconnaissant d'avoir pensé à moi, et je ne regrette qu'une chose, c'est que l'affaire n'ait pas eu de suite. Le travail a été confié à un artiste anglais, que vous connaissez sans doute, Burne Jones.

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“Et maintenant causons de l'affaire que vous me proposez. J'accepte volontiers de faire les cartons que vous me demandez comme essais. . . . Je vous serais très obligé de vouloir bien me préciser davantage les sujets. Que doit représenter l'ange; est-ce l'ange de la douleur, de la prière, de la rédemption? Ou bien est-ce un ange chantant ou jouant d'un instrument quelconque? De même pour le groupe de deux ou trois figures, que doit-il représenter? Les Arts ou l'Industrie, l'Etude ou le Repos? L'espérance ou la Charité, la Comédie ou la Musique? Cette liberté que vous me laissez me gêne beaucoup plus qu'elle me sert.

“Voilà tout. Il ne me reste plus qu'à vous remercier de nouveau de votre bon souvenir. Je cause souvent de vous avec M. Haseltine, qui est à Paris depuis quelque temps et qui travaille dans l'atelier que vous connaissez. J'espère que plus heureuses avec vous qu'avec Monsieur Nevin nos relations artistiques ne seront pas interrompues avant même d'avoir commencé. Pour ma part, je ferai mon possible pour vous satisfaire, étant très désireux d'abord de continuer avec vous d'agréables relations, ensuite de travailler pour l'Amérique qui est vraiment le seul pays qui encourage les arts et qui appelle et cherche à retenir les artistes qui chez eux dans leur propre pays ne peuvent pas, malgré leur travail et leur peine, arriver à se faire une situation même modeste.

‘Recevez, mon cher ami, mes meilleurs remerciements et croyez à mes meilleurs sentiments de bonne sympathie.

“Votre tout dévoué,

‘LUC-OLIVIER MERSON.’”

A very old friend of our family—a member of the Century by the way—was Doctor E. Winchester Donald. We

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had known him ever since he first came to the Church of the Ascension as Doctor John Cotton Smith's curate, a very young man, and we missed him when he left New York to become rector of Trinity Church, Boston. I do not think they appreciated him there, the point of view was too local. He once said that living in Boston after the rush of life in New York was like "being drowned in a park fountain." I have already spoken of his interest in art in connection with the decoration of the Church of the Ascension. The following letters show how intense and how sincere was his love of beauty.

Rev. E. Winchester Donald to Miss Meta Neilson

Mont-Saint-Michel. Aug. 31, 1895

"... This is a fine place from which to see the summer die. It reminds me of Amherst! save that the white gleaming sand takes the place of meadows. I mean the long view is here the only one and you can see the sun set behind the hills—low to be sure, twenty miles away. The same Amherst stillness pervades everything at ten o'clock at night, and as I watched the moon riding through white transparent clouds, and making the ribbon of water, which runs at low tide through the long sand reaches, shine like a lazy silver serpent, I could imagine myself at Amherst, yet always recalled by the long, exciting, sad history which the vast pile of stone above my head records. Nothing one can read, nothing one can imagine from Haig's etching, gives the slightest idea of this marvelous pile. It is far more exciting than anything or everything I have seen. Free of history and poetry, free of art and beauty, it is the very peak of human achievement, daring, and imagination. I am simply insane with wonder and delight. But we can talk of it next winter at 233—in the firelight."

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Washington, Jan. 18, 1899.

“ . . . Foremost among the things I have seen is St. Gaudens' figure over the grave of Henry Adams' wife. Take it all in all, I know nothing which is comparable to it. It haunts one. Out of the human being has gone hope, love, interest, and longing. Not alone is the face of the figure declarative of the extinction of all that so much as makes death bearable—the shoulders, the back, the arms, tell the same story. The infinite refinement of the woman accents her lapse into nothingness. The power of it all is tremendous, startling, alarming. The cleanliness of the bronze led me to ask the keeper if there were no birds. He said no birds ever came near it.

“I think I should not wish often to see it. It so obsesses one that he finds himself asking as he turns away, ‘Is She right? Is She wise?’ She has no secret, that is clear, but the calm inarticulate misery of hopelessness is spread, like a dull sheen, over every feature. And when one has recovered himself, he finds She retains his respect, as certain blythe figures, meant to represent hope and faith, do not. I should like to be a genius.”

Trinity Church in the City of Boston.

April 29, 1901.

“ . . . They have a beautiful chapel at Wellesley. How our tastes have changed since 1872 when the mildest ritualism seemed born of the Evil One of Rome. I don't think it is a clearer intellectual view of either history or ecclesiology which has wrought it, but an increased sensitiveness to form. I like to believe that our early training in the paramount importance of personal religion will keep our love of ordered beauty from degeneration. At any rate, I doubt if people can achieve culture and sensitiveness to

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form and still be content with or helped by barrenness in worship. I rather dread going back to Trinity's empty chancel."

London, Aug., 1903.

". . . France never seemed so prosperous or so bright. The vast plains stretching from Orleans beyond Chartres were one prairie of golden grain. Already the reapers are busy.

"At Rouen I started for the train early enough to drive through the little square behind the Cathedral, and received the benediction of that exquisitely beautiful brown apse. My three hours in Paris I spent in going to see the chapel built in memory of those who perished in the memorable Charity Bazaar fire four or five years ago. It's no better than a gilded paganism. There's not a holy line or a reverent curve or a bit of solemn decoration in it. It was evidently designed by some one who had never prayed, never suffered, and never allowed his heart to share in another's woe. It seems to say as one enters, 'See! how clever is man, how unnecessary and fleeting is God.' And yet there was one tender touch. Behind the altar screen the sisters were chanting litanies. Perhaps a dozen of them—they were hidden from sight—made the appeals on a low tone, as low as D, I should say. When they ceased, a single voice, a full octave higher, took up the appeal with a heart-broken despair, so unwilling to cease petitioning yet so unable to spread wide the wings of faith. Those prayers added a new ugliness to the garish surroundings furnished the holy sisters by some café-haunting architect. If the sisters had not been there I should have cried out, 'This is all Tophet let loose!' and fled."

Homer Martin was a most amusing Centurian. He had a vast fund of dry humor. Like all true Bohemians,

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his ideas of domestic life were eccentric, and sometimes his home would not see him for weeks at a time. Meeting him on the street one day, a friend told Martin an amusing story, adding that Mrs. Martin—a fine woman, I believe, and witty as well—had told it to him.

“Indeed,” said Martin. “Why I think I shall have to go home and make her acquaintance.”

The Century Club has two of Martin’s pictures, “Lake Sanford” in the Adirondacks and “The Honfleur Light.” Martin was a great painter, a man of exquisite artistic feeling, but the public did not find it out until he was dead. When the public woke up, pictures he had sold for hundreds brought thousands, and eventually commanded fabulous prices. A friend of his told me that Martin had once offered him any picture in his studio for two hundred dollars. Martin said: “Don’t you want to buy a picture? I have about three hundred I can’t sell; some of them have frames, too.”

Martin was a friend of Whistler’s and stayed with him in his luxurious house in London. Whistler said he came down-stairs one morning and found Martin looking vaguely about the room, and asked him what he was looking for.

“A pair of scissors,” said Martin. “You don’t seem to have any. What in the world do you do when you want to trim your cuffs?”

Hopkinson Smith was about the best all-round man I ever knew. He did many things and all of them well, and was withal a most engaging companion and a distinguished-looking man, a true type of the progressive American. As engineer, he built the lighthouse at Race Rock, where many others had failed. As painter, he did good work in water-colors and in black and white; every year he brought home from abroad a great portfolio of charming drawings that

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sold like hot cakes. Perhaps his best work as a writer was "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." The scene of this story is laid in the rooms of the old Tile Club, of which he was a member, at 58 West Tenth Street—now my own house—or rather at 58½, as its door was numbered, for the club was reached by a passageway through the house in front. Most of the best-known artists and architects in New York belonged to the Tile Club—Charles F. McKim, Frank Millet, Abbey, Stanford White, Dielman, William Gedney Bunce, and a lot of others. I once dined there as McKim's guest, and I little dreamed as I sat in that quaint room that it would one day belong to me.

When I bought the house, in 1890, there were two buildings. The one that had been occupied by the Tile Club was a small house in the centre of the block. In old times it had had a garden in front, but the garden was afterward obliterated by the erection of another house directly on the street, with a funny little passageway to the rear house running through its basement. I bought both houses and connected them by building another room between, and made some other improvements, with Tom Nash's valuable help as architect, which made it an attractive house—there is certainly no other house anywhere in the least like it. We have lived there ever since. One thing we like about it is our studio, built by Abbey, and occupied by both him and Freer. Our dining-room, except for the shelves of china, is not very different from when it was the Tile Club's meeting-place, the two white-tiled fireplaces that Stanford White designed being unchanged. In view of the recent irruption of odd-looking houses in the neighborhood, it is amusing to remember that when I painted the woodwork outside white it was considered extraordinarily conspicuous. I remember Dielman saying laughingly that we ought to

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be indicted for making ourselves so prominent a feature in the street. I have always been sorry that I was not allowed by the Building Department to bow my large front window very slightly, as one sees the windows in some English houses. The man who came from the department told me quite plainly that he could "fix it up" for me for twenty-five dollars, but I didn't care to give a bribe.

Hopkinson Smith gave me two pretty drawings of the door and yard of the old house which show how it looked before I altered it. He was quite sentimental about the old house, having used it as the scene of one of his first stories. He showed us "where Chad stood and where the colonel sat," quite as if they had been real people. Just before his death a moving-picture concern arranged to take some pictures of our house for a play of "Colonel Carter," but it fell through owing to Mr. Smith's death. I fancy he had arranged to superintend it.

On the occasion of that first visit of mine to the Tile Club, Doctor Richard Derby and my nephew Tom Howard were also guests. Hop Smith recounted some of his tales and we had a very jolly time. He had the rare faculty of reciting both comic and pathetic things with good effect—pathos is usually sickening in recitation, but his was the real thing; he almost made one weep.

The last time I saw Hopkinson Smith was at the Century Club where he was holding forth to a crowd of men on the German atrocities. He ended by saying that he had been abroad nineteen times and had never yet met a German gentleman.

"It's what they eat," he said, "that makes them such brutes. Why, not long ago I was breakfasting in the Arcade in Milan and a German bride and groom came in. He was a handsome young officer, and I knew she was a bride be-

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cause everything she had on was brand-new. And what do you think he ordered for breakfast—a piece of ham a foot long and two steins of beer!”

Clarence King was another many-sided man. He was a mining engineer of distinction, and had degrees not only from Yale but from Leipsic and many other universities, but I think that his personal charm and delightful conversation had as much to do with his success in life as his mental ability. Of all the arts, the great art of conversation is the most transitory—it leaves only a vague tradition behind it. So it is hard to do Clarence King justice, but I am sure no better talker ever lived, nor any with a readier wit. One day at the club some one spoke of having caught a glimpse of a strange-looking woman in the window of a house in Amity Street, as he flashed by in the elevated. He said she was a stout Cuban-looking creature dressed in a gaudy flowered gown, and then, as he hesitated for a phrase in which to describe her, King broke in with:

“Why not call her a Havana filler in a Connecticut wrapper?”

I once spoke of a girl on the bathing beach at New London, who could stand on one heel and make a perfect circle in the sand with the other.

“Oh, yes,” said King. “A radius of two feet.”

Another first-rate conversationalist, one of my more recent friends at the Century of whom I became exceedingly fond, was Charles E. Grinnell, of Boston. President of his class at Harvard, an accomplished linguist, a traveller, and an author, he was not only a citizen of the world in its best sense and a representative American, but above all a man of character and a gentleman. He was an authority on music and the drama, and for many months never missed a performance at the Théâtre Français, for,

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as a Frenchman said to him: "If you go there you will know more about France than if you visited every town in the country." Not only was he one of the best of talkers, but he possessed that rare quality of being a good listener as well. His love of life was intense up to the last; he enjoyed every moment with the cheerful outlook of youth mellowed by the wisdom of age, and was so modest, sweet-tempered, and simple that every one loved him.

Launt Thompson, a brother-in-law of Bishop Potter, was a sculptor of fine artistic and technical ability who ought to have gone farther than he did. The Century owns two of his best works, the noble portrait of Edwin Booth and the fine bronze eagle with outspread wings that stands on the stairway.

Speaking of Booth recalls a slip of Richard Harding Davis—one of those remarks one afterward regrets. Davis had just seen a very fine death mask of Lincoln, and when Booth came in he described it to him in detail, much to the horror of the bystanders, who were old enough to remember that the assassination had poisoned all Booth's earlier life. But Booth took it very calmly and when Davis had left the room turned to a friend and said:

"After the first moment, I was glad he spoke as he did. It shows that the younger generation do not connect my name with the tragedy."

Mr. A. Rodney Macdonough was an honored member of the Century and for many years its secretary. He was the son of the celebrated commodore, whose fine portrait by Gilbert Stuart hung on the wall of the dining-room at the club until after Mr. Macdonough's death, when it was removed by his family. In a logbook kept by my uncle Charles, I found an account of a voyage he once took in the old frigate *Constitution* as a midshipman when Com-

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modore Macdonough was captain. He mentions that the ship ran aground at Smyrna, and Mr. Macdonough told me that he well remembered the excitement of the event; he must have had a pretty good memory, for he was only a little boy of four when he took that voyage with his father.

I had the honor of knowing Mr. John Bigelow well. He was president of the club for many years, and up to the time of his death at ninety-four presided at the monthly meetings with grace and ability. Mr. Bigelow was an ardent Swedenborgian and used to present me every now and then with a little book of his own composition on that faith, but I regret to say I never could read them.

There is a round table in the corner of the dining-room at the Century Club, where Nadal, Loyall Farragut, Theodore Thomas, William Alexander, and others usually dine, and here it is my good fortune to sit whenever I happen to be at the club at the dinner hour.

Alas, poor Farragut is gone! He was perhaps the most popular man in the club. He and I were said to look a good deal alike. He told me he once met Walter Crosby on Madison Avenue, and met him a second time a few minutes later. Crosby said: "It is strange, Mr. Armstrong, that we should meet again so soon," and Farragut answered: "But it is stranger still that I am not Mr. Armstrong!"

I was riding with McKim at Lenox a few years ago when we saw George Folsom in his garden, who came out to speak to us. I had known him intimately for years, but his first remark to me was:

"Is Mrs. Farragut with you?"

Among my friends at the Century, E. S. Nadal is one of whom I am most fond. He was born in Virginia, in Green-

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brier County, and as his father was a Methodist clergyman, and after the manner of their clergy had a new cure nearly every year, Nadal's experiences of Virginia life were unusually varied. He has embodied them in a most delightful book, "A Virginia Village." He is a graduate of Yale, and was secretary of legation in London under Motley and Lowell for many years, and he has met many distinguished people, Lincoln among others, and his essays on a variety of subjects are very charming. But above all he is a lovable man. I know it would be impossible for him to do an unkind or an ungentlemanly thing. He is a fine judge of a horse—I tell him he is the only man I know who has successfully combined horse-dealing and literature—and has the remarkable faculty of being able to sell people horses and yet retain their friendship.

Robert Gordon is one of the oldest members of the Century Club, which he joined in 1867, my oldest living friend (he is my daughter Marion's godfather), and one of the finest men I have ever known. He came to this country from Scotland in 1849 when he was a very young man, soon becoming a partner in the old firm of Maitland Phelps and Company of which I have already spoken in connection with my godfather, Mr. David Maitland. Gordon came often to stay with us at Danskammer and ours has been a faithful and uninterrupted friendship ever since, kept up of late years by a pretty regular correspondence.

I have spoken in a previous chapter of the pleasant artists' receptions that Mr. Gordon gave every winter while he lived in New York. When the Astors built the houses in West Thirty-third Street where the Waldorf now stands, Mr. Gordon moved into Number 1, and later bought Number 7 East Thirty-eighth Street from Harvey Fisk, which he remodelled to make room for his numerous pictures.

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For he was a liberal patron of art, especially of American painters, and a good friend to the young and struggling. I went once with him to George Boughton's studio in the old Tenth Street building, and we found him engaged in painting a picture which Gordon immediately bought. Boughton was then almost unknown. After living a remarkably agreeable life here for thirty-five years, he retired from Maitland Phelps and returned to England to live, where he was immediately sought out by Mr. Junius S. Morgan, and induced after some persuasion to become a member of the British firm of J. S. Morgan and Company, with whom he was associated for fifteen years—in fact, until he reached the age of seventy, which he had long before decided was the proper age for a man to retire. Thenceforth he settled down to a pleasant country life, only disturbed of very late years by the war.

The artists gave Mr. Gordon a farewell dinner at Delmonico's before his return to England. I have the menu, which, much condensed, runs as follows, beginning with a quotation from Burns—

“There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line,”

and going on with—

“Prepare your surface with—Huitres. Sketch in the design with a thin wash of—Potages. Strengthen the outline with crisp touches of—Poisson. Now dash in the lights boldly with—Relevé. And fill up shadows carefully with—Entrées. Glaze the necessary parts with a cool—Sorbets. Carefully scumble the loaded masses with—Rôti. Touch up the details and harmonize the whole composition with—Sucres. And finally varnish with a warm mixture of

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café and nicotine." A generous use of "mediums"—Champagne, etc.—was recommended, and the whole ended with another stanza from Burns, slightly improved——

"Where'er he go, where'er he walk,
May Heaven be his warden,
Return him soon to fair New York,
Our honest Robert Gordon."

Robert Gordon to D. M. A., Rome

New York, March, 1870.

". . . Gifford is now painting for me a splendid picture (as large as my Mansfield Mountain), the result of his recent visit to Italy. It is a view near Tivoli, looking toward Rome, the town of Tivoli perched up on the heights to the left, numerous small streams rushing down the sides of the cliffs into the river, which in a gorge below rushes off through a beautiful valley. It is, I believe, literally true to nature, except in the foreground, where a little license has been taken for artistic effect. McEntee has not been quite so much improved by his trip abroad and I selected an American autumn scene in preference to any of his Italian sketches."

22 Old Broad St., London. 9 April, 1886.

". . . I am beginning to find that I made no mistake in investing as I did in American pictures. They attract a great deal of attention in my house, few good pictures by Americans having found their way to this side. In my dining-room, which is large, I have Wyant's 'Old Clearing' over the fireplace, with Gifford's 'Tivoli' and 'Mansfield Mountain' flanking it, all three being cleverly lighted by lamps with reflectors. At the end of the room over the

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sideboard I have J. G. Brown's 'Curling' picture and in the centre of the wall, opposite the Wyant, Ward's 'Brittany Washerwoman,' both similarly lighted. We had the American Minister, Mr. Phelps, dining with us on Tuesday and he greatly enjoyed the Gifford and Wyant which faced him. I got a lot of etchings through Avery which I have had hung on my corridor walls. What an advance the American artists have made in the art in a few years! Last Sunday was 'Picture Sunday' of the Academicians, the outsiders having had the Sunday before, but I only went to the studio of Boughton and Colin Hunter. The former exhibits in both the Academy and Grosvenor.

"I was much interested in your detailed report of your young people in whom you seem to have a deal of comfort."

Little Park, Brimpton, Berks.

24 Jan. 1915.

"It is very gratifying to all the better classes in this country to find that you are all so thoroughly in sympathy with us in our great fight. It is a clear case of a 'fight to the finish.' I have been greatly excited over the part taken by the London Scottish.

"I am glad to hear that you are still up to your work and doing well with it. How delightful to have an accomplished daughter as a business partner—it is an ideal arrangement and you have reason to be proud of your family. Your picture of a 'Baker's Shop in Brittany' with an old white horse in the foreground hangs just behind me on the wall of the dining-room here; it was allotted to Mrs. Langford when the contents of Breckham Park were divided. I kept the St. Mark.

"I am looking forward to getting the annual report

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of the Century before long. They call to mind many of my old friends who have passed away. Like Collins I am now one of the Old Guard, as I also am of the Museum,—and of the St. Andrews Society, I am the very oldest member, having been elected in 1852.”

Chewton Glen, 17 July, 1917.

“. . . Your letter did me a lot of good and cheered me up when I was rather in the dumps. I can do little in the way of walking, and petrol can no longer be had for what they are pleased to call ‘joy riding.’ The adhesion of America to our cause has given immense satisfaction and for the moment your Sammies enjoy even greater popularity than our Colonials.

“I find myself dwelling a good deal on my early experiences in New York, where I spent so many happy days. Nothing can ever take the place of the dear old Century, which I found most appreciatively mentioned in an English book the other day. I was very grieved to hear of dear old Choate’s death. I was never what you would call *very* intimate with him, but greatly appreciated his high character and friendly way. I am curious to hear who is to succeed him in the Presidency. I have treasured up a nice letter from him in which he employs terms of real affection in speaking of our early association in Museum matters. I am proud of my participation in the start of what has proved a greater success than the most sanguine of the Founders ever anticipated.

“You are my oldest friend, our friendship dating back from the time in 1849 when I entered the office of M. and P., when Gouv was a clerk there and got your mother to invite me to Danskammer for the first time, which led to

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many other visits. It is strange how Danskammer and its associations live in my memory. I particularly remember one visit at least at your place when grapes were ripe and free picking was permitted.

“Yours ever affectionately,

“ROB GORDON.”

CHAPTER XV

MY FARM AT DANSKAMMER

“The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door,
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low,
And sadder than of yore.”

—WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

It was in the spring of 1877 that we decided to make our home at Danskammer; for though the old house built by my father had been sold while I was in Italy, we had kept the northern part of the place, originally the old Bloomer farm, including a rather nice house—not much more than a farmhouse but beautifully situated, with a wide view across Newburgh bay to the Highlands. The house had possibilities and, first and last, I did a good deal to it and made it into a pretty pleasant old place. It has not all been wasted even now, for, although the brickyards have greatly injured the view, my son Noel and his family live there and are as fond of it as I was.

My early ideas of decoration seem to me rather amusing to-day; it is hard to believe that tiles and Morris wall-papers were ever considered new and beautiful. But, after all, Oscar Wilde was right in averring that sunflowers and lilies were more satisfying than the black walnut and green rep of our predecessors. There may have been too much of the æsthetic in these youthful decorations of mine, but the fine old things I had brought back from Italy would have made any house interesting. Anyhow, everybody thought our little house was not only the latest thing in

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decoration but charming as well, and looking back I confess I think so too. Later on I made more substantial additions to it, helped a good deal by the advice of Stanford White and McKim. In fact, at one time McKim got so intensely interested in my improvements that, being convinced that we needed a new and larger dining-room, as we certainly did, he urged me to let him lend me the money to build it and said he would "make me something quite stunning"—as no doubt he would have done if I had been willing.

McKim and I had lots of good rides together; he was fond of riding and, of course, horses were an important feature of our life at Danskammer. But I have talked more than enough about horses already. The praises of my little chestnut mare Madge, with all her wicked charms, or good old Virginus, the thoroughbred that Robert Gordon gave my daughter when he went to live in England, must remain unsung.

Many friendships of which I have already spoken were revived in those pleasant Danskammer days. Vedder came once, and so did Nevin and Saint Gaudens, and Maynard often stayed with us—a good friend and a good painter, we are all fond of him. McKim came again and again. Stanford White and I had lots of fun one time, staining plaster casts with tobacco juice and coloring some portrait medallions that I had brought from Italy. We rubbed them with all sorts of weird mixtures of our own invention, and waxed them, and touched them up with gold, so that they were quite effective.

Saint Gaudens liked our place, but he was never crazy about violent exercise, and I remember when, to see the view, we made him climb to the top of Beacon Hill—so called because they used to light beacon fires there during

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the Revolution—he told us a story of a Frenchman who, after a similar experience, remarked breathlessly to a friend:

“Aimez-vous les beautés de la nature?—Moi, je les abhorre!”

I had gone to Danskammer with the idea of making a living out of fruit farming, and I went in for peaches on quite a large scale; at one time I had a peach orchard of over three thousand trees and several acres of grapes. There is no more beautiful crop than fruit. The great wagon that went up to the Marlborough dock loaded with baskets was something to be proud of—even the air along the road on those warm summer evenings was sweet with the scent—and only those who have lived on a fruit farm know what really good fruit is. When fruit is absolutely perfect it is just a little too ripe for shipping, and that perfect fruit we used to eat ourselves—such huge strawberries, such melting peaches, such bunches of purple and white grapes—I never expect to see their like again. But before long the “yellows” played havoc with my trees, for there was little expert agricultural knowledge to be had in those days, and although, take it all in all, I made a good deal of money out of my fruit, I am inclined to agree on the whole with the farmer who told an inquiring friend: “Why, yes, you can make money off a farm—the *farther off* the better.”

So after a while I took up the making of stained-glass windows in addition to my farming, and in time it became my real lifework. No man was ever happier in his choice of work; the years have gone only too fast. They have been crowded with hard work but all the happier for that—I have always liked hard work—and for some years I have had my daughter Helen as my partner. I think our work together has been good work, and in this, as in every

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other relation of our lives, no two people have ever been happier together than she and I.

The story of our twenty years at Danskammer would be too long to tell here and, I am afraid, too simple to interest any one but ourselves. So we will leave the old place with a kindly letter of farewell from an old friend who loved it. When Doctor Donald wrote in 1902 we were no longer living at Danskammer, only spending a few weeks there one September.

“. . . Just how long ago it is that I first saw Danskammer, I cannot accurately say. The first vivid remembrance is of my entering the library and being arrested by the fire-place mantel, never having seen its like or, for that matter, its equal. All else fades away from that first visit. Then I went up on Margaret's birthday, in September, of course, and McKim was there, and we had a picnic on the Point and a queer dog—whose name was something like Tabbo. Ah! he was so attractively weird a creature that his name should live with that of George Bowow or the Vicar of Morwenstow—walked the long way round, while Lance—yes, that was the setter's name—swam over the little bay. And in the evening we sang, McKim and I—and played games, made bad verses; and then to bed. How it all stands out and how cosy and snug and happy one's venerable memory is as it unveils its simple and beautiful treasures.

“Many times thereafter I went to Danskammer; when the sweet peas in the garden were at their best, and the cherries were ripe and when the grapes were purple and perfumed. Once, when the snow was over all. Then Alexander's big hands and broad a's—he was a magnificent type of fidelity, common sense and self-respect. And the

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leisurely, human, companionable, lively, peaceable bread-breakings in the dining-room, (my seat was always toward Albany). There were strawberries dropped into our plates direct from the hand of God, which never knew the exhaustion of travel or the impudent soiling fingers of grocers, on which no price had ever been set and—as Maitland knows—no profit ever made. And the morning sun glanced on the shining water of the river and bounded up into our laps. And the turf and the trees whispered, chattered and slept. We were the first folk on the first day—all being poets.

“And one day I went with the children and stood beside the place in the Churchyard where little Bayard sleeps, and heard a voice assuring us of immortality, since what has once really lived never dies.

“And then came the last time—now nine years ago—when I christened Hamilton. That was the end, I fear. But so long as I keep a memory it will possess dear Danskammer, and the dearer people who made it dear to me. Happy innocent days! An old man thanks God for them. And he puts on paper—just why, he knows not—his thoughts, knowing how foolish they will seem to-morrow at Danskammer, yet willing they should so seem, if they shall serve to keep him just a little alive to the kind hearts who watch the glowing logs.”

And so these memories of mine come to an end where they began—at Danskammer.







